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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

THE NEW BLADE Sewing Machine

See Fifth Page.

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Poetry.

CHRISTMAS LULLABY.

Hush, my little one, hush!
Sleep in your dainty nest,
While I cover the silk quilt over
The mischievous hands at rest,
Flushed and fair, in your linen and lace,
Leave a kiss on the quiet face.

Hush, my little one, hush!
A bird is dead on the snow,
Baby, I wonder what woe lies under
The warmth of the world we know!
Maybe a child with a pale, pinched face,
Sobs in its sleep in a doleful place.

Hush, my little one, hush!
Once, in the long ago,
Into the dawning one Eastern morning,
A song swelled, sweet and low:
And angels looked on a Baby's face,
Mid the light of stars, in a lonely place.

Hush, my little one, hush!
Warm in your cradled rest,
But never a cover of silk lay over
The palms on that baby's breast;
And never a pillow of costly lace
Was pressed by the pink of the baby's face.

Hush, my little one, hush!
Was ever so strange a thing,
Was ever a wonder, the bright heavens under,
Like this, of a crownless King?
With never a sign of his royal race
On the peaceful calm of the baby face.

Hush, my little one, hush!
What of the bird on the snow?
And what of the sighing of children dying
Afar from the world we know?
Down in the gloom of the saddest place
There shineth the light of a heavenly face.

Hush, my little one, hush!
Over the still, white snow;
Swinging, swinging, the bells are ringing,
Echoes of long ago.
And over the pillow of creamy lace,
The Christ has bent to my baby's face.
—[Mary Riddell Corley, in Boston Transcript.
Norfolk, Va.

AT SUNSET.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you've left undone,
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say.
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone
That you had no time or thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

The little act of kindness,
So easily out of mind;
Those chances to be angels
Which every mortal finds—
They come in night and silence—
Each chill, reproachful wraith—
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late;
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.
—[Margaret E. Sangster in Boston Globe.

"ONLY A YEAR."

"Only a year!" oh, that's not long!
Lightly the words were said;
But they fell like the closing notes of a song
On the ears of one who had waited long.

Time enough for friendship to die,
Though only one short year.
But the fate of many within it lie—
There is time enough to laugh and to cry,
Enough to hope and fear.

Time for the orange flowers to grow,
To wreathe the bride's fair head;
Time for the wintry wind and snow
To cover the hearts that have loved us so,
And grass grow green instead.

"Only a year!" It is not long,
When hope the heart doth cheer;
When the future is bright the heart is strong,
But when memories only to us belong,
The days and months seem long, too long—
Ah, me, though "only a year."
—[Portland Transcript.

LEAP YEAR IS COMING.

The days of 'ninety-one quite fast
Are drawing to a close,
And 'ninety-two will then come in
To end the ladies' woes.

If you ask why, the one reply
Explaining all the cheer,
Is that the year divides by four,
And hence it is leap year.

But, ladies dear, a word to you
As onward days do creep;
And that is this—whate'er you do,
Please look before you leap.
—[Philadelphia Press.

Miscellany.

Marshall Wilder's Jests.

A New Story on Horace Greeley—Col. Ingersoll at the Lambs' Club—A Clever Sunday School Superintendent.

[Copyright, 1891.

"He who has provoked the shaft of wit,
Cannot complain that he smarts of it."

Or, in other words, if I turn the draught on you, don't complain of the heat.

Mr. Depew told a good story the other day of the late Horace Greeley. Mr. Greeley used to hold his head down over his desk and was very impatient of being disturbed while he was writing. One day a man came in and said, "Mr. Greeley." The veteran paid no attention, and the man concluded to go on with his message. "Mr. Greeley," he said, "we want your subscription of $500 in furtherance of a plan to prevent men from going to hell." Without looking up, Mr. Greeley replied: "Won't give a cent towards it; there ain't enough people there now."

Apropos of this, somebody once asked Col. Bob Ingersoll if he was going to abolish hell. "Yes," he said. "Well, you can't do it." "Well," he retorted, "if I don't, you'll be sorry I didn't."

Talking of hell reminds me of several anecdotes I lately heard about certain complications of married life. One gentleman, whose mother-in-law was in the habit of visiting him very often, was discovered by her one day to be in a very blue frame of mind. The mother-in-law said, "What's the matter, John?" He said, "I was just thinking you will never visit us again." "Why not?" "Because you never go away."

It is a hard thing nowadays for widows and widowers to marry. Complications often arise. Suppose that both have children by their former marriage and then more children come. A state of things is very apt to supervene like what I heard the other day of a widow and widower who had married again and are living very happily together, but their children not infrequently caused trouble. They have altogether about ten. One day the wife called the husband to the door and said: "Charlie, come here, quick." "What is it?" he said excitedly. "Just look here," she said, "there's your children and my children fighting with our children." A remark once made by a woman in reference to a man who had married twice was, "He didn't deserve to lose his first wife."

Do you want to know how to make ladies sit down in front of you at a theater or other public performance at an important part of the proceedings? All you have to do is to say, "Will the beautiful lady standing in front please sit down?" Generally about twenty-eight will sit down quick.

Some times my audiences out West are surprised at the small size of the lecturer and some times, I must confess, that the lecturer is surprised at the small size of the audience. In these cases I am always glad it rains, for then I can make use of the incident to excuse the smallness of the house.

I heard the other day of an entertainer who had but one man in the audience. He went on with his lecture, without noticing, apparently, the small size of his audience. Finally he took out his watch and said, "I shall conclude in a few minutes," whereupon the audience said, "I don't care how soon you're through, for I'm the cabman who brought you here."

I find, generally, that the masses of the people, wherever you find them, are anxious to be kind to little folks. I saw an incident of it the other day just before a great match game of game of ball at which about ten thousand people were present. Crand, the great pitcher and athlete, before the game commenced, was pitching the ball to the little "mascot," hardly six years old, who accompanied the team. The crowd looked on, and every time the little fellow made a good hit they applauded him and cheered him just as though he had been a professional. It was a small thing, but it showed the kindness of heart on the part of the people and I have noticed it in many other instances.

Even "toughs" are kind-hearted when you strike them right. A certain doctor, living in East Fifty-third street, was called to see a patient late at night. At a lonesome spot he was "held up" by two men who demanded his watch and money. "Boys," he said, "put down your pistols. I have only a watch and a two-dollar bill in my pocket. Let me reason with you. I have been called out from a warm bed to the bedside of a poor girl. Look in my bag and see my doctor's implements. They will show you that what I say is true. I will go to the corner and treat you with the two dollars, if you will let me keep my watch and go to the sick girl afterwards." "No," said one of them. "You go to the girl and make your call, and we will take the treat afterwards." The doctor went on, and returned as he agreed, treated the men, and saved his watch. This is a true story.

On the other hand, man is very much like an animal with a mania for getting up societies and electing himself president, and if the presidency is not to be had, contents himself with the position of treasurer. This occurred among some Hebrew friends of mine the other day, which shows their remarkable gifts at a bargain. One was trying to sell the other a horse and was describing its excellent qualities. He said, "It is 17 feet high; he has got diamond eyes——" "Are his shoes gold, too?" broke in the other. Some people want the earth.

What's the difference between a dude and a pin? One has a big head and gets stuck on himself, and the other doesn't.

The other evening Colonel Ingersoll was dining at the Lamb's club and Steele Mackaye, who was in the Chais, had occasion to introduce him. "Of course, we all know," he said, "that Colonel Ingersoll does not believe in God, but we who know Col. Ingersoll, and do believe in God, know that God believes in him."

Here's the latest about another famous character—ex-Speaker Reed. The Congressman, who is a very stout man, was in London the other day and was just about to enter a cab when the driver said, "Hist, go in quietly; I don't want the horse to see you."

I think it was an old bachelor who said, "Nature shudders when she sees a woman attempt to throw a stone. But when she attempts to split wood, nature covers her head and retires to a dark and mouldy cave in despair.

Here is a farmer's complaint about some of his city boarders last summer: "There are some things I don't like about city folks. Some of them are so stuck up you can't reach them with a haystack pole and others are so blamed friendly they forget to pay their board." Yes, this is the same farmer who went into a city hotel the other day, and on being handed the menu, was not at all surprised or disconcerted, as he turned around to the waiter and said: "Bring me everything, I'm from the country."

A superintendent of a Sunday school introduced to his class a gentleman who called up a boy and said, "My boy, have you a pocket-book?" "No," said the boy. "Well, I'm sorry, for if you had, I was going to give you twenty-five cents to put into it." Next Sunday the same man visited the school and the boy was ready for him. He called the boy up, and asked him if he had a pocket-book. "Yes, sir," said the boy. "I am glad of it," said the man, "for I was going to give you twenty-five cents to buy one." That shows how easy it is to get out of difficult situations.

I have often heard it said that truth is not always the most profitable when followed strictly. It is sometimes hinted that newspaper men are given to act on this principle. But here is a case where the editor of a newspaper found it of special service. He had recently died and gone to the pearly gates, where he met St. Peter, who, as is customary, asked him his profession on earth. He said he was a newspaper editor. "Big circulation, I suppose, of course," said St. Peter. "No," said the editor, "in fact our circulation was one of the smallest in the country." "Pick out your harp," was the saint's comment.

Here is a good toast for New Years which was first proposed the other day by Mr. Sidney Rosenfeld, at a dinner of the Lambs' club: "Here's to the dear old days and the dear new days, and the dear old boys who make the dear new days as good as the dear old days."

Merrily yours,
MARSHALL P. WILDER.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Easily Answered.

"What would you do if you were in my shoes?" asked Miss Livewayte of, Chicago.

"Get a pair about seven sizes smaller," replied Miss Bleecker, of New York.

Like a Woman.

Wife—"I must have some more money, my dear, I find that the Christmas tree itself costs very little, but that it takes a great deal to fix it up."

Husband—"That's just the way I've found you all these years."

A Natural Phenomenon.

Young Mr. Dolley—"Why so sad, Miss Amy? You used to be happy as the day was long."

Miss Amy—"True, but the days are getting very short now."

Artless.

Bjones—"I'm going to send in a design."

DeGarry—"I didn't know you could draw."

Bjones—"Neither I can. It is a design for a public statue."

No Terrors For Him.

Trivvet—"A machine has been invented that will throw a man 1,500 feet."

Dicer—"I don't care. I'm not a book agent."—[The Epoch.

The Red-Haired Sister Has Come Again.

Yes, it's red.

Is it beautiful?

Sometimes. This is the era of the red-haired girl. If she has a few freckles, as a result of the summer's outing, no matter. Just notice her hair.

Her hair is in style, even if the freckles are out of date.

Fashion says so, and has been saying so for months past. But it is only now, when the avenues are alive with women doing shopping for fall and winter, that the infinite superiority of the red-haired sister is noticeable.

A walk down Broadway yesterday and a ramble through the shopping district revealed an interesting sight.

They were there in hundreds.

"Cleopatra" locks, they call the tint, but—

Yes, it's red. And it is beautiful.—[New York World.

Better Be a Hireling.

Struggling Merchant—If you don't attend to business better I'll reduce your income by one-half.

Chief Clerk—Eh? Only yesterday you said you thought of taking me into partnership.

Struggling Merchant—That's what I mean.—[New York Weekly.

Chances for a Good Rest.

Jones—Yes, I've been overworking myself, and the doctor says I need a long rest.

Cynicus—Why don't you take a ride in a Broadway car?—Truth.

IMPUDENT BEARS.

They Agitate Society and Give Farmer Young a Great Surprise.

A social party at the Pocono Mountain house, on Mt. Pocono, Monroe county, Pa., was broken up for a time by bears on Wednesday night. Mrs. Belle Smith and her daughter Mittie were on their way to the party in a buggy. As they were approaching the big watering trough at the roadside, within a stone's throw of the Mountain house, their horse began to show signs of fear, and tried to turn around in the road. Mrs. Smith, being an excellent horsewoman, put the horse under the whip, and with a snort he sprang forward, and then stopped short within a few feet of the trough and began to rear. His snort was answered by another, but of a different kind.

"That's a bear!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith.

Mittie Smith peered forward and began to scream. Two big bears were refreshing themselves with a bath in the watering trough. When the girl screamed the bears jumped out of the trough and made down the road directly toward the house, but turned off into the woods just before reaching it. Mrs. Smith drove on, and after handing her horse over to the hostler rushed into the house. A cotillon was on, but the music and dancing stopped short as she hurried in among the festive throng and cried:

"There's two big bears right yonder across the road!"

The woman screamed, and rushed up stairs and shut themselves in any room they could find. The men gathered up all the guns the neighborhood could provide, and the social party was turned into a bear hunt by night. The impromptu hunters crashed and floundered and stumbled about in the woods for two or three hours, but the bears lay low. The men then returned, and festivities were resumed. The bears lay lower next day, however, for Hunter Joe Cortright killed them both, less than two miles from Mt. Pocono.

Rommaine Whittaker was out pheasant shooting a few days ago near this peace, and while walking in an old road he saw a big bear shuffling along toward him. As Whittaker had no shot heavier than bird shot he did not care to take the risk of trying to shoot a bear with it, and he waved his arm and shouted, supposing the bear would be frightened away. But, instead of being scared, bruin seemed to like Whittaker's frantic movements and noise, and trotted closer. Then Whittaker concluded to pepper the bear with bird shot, anyhow, thinking that the smarting of the pellets might be sufficient to turn him around or into the woods. The hunter blazed away, and the result seemed to tickle the bear amazingly, for he stopped, rose on his hind feet, caressed his nose and face with his paws, and then lay down in the road and rolled over and over like a cat on a bunch of catnip. That made Whittaker mad, and, giving the bear the contents of his second barrel, he turned and hurried away into the woods himself. He saw no more of the bear, but it is reported that a hunter named Van Auken killed a bear since then in that locality, from which half a handful of bird shot was taken when it was dressed, and Whittaker believes that this bear and the one that was so pleased with him and his gun were the same.

George Young, of the High Knob region, tells an extraordinary story of an impudent bear that came under his personal observation last week. Young lives in an isolated place near the Monroe county line. Two weeks ago he bought a barrel to pack some of his winter's pork in. He left the barrel in his door yard when he went to bed that night. When he got up in the morning it was gone. As pork barrels are hard to get, in that out-of-the-way locality, he spared no pains to find some clue that would put him on the track of his missing barrel, but in vain. There was no one in the neighborhood whom he could suspect of stealing it, and its disappearance was a mystery that disturbed him greatly. The day before Thanksgiving Young was out pheasant hunting. Near the headwater of Bright brook, two miles from his farm, he was passing along a small scrub oak ridge, and something in a hollow at the foot of the ridge attracted his attention. He went down to inspect it, and what was his surprise on approaching it to discover that it was his missing pork barrel. The bottom of the barrel was toward him. He went up to the barrel and put his foot on it. Instantly there was a great scrambling inside, and out popped a bear. The bear gave one look at Young, and shuffled rapidly away and disappeared in the brush. There was no way to explain the presence of the barrel in that spot except by the theory that the bear had stolen it in the night and rolled it all the way from the clearing to the foot of the ridge—and through the woods at that—where he had lodged the barrel for a snug wintering place for himself.

THEIR FIRST SPAT.

Unexpected Horrors Break Two Happy Hearts.

They had been married three weeks, and had just gone into housekeeping, observes the London *Tit-Bits*. He was starting for the city one morning, and she followed him to the door. They had their arms wrapped round each other and she was saying;

"Oh, Clarence, do you think it possible that the day will ever come when we will part in anger?"

"Why no, little puss," he said, "of course not. What put that foolish idea into my little birdie's head, eh?"

"Oh, nothing, dearest. I was only thinking how perfectly dreadful it would be if one of us should speak harshly to the other."

"Well, don't think of such wicked, utterly impossible things any more," he said. "We can never, never quarrel."

"I knew it, darling. Good-bye, you dear old precious—good-bye, and—oh! wait a second, Clarence—I've written a note to mamma. Can't you run down to the house and leave it for her some time to-day?"

"Why, yes, dearie, if I have time."

"If you have time! Oh, Clarence!"

"What is it, little girlie?"

"Oh, to say if you 'have time' to do almost the first errand your little wife asks you to do."

"Well, well, sissy, I'm awfully busy just now."

"Too busy to please me? Oh, Clarence—you hurt my feelings so."

"Why, child, I——"

"I am not a child, Clarence—I'm a married woman, and I——"

"There, there, my pet. I——"

"No, no, Clarence, if I was your p-p-pet you'd t-t-try t——"

"But, Mabel, do be reasonable."

"Oh, Clarence, don't speak to me so."

"Mabel, be sensible, and——"

"Go on, Clarence, go on; break my heart."

"Stuff and nonsense."

"Oh, o-o-oh!"

"What have I said or done?"

"As if you need to ask! But go—hate me if you will, Clarence, I—"

"This is rank nonsense!"

"I'll go back to mamma if you want me to. She loves me if you don't."

"You must be crazy."

"Oh, yes; sneer at me, ridicule me, break my poor heart. Perhaps, you had better strike me!"

He bangs the door, goes down the steps on a jump and races off, muttering something about women being the "queerest creatures."

Of course they'll make it up when he comes home, and they'll have many such a little tiff in the years to come and when they are old they'll say:

"We've lived together 45 year sand never, no never, spoke a cross word to each other in all that time."

Takes Her Rest.

"Do you stay up to receive him when your husband stays out late at night?"

"No, indeed. I go to sleep very early, so I can scold him the rest of the night after he has come in, without loss of sleep."—[Dispatch.

Old Furniture Restored.

Cracks in furniture may be filled with Indian red or burnt umber to get the desired shade. When dry it will take on equal polish.

Our New Serial Story.

Written expressly for the Blade, and published in no other paper. Copyright 1891.

MARK AINSLIE'S QUEST;

OR,

An American Daughter of the Gods.

OUR NEW SPECIAL SERIAL.

CHAPTER I.

UNDER A CLOUD.

The day was a most perfect one, in that most perfect season, the earliest weeks of summer. The green of sward and leaf still had the tender coloring it first possesses, ere the burning sun of July has darkened it. The perfect hue of the foliage matched that of the rippling waters of Lake Erie, as they rolled gently before a summer breeze, and broke on a gravelly beach, almost at the feet of a young man who was drinking in the beauties of the scene.

There is no more beautiful scenery of its kind than that of the islands of Lake Erie. Seen by the approaching visitor, for the first time, from the deck of a steamer, they recall classical references to the Islands of the Blest, where came no storm, but which basked forever in the glorious sunlight. Their bright masses of verdure, circled by the waters of a summer sea, whose wavelets beat upon the shore in musical murmur, bring to the sojourner from the rush and whirl of the busy marts of trade a feeling of deep restfulness, of ease and quiet, as far removed from the mad swirl of nineteenth century civilization, as were the dwellers in the fabled land "where it is always afternoon."

Mark Ainslie had come here to seek rest and quiet after a season of trouble which had tried his very soul. It is hard for any one of us to bear the burden of care and difficulty, even under the most favorable surroundings; but when to them is added a burden of blame and obloquy which is wholly undeserved, we can all understand that the double trial, of which that yonng man was compelled by fate to stand the stress, had been indeed severe. He had seen the men who had been all his life near and dear, grow cold and constrained when they met him, women he had known from childhood turn him from their doors with the stereotyped formula on the servant's lips, "Not at home;" he had known the indignity of walking along the streets of his native town, wherein he knew almost every man, woman and child, to see every person he met either turn into a doorway or down a side street to avoid meeting him; or, where this was impossible, hurry past him, either without recognition or with a chilly nod, as if his very presence was contamination.

And he had suffered all this without the shadow of a cause on his own part. So malignant are the decrees of fate sometimes that we are burdened with the effects of the misdeeds of others; but it generally is not long until the real criminal or wrong-doer is revealed and the unjust accusation withdrawn. But in the case of Mark Ainslie, this vindication did not come. He was under the ban, apparently, forever. So strange the case, so unusual the circumstances that, though he knew the fault—yes, crime, if you will—of which he was accused, and of which every one who knew the circumstances believed him guilty, yet he had not the remotest idea who was the real evil-doer, for whom he was vicariously suffering.

Brave in the knowledge of his own rectitude and innocence, he could not find one among all his old-time friends who would believe in him, and lend his countenance and support. The meshes of fate had been too malignantly drawn around Mark for him to be given the benefit of even a doubt. He was believed guilty of conduct apparently so infamous, of moral obliquity so horrible, that he was treated as a pariah by every one who knew him; and yet he was absolutely and entirely innocent.

He first determined to brave the storm; but one man is not strong enough to hold his own against the multitude, when it has made up its mind against him. As the mob of Jews of old time cried out "crucify him," so Mark's friends, neighbors and acquaintances cried out against him. Had he dwelt in the far West instead of among a cultured and law-abiding community, he would have been lynched within the first 24 hours of the discovery of his supposed guilt. As it was, he had to bow his head to the storm and go away.

He had not yielded, however, until the situation grew too intolerable to be longer borne. Reluctantly he had made up his mind that nothing he could do would reinstate him in the eyes of the community save one—to prove that the guilt really belonged to some one else. He secured detectives to essay this, but, after investigating the matter, they relinquished the task, the chief telling him bluntly that they would not attempt to aid him in what they believed was an attempt on Mark's part to shield himself by fastening the odium on some innocent party. Then Mark made up his mind to go.

These mouths had left their impress upon him. An unjust imputation is like the touch of a branding iron on the flesh, to a high spirited and honorable man; and such a man was Mark. The soul of honor, he would have shrunk with horror from the merest contact, if only for an instant, with one he believed guilty of the charge that had been fixed upon him. To find that every one believed him such a monster nearly drove him mad. He had braved the odium as long as he could, and then had yielded. He sold his belongings in the town of his birth, placed his other affairs in the hands of a lawyer in the city, who knew nothing of the pitiful story, and went to consult a noted physician concerning his health, which, for the first time in his life, had become impaired.

The doctor heard his enumeration of symptoms in silence. Then he asked:

"Have you had any severe mental shock, or any great business reverses, within the past few months?"

"I have just passed through a period of severe worry and mental trouble."

"I thought so. Is the cause removed?"

"No; and I am afraid it never will be."

"So much the worse, then, young man. If it is irremediable, time will bring relief, as, by a merciful dispensation, it always does. The thing to do, then, is to get away from the surroundings which recall it. You must travel amid new scenes and new faces. Why not try a trip to Europe?"

"I returned from Europe only a twelvemonth ago."

"Then I dare be sworn you have never traveled much in your own country. Am I not right?"

A wan smile flitted over Mark's face. "I presume you are. I have visited the principal cities of the United States, but only on business trips. I dare say I have not seen the country in the way you mean—as a traveler, going at leisure, would see it."

"Just so. Well, try a few months of travel—and go to the mountains first. You need a tonic, such as only mountain air can give."

"Where shall I go, doctor? It is too early for any of the hotels to be open at the White mountains, or up among the Adirondacks."

"Go South, of course; meet the coming summer among the mountains of North Carolina and Eastern Tennessee. Then accompany it North, if you like. Have you ever traveled on the great lakes?"

"No."

"Then supply the omission, by all means. Why our people do not better appreciate the beauty and glory of these great inland seas passes my comprehension. Take six months' recreation in getting acquainted with the mountains and lakes, and you will be a new man. It is well for you that you are not 55, instead of only 25. Whatever your trouble, at that age it would have killed you instead of merely making you look like a ghost."

After receiving some instructions and a prescription from the doctor, Mark left his presence. He had followed faithfully the itineracy which had been laid down for him, and had found relief. His cheek again bore the ruddy hue of health, his eye was bright, his step elastic. The only outward change his time of trial had left upon him was an added air of gravity and dignity perhaps too great for his years.

Following the doctor's advice, Mark had not held himself aloof from those he met in his travels, but at every place at which he sojourned he made acquaintances. A young man, well educated and well bred, finds but little difficulty in making agreeable friendships wherever he may go. Fortunately, the charge under which he rested at home was not one that would follow him over the length and breadth of the land. His native place, from which he had been practically driven, was not much over an hour's ride out of Philadelphia, where his business relations were centered; yet the story had not reached the circle of his business acquaintance in the Quaker City. He knew enough people there to vouch for him if he were in need of anything of the sort, or to fix his social status, if it should be called in question.

The burden of the unjust accusation had by no means been lifted from his mind, however. He spent hours in going over the matter, in the vain hope of finding some way of vindicating himself. Not that he desired to again live in his old home and gather around him the friends who had been estranged. His innocence once established, he never desired to see one of them again. That they—the men and women who had known him all his life, and known his life as intimately as the dwellers in a small town inevitably know all those therein—should believe him capable of the baseness charged upon him, was to him an insuperable bar to further friendship.

"No man can be a true friend without believing in one, no matter how black the charge against him may be," he reasoned. "Friendship is like a porcelain vase—once broken, it can never be mended. It may be patched up, but the fractures will always show. No cracked porcelain for me," said he, in the bitterness of his spirit.

CHAPTER II.

A DAUGHTER OF THE GODS.

The scene upon which Mark Ainslie gazed was fair to see. He stood upon the pebbly shore of a narrow point of land, the northwestern extremity of the island of South Bass. A strait, less than half a mile wide, separates it from Middle Bass Island, and through this the clear green waters of the lake appeared to be pouring, under the influence of a gentle westerly breeze. To the left, his eyes rested upon the glassy expanse of historic Put-in Bay, so named because it was here that Commodore Perry "put in" with his fleet, on the night before the famous battle of Lake Erie, by which victory he swept the British from the lakes, and which led directly to the recapture of Detroit and the battle of the Thames, where fell the great Shawnee chief, Tecumseh.

Gibraltar Island divides the waters of the historic bay from those of Lake Erie, and by serving as a barrier to the winds, makes it the safest of harbors, even in severest storms—and Lake Erie has the bad eminence of being the most treacherous of the five great lakes with regard to storm, for its waters are the shallowest of these great fresh-water seas, and are, in consequence, more easily agitated by a gale than those of the four deeper lakes.

In the northwest, beyond Gibraltar, almost on the horizon, he could descry a bit of gray haze that he knew was West Sister Island; and to the north of it, somewhere on the liquid plain of rolling green, the famed battle was fought. The exact spot no living man can tell, for the last survivor of the fray has long ago gone from earth, and the waters themselves bear no sign to tell of the struggle.

Mark Ainslie gazed over the fair scene, idly wondering how he should fill out the day. He had tried bass fishing, for which these islands are so celebrated. The rocky reefs which here cross Lake Erie from north to south, and form the foundation of the islands themselves, are the chosen haunt of the black bass, the gamiest of fresh water fishes, from which circumstance the three Bass Islands take their name. He had tired of this sport, however. The season was yet early, and the full tide of travel had not yet set in to the islands; as a consequence, there were but few guests as yet at the hotels, and none who were of particular interest to the young man. Hence he found the time hang rather heavily on his hands on that particular day.

He turned his gaze toward the east, and noted a large steamer shaping her course for the Bay.

"The Cleveland and Detroit boat," he said to himself—ignorant of the fact that she was bearing his fate with her, and that the incident of her arrival meant an entire revolution in his life.

Mark watched the magnificent vessel as she made her way rapidly toward the Bay, a line of foam under her bows, and a long trail of black smoke following her. "I may as well walk down to the dock to see whom she brings," he said to himself; and turning, he made the best of his way to her landing place, which was nearly a half mile from where he stood. As is always the case, a group of visitors, hotel employes, and residents, had gathered at the dock on the steamer's arrival, besides the half-dozen travelers who proposed taking passage on her for Detroit. Her passengers thronged to the side as she neared the landing-place. Mark leaned idly against a pile of boxes, watching the operation of making her fast to the dock, and the hurry and bustle of the passengers, who were as eager to get off as if the boat were in momentary danger of going to the bottom.

His eyes wondered idly to the cabin deck. They most unexpectedly encountered the gaze of another pair of eyes, which were looking straight at him—a pair of deep blue orbs, so blue that they were almost violet in hue.

Their owner at once turned them in another direction when Mark's gaze met hers. He straightened up from his listless attitude, and looked eagerly towards the unknown. A tall, graceful form, whose exquisite proportions could not be concealed by the light traveling cloak she wore; a face extremely fair, the roseleaf tint in the cheeks but accentuating its purity, and illumined by those glorious eyes; a well-shaped and well-carried head, crowned with its coronal of sunny hair—these were the salient points of the picture she presented, as she stood, gazing with interested air from the elevation of the cabin deck upon the busy scene upon the dock below her, her small, shapely and neatly-gloved hand resting lightly upon the railing. Her pose, her air, her face and figure caused Mark to quote to himself the couplet:

"A daughter of the gods—
Tall, and divinely fair."

Mark had seen many women, but he had never set eyes on one who interested him as did this unknown girl, of whose very existence he had been ignorant until the present moment. "Who is she?" he wondered. She stood alone; none of those near seemed to Mark to belong to her. There was no way, apparently, of finding who she might be. In a little while the boat would proceed on her way and he would probably never see the girl again. A pang shot through him as this thought crossed his mind. Why not take the boat and go to Detroit? Chance might tell him something of the lovely unknown on the trip. He smiled at the wild idea of so suddenly starting on such an errand. But as he did so, those glorious eyes were again turned in his direction, and rested for an instant on his face. She might not have noted him amid the throng of idlers at all; but there was in the unconscious gaze of those wondrous orbs a magnetism that turned what was but a fleeting fancy into a fixed purpose.

Hurrying to the office, Mark asked the clerk how long the boat would yet remain. He had but fifteen minutes, if he wished to go on her—and his hotel a quarter of a mile away.

Luckily a hotel carriage was standing on the dock, and the driver, stimulated by the promise of a triple fee if he succeeded in getting him to the hotel for his baggage and back again in time for the boat, put his horses to their utmost speed.

He had obtained his trunk, paid his bill, and was on the point of entering the vehicle to return to the boat, when a voice called out, in accents of astonishment:

"Hello, Ainslie, where on earth are you going?"

The speaker was a young man named Smithson, whom Mark met at the hotel, and who had made a very pleasant companion on fishing trips, and other plans for spending time.

"I am going on the boat to Detroit, and must say good-bye without ceremony, for I have but a few minutes' grace."

"Heavens, but this is sudden! I thought we were going out after bass in the morning? What on earth has made you change your plans?"

Mark hesitated a moment. "The fact is, I saw a friend on the boat when she came in, and I suddenly determined to go to Detroit on that account."

"All right. Here, Johnny!" addressing the driver. "Wait a minute and I'll go along. It's rather poky here just now, Ainslie, and would be quite unendurable without you. Wait till I can see the clerk," and he disappeared into the hotel.

"I'm afraid I can't wait," began Mark; but Smithson was out of hearing. There was nothing for it but to wait for him, even at the risk of losing the boat. The Jehu looked very serious, and fidgeted on his seat as he thought of the triple fare he would lose if he missed getting his passenger down in time for the boat.

"Hadn't I better take you down anyways, sir?" asked he of Mark.

"No, we must wait for the gentleman," answered Mark quietly, although inwardly he was raging.

The image of those fathomless blue eyes of the unknown had put a spell upon him, and as he thought of the possibility, which became more of a probability every moment, that he might never see them again, he grew furious at the absent Smithson.

Fortunately, that individual appeared at that moment, lugging a valise. "Here, Johnny," said he, addressing the driver, "take her up! Look out!" he shouted, as he swung it up to a place by the driver. "Now drive as if the devil were after you!" was his parting injunction," as he sprung into the vehicle.

"I didn't take time to get my trunk down," he panted, as he mopped his face with his handkerchief, puffing from his recent exertion. "Ordered it sent tomorrow by the boat to the Russell house."

"I'm afraid we shall lose the boat after all," said Mark.

"Not a bit of it," answered Smithson, confidently. "The captain'll wait for us, never fear. I rather like to get out at a half minute's notice," he went on. "Saves leave-taking, and all that. And it's Chicagoish, somehow. Up there we like to do things in a rush. It's more business-like, you know."

But to the disgust of Mark, when they came in sight of the wharf, it was only to see the steamer slowly and majestically backing out into the bay, on her journey to Detroit.

"We are too late, after all," remarked he, grimly.

"Not a bit of it! Here, Johnny, drive like Jehu! We're not going to a funeral, you know. If we can make the captain see us, he will run in for us."

But all of Smitnson's shouts, and frantic signaling, after they reached the dock, were of no avail. The boat had her bows turned to the channel, and was momentarily increasing her speed. Mark caught a glimpse of a graceful figure which he identified as the fair unknown, and the sight rendered him furious for a moment.

Smithson came up at that juncture, blown with his exertions.

"See here, old fellow," said he, "was it of any great importance that you should see your friend this afternoon? You can telegraph him, you know, and have the message catch him as he leaves the boat. You can have him wait till you get there to-morrow."

Ainslie shook his head.

"Unfortunately, I can't do that. If I could get to Detroit by the time the boat does, so that I could be at her dock when she arrived, I would be all right; but that is an impossibility."

Smithson scratched his nose reflectively. "I'm denced sorry, old fellow, that I kept you from making the boat," he said, "but as I did, I must see that you don't suffer by it. There's a little steamer over there; I'll charter her, and we'll overtake the blamed boat."

"No, indeed; it is not of enough importance for that," answered Mark, turning to the hack. "Come, let us go back to the hotel."

"Not by a long shot, Ainslie," answered Smithson. "I got you into this scrape, and I am going to get you out of it. Here, driver, take us over to that dock," pointing to the one at which the little steamer he had noted was laying, the smoke lazily curling up from her smoke-stack.

In spite of Mark's protests, he was hurried away. An animated conversation took place with the captain of the little boat.

"It can't be done, sir," said he, as soon as the plan was unfolded to him. "My boat can't run fast enough to overtake the steamer, with the start she has. I'm sorry, but it can't be done."

Smithson bit his lip as he let his eyes rove round the bay. There was not another steamer there. A sail vessel, of course, would have no chance. Suddenly he pulled out his watch, and glancing at it, shouted:

"Eureka! We can do it! Ainslie, you shall be at the Detroit wharf when the steamer comes in!"

"How on earth are you going to accomplish that?" asked Mark. "There is no way of going from here except by boat; and if the boats here cannot catch the steamer, they certainly cannot get to Detroit before her. Besides, it is not worth the trouble—even were it practicable, which it is not."

"There's where you are wrong, my boy," answered Smithson. "In the bright lexicon of a Chicago man, there's no such word as fail—and just please to remember that I am a Chicago man. And it isn't a question of trouble, or whether it is worth it or not. I caused you to miss your boat, and it is not only my duty, but my right, to repair the error, if it can be done; and you just bet that it can be done."

"Oh, no, sir," said the captain of the little pleasure steamer, who had been listening to the conversation; "'taint possible for anybody to get to Detroit ahead of that boat, sir. There's nothing here in the boat line that can do it."

"Didn't you hear me say that I am a Chicago man, and that the Chicago man could not fail—unless he's on the wrong side of the wheat market?" Smithson added, laughing. "But in this case it is remarkably easy. And even if you don't want to go, Ainslie, I am going to do it, just to show that it can be done. Now listen here, and I'll show you how easy it is."

CHAPTER III.

A TRIO ON THE DETROIT BOAT.

While our friends were thus engaged on the dock, the steamer they were so anxious to overtake was making her way across the green waters of the lake in the direction of Detroit. The young lady who had so suddenly become an object of interest to Mark Ainslie was seated with an elderly couple on the cabin deck. A staid, prosperous-looking couple, but evidently not her parents, as there was not the slightest resemblance in face or form between her and either. She sat listlessly, her hands lying idly in her lap, holding a book which she had been reading, and her eyes gazing abstractedly out on the wide expanse of waters, which, a dozen miles away, ended in a hazy gray bank—the mainland.

Her friends had been desultorily conversing, but their talk had died out in inconsequence. The old gentleman was a fleshy, well-preserved man of 55 or 60 years, with a rather red face, puffy cheeks, and a general air of good living and self-importance. His wife was smaller, a little shorter, not quite so stout, and more active and alert in her movements. He sat sleepily blinking his eyes in the sunshine, while the old lady was very much awake, her still bright black eyes roving here and there, alert to all the little happenings among her fellow-passengers. Her young companion's air of abstraction attracted her attention.

"What are you looking at, Elinor?" asked she.

The young lady started slightly at the suddenness with which the question was fired at her by the energetic old lady. Then a faint smile came over her face as she replied:

"Really, I do not think I was seeing anything. I drifted off into a reverie, auntie."

"You must be tired, my dear," answered the old lady, "you were so bright up to the time we got to the islands that I remarked the change. It is really tiresome travelling by boat, in spite of everything."

"I am not tired, auntie, in the least. I simply fell into a train of thought, and it carried me away from the surroundings."

"It's a bad habit for one to fall into," replied the old lady, briskly. "In my early married days, before Mr. Dolby began to get ahead in the world, I used to worry a great deal—far more than I had any need to do, I am ashamed to say—and would go to mooning that way, even when he was by. And that was only of evenings, you know, for he was down at the yards all the rest of the time. Lumber is profitable, my dear, but it takes close application to get the money out of it."

"Is not that true of any occupation, if one desires to make a success of it?"

"Of course, I suppose it is," admitted Mrs. Dolby. "But we had a neighbor, Mr. Bennett, at that time, and he was in the real estate way. He used to spend much more of his time at home than Mr. Dolby could. I used to envy Mrs. Bennett on that account."

"Bennett was a fool," suddenly interjected Mr. Dolby, who had been sitting quietly by, apparently paying no attention. "He never half took care of his business. So he died leaving only a quarter as much as he could have done."

"Was he not successful in anything else besides money-making, Mr. Dolby?" inquired Elinor.

"Anything else? That's what we are all working for. Get money, and you can buy anything you want, my girl."

"But cannot one make a success in life without making money?"

"Well, said Mr. Dolby, "that's what everybody in Chicago has been working for ever since I knew the town, and that has been since 1851. I believe I will go to the state-room and lie down a little," he added, turning to his wife. "The lake air has made me sleepy." And he disappeared in that direction.

"Mr. Dolby started with nothing, you know, my dear," said the old lady, in an apologetic tone, "and made his fortune by the most persistent application. And he has been a good husband to me, as you know, my dear, in spite of his not being with me as much as I would have liked during the first twenty years of our married life."

"Dear auntie, I was not finding fault with him because my ideals differ from his. Money is a necessity, of course, as Mr. Dolby says; but is there nothing else that is a necessity? Must one forego the affections because it takes time to give them due expression? Shall we allow our higher natures to starve that the time it would require to nurture them may be devoted to the amassing of wealth?"

"My dear," answered the old lady, "I know there are two sides to the question, and that you see the other one from Mr. Dolby. But he had to start from the bottom of the ladder, while you, one may say, were born in the purple. You never had a care as to money matters, for you were reared in luxury. Your father was a wealthy man, and so was your grandfather, for the matter of that. And your mother's family was well-to-do, too. But Mr. Dolby started from nothing, and I was as poor as Job's turkey all my life till he began to get forehanded. It is a hard thing to start poor and get rich, my dear. How hard, you will never know."

"But you don't understand exactly, auntie, what I mean. I notice that so many people seem to make the getting of money the entire business of their lives. They even think about it, and dream about it, when not actively engaged at work. They do not read anything but the daily paper, and in that only the financial page; they take no interest in art, nor even in the world's progress. I remember, when in Chicago a couple of years ago, the papers were full of Stanley's return to civilization. I was much interested in the matter, of course, and read everything I could find about his explorations. One evening I asked a young man whether Stanley had yet reached England, as I had not seen the paper that day. He looked at me in a puzzled way for a moment, and answered: 'Oh, you mean Jim Stanley? I didn't know he was going over. I thought he was only going to New York.'"

"Yes, I remember when Jim went East," replied the old lady, smiling. "And I remember some of the young men used to fight shy of you when you were at our house because you always insisted on talking to them about something they didn't know anything about."

"I have learned to be more tactful now," smiled Elinor, in return, "and try to fit my conversation to the caliber of the young man with whom I am conversing, when I visit you."

"Yes, you are better in that respect than you used to be, I know. You were a regular blue-stocking when you first came back from school. I remember Bernice once said——"

A spasm as of pain passed over the mobile face of Elinor Atherton at the mention of this name, and a sudden movement, slight but uncontrollable, warned the elder lady that she was on dangerous ground.

"Forgive me, dear," she went on. "I forgot myself. Poor Bernice! She was so bright, so full of life, that it seems hard that she has been put out of the lives of all of us, when——"

"Please don't, auntie," said the girl. "Is not silence the part of mercy?"

"Perhaps you are right," answered the old lady. "But it is hard. And if it was the last word I had to say, it would be that the poor girl was nearer right than some of the rest of us. But I should not have mentioned her name," she went on, "and I will be more careful hereafter."

Meanwhile, our friends whom we left at Put-in Bay were having a very active time. Smithson demanded of the captain of the little steamer how long it would take to run across to Port Clinton, a town on the southern shore of Lake Erie, and the nearest from that point. Receiving his reply, he ordered the captain to get up steam immediately, then bustled Ainslie into the hack, and ordered the driver to go to the telegraph office as quickly as possible.

A cable connects the island with the mainland, and Smithson availed himself of it to compass the end he had in view. He drove the operator nearly wild because of the haste he demanded; but at the end of a quarter of an hour he reappeared, mopping his heated face, which, however, wore a triumphant smile.

"Now drive over to the hotel," said he to the driver, "and get my trunk—I may as well take it with me, you know—and then get back to that boat as quick as you can." And he sunk back in his seat with a satisfied air. In reply to Ainslie's questions he only said:

"It's all right, my boy. I contracted to put you down in Detroit before the arrival of the boat, and I'll fill the contract. And it wouldn't have been half as hard if that operator up there had any sense, and knew his business. I wonder why they always have such plugs of operators at these summer resorts?"

Mark mildly suggested it was because the small amount of business did not justify the employment of a first-class operator.

Smithson snorted in disgust at the idea. "Why, they should have first-class ones, of course. Don't business men in search of a few days' recreation form a good part of their patrons at these resorts? And don't such men have to keep in telegraphic communication with home? But here we are. Now for my trunk."

The article was secured, and the party were soon again at the dock, where the little vessel was waiting for them, steam up, and everything ready to cast off in an instant. It did not take long to get themselves and baggage aboard and start for the mainland.

"Come on, Ainslie," said Smithson, leading the way to the bow. "Now we can sit here and smoke, and talk, and take it easy till we get across. Here, take a Regalia. I imported 'em myself, so I am sure they are good."

The young men lighted their weeds, and then Ainslie asked again to know the plan his companion had adopted to reach Detroit ahead of the steamer.

"Well, I've got time now to tell you all about it. It is very simple. You see I telegraphed over to Toledo to have a special engine meet us at Port Clinton. It will be there by the time we arrive, and will put us into Toledo in time to take a train to Detroit that arrives twenty minutes or so before the boat reaches her dock. It's very simple, you see."

"This is absurd, Smithson. To take so much trouble for me, a comparative stranger, and——"

"Don't say a word, my boy. You saw a friend on the boat—wanted to go with him—I made you lose the boat—so I am repairing the error, that's all."

"Nonsense, Smithson. It is a simple wild-goose chase after a pretty face on my part—not a matter of business at all, I am sorry to say."

Smithson removed his cigar from his moth, and stared at Mark in amazement.

"You don't mean to say, Ainslie, that this is a simple case of mash?"

"Not what I take you to mean, at any rate. I will tell you all about it, however, and you can then judge for yourself." And Mark accordingly sketched the fair unknown and his sudden determination to follow her.

"And, of course, you want to meet her and find out whether she is all that your fancy pictured her?"

"Yes, I suppose I must plead guilty to that charge, as part of the foolishness."

"Foolishness? Not a bit of it. We don't all see women with the same eyes. It wouldn't do, my boy; if we did, all the young men in one set would be stuck on the same girl—see? It's a wise provision that we can't, as a rule, see what some other fellow admires in his sweetheart. I've no doubt the fair unknown is well worth all the trouble we are taking to overhaul her; from what I have seen of you, Ainslie, I am ready to admit she is an uncommon girl. I don't think a man like you could be attracted by one who was not."

"Yet it certainly seems absurd to you, does it not, for me to start off in this manner, to—"

"And again I so no," interrupted Smithson. "In fact, I know how it is myself. If a man is attracted by a woman, he will go to almost any length in order to meet her. I never saw but one woman that I thought worth falling in love with. Ah, she was a woman in a thousand! Poor Bernice Atherton! It was a sad story of hers—but it's of no interest to you, of course. I'm glad you told me of this, Ainslie," he went on. "I shall be delighted to give you all the help I can. If she lives in Detroit, it will be very easy. I know several people in society there, and can give you introductions that will make all smooth for you."

Ere long Port Clinton was reached. On the track stood an engine and coach, which had just arrived for them. In less than an hour they had reached the Toledo depot, caught the train going north, and two hours later were set down at Detroit.

"The wharf is only a short distance away," said Smithson, "and we will walk down. Let me send this baggage up to the Russell House, and I will be with you."

Five minutes later they stood on the dock. Far down the river the boat could be seen coming in.

"In plenty of time, as I said," was Smithson's gleeful comment. "She can't escape you. I'll walk on up a couple of squares, and you can join me. If she goes to a hotel, you will have no difficulty in finding it out; you can get near enough to hear the address. If to a private address, we will get into another carriage and follow."

Mark watched eagerly as the passengers stepped on the dock, and he was soon rewarded by seeing the fair unknown, in company with the Dolbys. As she passed her gaze fell upon him, and she gave a slight start—or at least Mark imagined she did. He kept near them as they entered a carriage, and heard Mr. Dolby give the order to drive to the Russell house. He then joined Smithson, and communicated the fact.

"All right, my boy! It isn't very far, so we will walk up. I want a little exercise after sitting still so long."

They arrived at the hotel in due season, only to meet with another and a most unexpected disappointment. No such party had arrived from the boat; in fact, no party of three. The clerk was very positive of this.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Another Anglomaniac.

He—I am rather in favor of the English mode of spelling.

She—Yes?

He—Yes, indeed. Take "parlor" for instance. Having "u" in it makes all the difference in the world.—[Indianapolis Journal.

To Remove Dark Spots From Mother-of-Pearl Articles.

Wash with a solution of ammonia and binoxide of hydrogen.

Recent Literature.

Latest Volumes to be Found on the Blade's Book Table.

"Freeland; A Social Anticipation," by Dr. Theodor Hertzka, has been called the German "Looking Backward." It describes an imaginary colony in Equatorial Africa, in which Dr. Hertzka's economic system of land and capital nationalization, combined with absolutely untrammeled industrial competition, is carried out. The book has given rise already to local societies in Vienna, Buda Pest, Prague, Czerarowitz, Berlin, Hamburg, Brunswick, Hanover and some fourteen other places, which will ultimately be united into an international free society for the purpose of establishing such a colony as is described in this volume. It is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York city.

"The Last Four Weeks of the War," by Edmund N. Hatcher, is a 416-page book of "Bona Fide Extracts from the Files of the Leading Union Confederate Newspapers during the Civil War." Some of those quoted are the *Tribune, Herald* and *Times* of New York; *The Daily Rebel, Confederate Union,* and Mobile *Register,* Alabama; The Richmond *Dispatch,* The New Orleans *Picayune,* the Cincinnati *Commercial* and others. Of course it covers the important closing events of the struggle and is unique in its way. Columbus, Ohio.

"Dame Care" is a story from the German of Hermann Sudermann which has been translated by Bertha Overbeck. The tale is a pretty one, well told, and the translation is excellent. Published by Harper and Brothers, New York City.

The same publishers give us "An Imperative Duty," by W. D. Howells. He has chosen for his theme the prejudice amongst whites against the colored race, even when the taint is wholly imperceptible. The heroine is an orphan and white, but a remote ancestor had been a colored slave.

"A Modern Aladdin," by Mr. Howard Pyle, is styled "An Extravaganza in Four Acts" by the author, and its name does not belie its nature. It is a strange, daring story, which he has carried triumphantly through to the end. It ss published by the Harpers.

"Ruth the Gleaner and Esther the Queen," by William M. Taylor, L.L. D., the author of "David, King of Israel," is also published by the Harpers. This is another of the series of Bible biograpies by this writer, possessing the same characteristics that have made the others so popular.

"English Words and Elementary Study of Derivations," by Charles H. Johnson, was written primarily for use as a text book in high schools and colleges, its object being to call attention to the literary values of words. Published by Harper and Brothers, New York city.

The bound volume of "Harper's Young People" for 1891 is a treasure-trove for the boys and girls, who may be so fortunate as to come into possession of it. It is handsomely bound and makes a fine volume. Harper & Bros. New York.

Two volumes come from Macmillan & Co., New York city, which will be welcomed by readers: "The Story of the Iliad," by the Rev. Alfred J. Church, M. A., and "The Story of the Odyssey," by the same author. They are well told, and printed in large, clear type, which is in itself attractive. Both volumes have illustrations after Flaxman.

From the same publishers comes one of the prettiest stories of the season for young folks, and older people will find it interesting, too. It is entitled "A Pair of Originals," by E. Ward, author of "Fresh from the Fens." It tells of the adventures of two little boys who ran away from home to visit the grandmother who had never seen them.

"The Abandoned Claim" is a California story for young people, by Flora Haines Loughead, author of "The Man Who Was Guilty." It tells how three children were left to take care of themselves and how bravely they went to work, taking up what was called an abandoned claim. It is published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

"Glimpses of Nature," by Prof. Andrew Wilson, is made up of a series of papers that were published in *The Illustrated News,* and were so popular there that they were collected into the present volume. They are delightfully written about some of the most common things in Nature, telling things which are strange to the ordinary observer, but are most entertaining learned in this way. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York City.

A most valuable addition to the literature of the Revolutionary period is "The Financier and the Finances of the Revolution," by William Graham Sumner, professor of political and social science in Yale university, and one who has had large opportunities to make a study of the subject, which has never before been made the object of thorough investigation. The financial history of the Revolution is, as the author says, very obscure. Much as that may be regretted, the latter has succeeded in giving a very clear and explicit presentation of the subject, telling a good many curious things in regard to the ways and means of raising money during those troublous times. The two volumes are printed in good, clear type and well bound. They are published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New city.

Harriet Prescott Spofford, the author of several practical and interesting works, such as "The Servant Girl Question," "The Lost Jewel," etc., has written a little book entitled "House and Hearth," which begins with the young girl and carries her through the various experiences of life, dropping pearls of wisdom in every chapter. It is also published by Dodd, Mead & company, New York city.

One never takes up a book by Amelia E. Barr, without a sensation of pleased anticipation which is never disappointed. "A Rose of a Hundred Leaves" is no exception. It is pure and sweet from first to last, and wonderfully fascinating.

A pleasant little volume is that made by the collection of "Letters of Charles Dickens to Wilkie Collins," which were edited by Laurence Hutton. The volume is embellished with portraits and facsimiles that add to its value and will increase the enjoyment of its readers. It is published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

"Life and Letters of General Thomas J. Jackson," better known as Stonewall Jackson, written by his wife, Mary Anna Jackson, will be read with deep interest. It is published by Harper & Brothers, Franklin square, New York city.

"Jasmin, Barber, Poet, Philanthropist," by Samuel Smiles, L. L. D., author of those well known and most excellent books, "Self-Help," "Character, "Thrift," etc., comes from the same publishers. The story of this beautiful life is told most fitly, as this writer would be sure to tell it. It is as interesting as any novel.

An interesting little volume published by Dodd, Mead & company, New York City, is entitled "Prison Journals During the French Revolution," by the Duchesse de Duraz.

"Syd Belton, the Boy Who Would Not Go to Sea," is a story by G. Manville Fenn, the author of "Nat, the Naturalist;" "In the King's Name," etc. It is well told and will please the young people. The illustrations are by Gordon Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York City.

A volume of the "Odes, Lyrics, and Sonnets," from the Poetic Works of Jas. Russell Lowell, is published in a very pretty style by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. The binding is in creamy white with lines of green and the name of Lowell encircled with a wreath of laurel leaves.

A handsome volume in blue, black and gold, is entitled "In Biscayne Bay," by Caroline Washburn Rockwood. It is a story of South Florida, which is full of interest, but the beautiful way in which the book is printed and bound would make it very attractive even if the text were not so good. It is published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York City.

"Winifred's Journal, or Her Life at Exeter and Norwich in the Days of Bishop Hall," is most quaintly written and delightful to read, the more so because we are told some of the characters introduced are real personages. The volume is illustrated. Macmillan & Co., New York City, are the publishers.

A story of adventure, just the kind to attract youthful readers is "The Crystal Hunters," further described as "A Boy's Adventures in the Higher Alps." The author, George Mannville Fenn, is no stranger. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York City.

The Pompeian edition by Estes & Lauriat, Boston, of "The Last Days of Pompeii" will delight book lovers everywhere. There are two sumptuous volumes bound in red and silk and white vellum cloth and gold, beautifully illustrated and printed upon fine, heavy paper, of that cream color that is especially pleasant to the eyes. As a holiday book it has no superior. To preserve its beauty each volume is wrapped in firm red cloth and put into a heavy pasteboard box.

Harper and Brothers, New York City, publish in a little pocket volume selections "From the Easy Chair," by George William Curtis, a feature of *Harper's Magazine,* which has been so popular for many years. It is very prettily bound in dark green and gold. (Brown, Eager & Hull.)

A poem that will, doubtless, attract some attention from the critics, is entitled "The Perfume Holder," by Craven Langstroth Betts, whose translation of songs from Beranger won such favorable comment three years ago. This is an extremely interesting and beautiful story of Persian life, having fine local color and dramatic power.

No better reading can be found, and certainly none that is more entertaining than the essays of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, consequently the volume just issued by Lee & Shepard, Boston, will be most welcome. It is entitled, "The New World and the New Book," and the principal essay is the address delivered before the Nineteenth Century club of New York, some time ago.

In the series of Decisive Events in American History from the same publishers is "The Battle of Gettysburg," by Samuel Adams Drake, the author of "Burgoyne's Invasion," "Taking of Louisburg," etc. It gives a very clear picture of the event.

From Lee and Shepard, Boston, also comes a book that will doubtless be very welcome to those whose work is to train the voice and body to fine expression. This is entitled "Gestures and Attitudes; an Exposition of the Delsarte Philosophy of Expression." The essay treats of the subject, both from a practical and a theoretical standpoint. The author, Professor Edward B. Warman, is already known by several works for teachers and scholars in elocution. There are 154 illustraions by Marion Morgan Reynolds.

Those who are familiar with the charming works of Edna Lyall, will want to read "Max Hereford's Dream," by the same author. Paper, white and gold, 35 cents. New York: U. S. Book Company.

THE HERALD MACHINE.

Deceiving.

She prays in devotional attitude,
And her head is bent—yet she is not blind;
She sees on the opposite side a dude
Who is trying to flirt with the girl behind.

Too Prominent.

"Front seat?" asked the sexton of the stranger.

"No," he answered, "I can't afford it. The front seat always has to make a good showing in the contribution plate."

An Exception.

Parson—Yes, Johnny, every word in the Bible is true.

Johnny—Well, how about the family record page that sister Maud has been doctoring up?

The Evil and the Good.

The evil that men do is writ in brass,
Which masks all blushes that may flitting pass;
The good they do is only talked about,
And half their friends can never find it out.

Rough on Old Bellows.

Old Bellows (tauntingly)—So, my wise lady, you really think beasts have souls?

Mrs. Bellows (with fire in her eye)—I do; you need not console yourself that there is no hereafter for you, sir.

A Matter of Habit.

Clericus—Going to church after awhile gets to be purely a matter of habit.

Cynicus—True; and those who wear the most expensive ones are assigned to the best pews.

Paradise.

Old Soak—Settemupagain. (Hic.) Thish is a perfec Paradise.

De Tanque—Howdye know? (Hic.) Are you seein' the serpent?

—N. Y. Herald.

AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA.

He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends.

Faithful friends! *It* lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say "Abdallah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this—
"*I* am not the thing you kiss;
Cease your tears and let it lie;
It *was* mine, it is not 'I.'"
Sweet friends! what the women lave,
For its last bed of the grave,
Is but a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage, from which at last,
Like a hawk my soul hath passed.
Leave the inmate, not the room—
The wearer not the garb—the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from the splendid stars!

Loving friends! Be wise and dry
Straightway every weeping eye;
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell—one
Out of which the pearl has gone;
The shell is broken—it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'Tis an earthen jar whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
The treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him; let it lie,
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in His store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood;
Now the long, long wonder ends;
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
By such a light as shines for you;
But in the light ye can not see
Of unfulfilled felicity—
In enlarging paradise,
Leaves a life that never dies.

Farewell friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am, ye too shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,
A moment's time, a little space:
When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by wise love taught
That here is all and there is naught.

Weep awhile, if ye are fain—
Sunshine still must follow rain:
Only not at death—for death,
Now I know, is that first breath,
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life centre.

Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above;
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home!
La Allah illa Allah! yea!
Thou Love divine! Thou Love away!

He that died at Azan gave
This to those who made his grave.

—Edwin Arnold.

Naught Never Comes to Grief.

Hobson—"I'm tired of life, ye see, and yet if I blow out my brains, don't you know?—the world would condemn me as a suicide."

Dobson—"No, I believe the general verdict would be justifiable homicide."

That
Tired Feeling

Is a dangerous condition due directly to depleted or impure blood. It should not be allowed to continue, as in its debility the system is especially liable to serious attacks of illness. It is remarkable how beneficial Hood's Sarsaparilla is in this enervating state.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Possessing just those elements which the system needs and readily seizes, this medicine purifies the blood, and imparts a feeling of serene strength which is comforting and satisfying. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best remedy for that weakness which prevails at change of season, climate or life.

Makes the Weak Strong

"I have been convinced that Hood's Sarsaparilla is one of the greatest medicines in the world. I say this for the benefit of all other tired out, run down, hard-working women. Hood's Sarsaparilla is not only excellent as a blood purifier, but for all other female complaints, even if of long standing." MRS. M. A. SCARLETT, Northville P. O., Mich.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass

100 Doses One Dollar

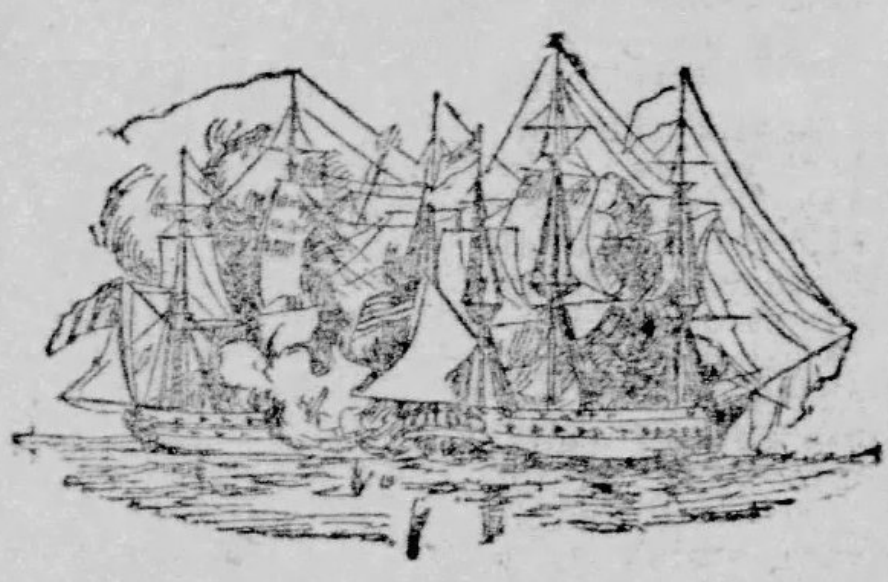
THE CHESAPEAKE'S FATE

FLOUR MILL MADE OF THE SHIP.

Sir Provo Wallis, Who Still Survives a Famous Naval Battle—An Interesting Talk With the Venerable Hero.

Situated in the southeastern corner of Sussex county, England, is the old-fashioned town of Chichester, the home of many of England's naval heroes. Here live scores upon scores of venerable seamen and scarred veterans of the sea, to whom England is largely indebted for the position which she occupies to-day among the nations of the earth.

Chichester has not much to boast of in the eyes of the ordinary visitor, but for all that it does an appalling amount of boasting.



THE CHESAPEAKE AND SHANNON.

The town is rich with naval traditions, which cling around the pretty little village and impart to it an air of romance. To the American traveler, however, Chichester has one attraction which eclipses all others, for here lives Sir Provo Wallis, who was born in America, senior admiral of the British Navy, and second lieutenant on the Shannon when she fought the Chesapeake off Boston harbor in 1813. Sir Provo, although over 100 years old, is still hale and hearty, but suffers much of the time from that sometime aristocratic ailment, the gout. He was retired from active service many years ago, and has lived in honored seclusion ever since. The aged admiral lives in the outskirts of the village, in a manor house, the Funtington House, as it is known, that has been in the Wallis family many generations.

A goodly portion of the road from Chichester to Funtington House passes through the 'Old Broyle," with its firs, oaks and beeches, and you have only just left the "Sennicotts" behind you when you see the tower and roofs of Funtington gleaming in the sunshine as they peer at you from the surrounding woods. The shady village street is wild with laurels and ivy-grown elms, and you come suddenly on a modest gateway, the pillars of which are crowned with heavy cannon-balls of gray stone, fashioned long years ago in some Turkish arsenal. Through the half-open gate you catch a refreshing glimpse of soft, green turf, crimson standard roses and well-kept flower beds. A third cannon-ball is half buried in a triangle of evergreens, and beyond is a roomy white villa with many windows and a creeper-covered glass porch opening on the sunny, shingled path before it.

All is brightness at Funtington, and in this sweet and tranquil spot lives the senior admiral of the British navy, who on a bright Sunday afternoon 78 years ago saw Capt. Lawrence die, and with his own hands placed the flag of the Chesapeake over the hero who in his last delirium shouted: "Don't give up the ship!"

ADMIRAL SIR PROVO WALLIS, K. C. B.

As you gain admittance to the house Admiral Wallis stands on the drab and yellow pavement of his cheerful entrance-hall to welcome you in person to Funtington. His memory seems to be every whit as clear as it was when he fought 88 years ago as a "middy" of fourteen on the bloodstained deck of the Cleopatra, and he disdains the use of a stick as he takes you into the little study.

Sir Provo Wallis has the rugged countenance of a man of middle age. He wears a well-fitting suit of dark tweed and cool striped linen waiscoat. He speaks of receiving the news of the victory at Trafalgar while cruising in the Canadian off Antigua, as if he had just seen it in the *Times* or *Globe,* and as he rises with almost youthful activity to fetch a paper or point out some interesting memento, you quite forget that he is the sole survivor of deeds which are historical and of a generation which has long since passed away.

Sir Provo has given up a little table to the sole occupancy of those blue and gold volumes, "The Cruise of His Britannic Majesty's Ship Bacchante," and his hand, which is a little crippled with gout, rests affectionately on it as he fights the "Long War" over again for your special edification.

You are, of course, much interested in the cruise of the Curiense, the cutting out of a French vessel in St. Ann's bay, 81 years ago, the subsequent shipwreck on the enemy's coast, the destruction of two 44-gun French frigates by the Gloir (in which Sir Provo was a lieutenant), the surrender of Guadaloupe, and that little affair with the Chesapeake. To gratify our American curiosity the aged seaman limps out into the corridor and brings in his old messmate's (George Sartorus's) admirable picture of the hoisting of the Union Jack over the Star Spangled Banner of the Chesapeake, which he shows with especial pleasure, as you are an American and have taken the trouble to come out of your way to this little corner of the earth to visit him.

INTERIOR OF CHESAPEAKE MILL.

He tells you in simple, unaffected language the tale of June 1, 1813. "It was," he said, "a time of disaster and anxiety. We had been losing ships in all directions when Captain Broke sent his formal challenge to Captain Lawrence by a fishing boat. The American Nelson" (and here you could not help feeling like bowing before the generous magnanimity of the veteran) "signified his acceptance of it by firing a gun and hoisting a large flag bearing the device, 'Free Trade and Sailors' Rights.'" Lawrence was sure of winning. A dinner was prepared for the prisoners; there was a plentiful supply of handcuffs on deck, and several merchant vessels came out to witness our discomfiture. We put off some six miles with three ensigns flying, and she bore down on us over the sea in gallant style.

"We had a splendid opportunity to rake the Chesapeake while she was coming down on us, for Lawrence considered only how he could soonest come to close quarters, disdaining all maneuvering, but Captain Broke called out: 'Don't fire whilst the gallant fellow is head on, but wait until his broadside is full on, so he can have an even chance.' And so we waited in grim silence. The sun was setting and the Chesapeake was to the westward of us. As her sails threw their long shadows far ahead, and finally passed over us, while we were in our shirt sleeves, it threw a chill over the life-blood of every man, for we knew it was a death grapple.

"Suddenly they cheered and fired. We replied simultaneously with our shot. Three broadsides only were delivered and eleven minutes saw the end of the fight. The two vessels became entangled. Broke shouted for all who could to follow him, and when the ships separated he signalled that he was securely in possession. Every officer on the Chesapeake, down to the officiating chaplain, was slain (or desperately wounded); the courageous Lawrence, shot through the body, died four days afterward in his cabin. Broke was dangerously wounded, and Watt, our first lieutenant, was killed by a bullet from the foretop. It thus came to pass, at the age of 22, I took command of the Shannon, put my junior, Mr. Falkner, in charge of the prize, placed their own fetters on the wrists of our prisoners, and set sail for Halifax.

"It was Sunday when we arrived there and everybody was in church. We were concealed by a fog till close to the harbor; the yards of both ships were manned and the British flag floated proudly over the American ensign. The rumor of our coming spread like wildfire: the worshippers abandoned their clergyman and rushed down to the quays followed in quick order by the choir boys in their robes, and finally by the clergyman himself, who did not even wait to divest himself of his surplice.

"In passing up the bay there was a great shout from the people, for they thought our prize was the 44-gun frigate, President, which had incurred their cordial dislike, but when they heard it was the Chesapeake, and that Lawrence, her commander, was dead, not a huzza was heard, except, I believe, from a brig lying at anchor. Captain Lawrence was highly respected for his humanity to the crew of the Peacock, and marks of real grief were seen in the countenances of all the inhabitants I had a chance to see. I can truly say that all appeared to lament his death, and I heard several say that they considered the blood which had been shed on the Chesapeake's deck as being as dear to them as that of their own countrymen.

"On the day of the funeral I saw three mahogany coffins carried on board the Chesapeake. In one of them the remains of Captain Lawrence were placed, and then rowed in a twelve-oared barge, to minute strokes, to the shore, followed by a procession of boats at respectful distances. After landing at King's wharf, a regiment of troops and a full band of music playing the 'Dead March in Saul' took up the line of march. Six of the oldest navy captains in port carried the pall, which was one of the colors of the Chesapeake, and on top of the coffin was Lawrence's sword. The procession was very long, and everything was conducted in the most solemn and respectful manner, and the wounded officers of both nations, who followed the procession, made the scene very affecting. I never attended a funeral in my life when my feelings were so struck. There was not the least mark of exultation that I saw, even among the commonest people."

Sir Provo, by the way, is himself an American, being born in Nova Scotia, and is not a little proud of that colony.

It will prove interesting at this late day to see what became of those two frigates, the Chesapeake and Shannon, which in the early part of the country occupied such a prominent place in the eyes of the two nations. The latter was retained in the service only a short time after the War of 1812.

The Chesapeake met a far different fate. She is in existence to-day, as sound and staunch as the day she was launched, but is used in the inglorious capacity of a flour mill, and is making lots of money for a hearty Hampshire miller in the little parish of Wickham, England. After her capture by Sir Philip B. V. Broke she was taken to England in 1814, and in 1820 her timbers were sold to John Prior, miller, of Wickham, Hants. Mr. Prior pulled down his own mill at Wickham and erected a new one from the Chesapeake timbers, which he found admirably adapted for the purpose. The deck beams were 32 feet long and 18 inches square, and were placed, unaltered, horizontally in the mill. The purlins of the deck were about twelve feet long, and served without alterations for joists. Many of these timbers yet have the marks of the Shannon's grapeshot, and in some places the shot are still to be seen deeply imbedded in the pitchpine. The metamorphosis of a sanguary man-of-war into a peaceful, life-sustaining flour mill is another evidence of the progress of civilization and the general amnesty and increasing good will between the two nations.

"My Daughter's Life

Was saved by Hood's Sarsaparilla," says Mr. B. B. Jones, of Alna, Maine. "She had seven running sores in different places on her body, but on giving her Hood's Sarsaparilla there was marked improvement, and now she is well, strong and healthy."

Hood's Pills cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal. They are the best family cathartic.

SHE WAS SET A GOOD EXAMPLE

And She Thought She Could Do No Better Than to Follow It.

A short time ago the queen visited Derby to open a charitable institution, and to show her appreciation of courtesies knighted the mayor, a worthy man, who was married to a worthy woman. The royal party wrote their names in the visitors' book at the Town Hall, a clean page being headed:

"Victoria."

Beneath this the wife of Henry, of Battenberg, who was in the party, signed herself:

"Beatrice."

The mayoress, whose turn it was to sign next, caused a gasp of astonishment from the royal party. She nervously nibbled her pen for a moment, deeply lost in thought, and then wrote:

"Jane."

She evidently thought that a mayor's wife, and especially one whose husband had just been hit a clip on the shoulder with a sword, was entitled to due reference, and perhaps not so far removed from the privileges of the great ones who signed before her.—[Brazilian Republic, Rio Janeiro.

Deafness Can't be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that we can not cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

FACTS IN TWO LINES.

Vermont has 350 boys and 160 girls in colleges.

Nursery maids get $4 a month and board in Paris.

Grand Rapids, Mich., is to make paper matches.

A vein of coal has been discovered at Batesville, O.

Yale University has received $343,394 in gifts during the last year.

One man in Rhode Island has 1,100 "wild" turkeys on his farm.

The South has now 1,200,000 more spindles that it had a year ago.

Nearly 200 kinds of the things called toadstools are at least edible.

Coal miners in Bohemia earn the handsome sum of about $131 a year.

A five foot seam of coal at a depth of 130 feet is reported near South English, Ill.

To Remove Fruit Stains from White Goods.

Mix two teaspoonfuls of water and one of spirits of salts; let the stained part lie in this for two minutes, then rinse in cold water. If the stains have been in a long time rub the spot on each side with yellow soap, then put on starch wet with cold water, and rub it well in; hang the article in the open air exposed to the sun for several days.

—Be wise in time. You have too many gray hairs for one so young looking. Use Hall's Hair Renewer, the best preparation out to cure them. Try it.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1. Send your real name and address. The name will not be published.

2.—Send only one question at a time, if you expect full replies. If more than one, they *must* be on the same general subject, not on different ones.

3.—Do not ask us where you can *buy* or *sell* anything, nor ask for addresses of business men or firms. This would be free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business man or firm is reliable.

5.—Send only questions whose replies will be of general interest to our readers. We reserve the right not to answer queries which we consider are not so. Mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., are barred by this rule.

6.—No replies by mail to questions, in any case.

The Pacific Railroads.

D. L. B., Montana, Kan.: The government is the people, as much as the money in the treasury is the people's money. It has a perfect right to use public money to build a railroad, or to dig the Nicaragua canal, for instance; and it has full power to do so, under the clause of the constitution which gives Congress power to provide for the public welfare. You do not seem to know that the project of building a railroad to the Pacific was, at the time of the war, one which could not be done by private capital, for it would not pay. It had to traverse hundreds of miles of country absolutely unsettled, which would furnish no revenue to it, for there were no passengers or freight to be carried. All its traffic would be through traffic. It was considered by Abraham Lincoln and all leading statesmen at that time that it was a necessity to have rail communication with the Pacific coast; and as the government could not, on account of the enormous expense of the war, build a road itself, Congress passed acts in 1862 and 1864, providing for a subsidy of U. S. 6 per cent bonds, at the rate of $16,000 per mile from the Missouri river to the Rocky mountains; $48,000 per mile for the 300 miles through the mountains; $32,000 per mile for the portion between the Rockies and the Sierra Nevada, and $16,000 per mile west of the latter. In addition, the companies were given 12,800 acres of land for each mile of railroad built. The first act named above provided that the subsidy should constitute a first lien on the roads, but it was found that the subsidy would not be enough to build the road. Hence, by the second act named, Congress released the first lien, and empowered the companies to issue their own bonds to obtain money to complete it, and secure the bonds by a first mortgage on the road. The government has thus a second mortgage on the road. No intelligent man doubts the vast utility to the country of these roads, nor that the government did wisely in granting the subsidy. The differences between this subsidy and the Alliance scheme of loaning money to farmers, are: first, the government did not loan money, but issued bonds; that is, it became security for the money needed to build the road, which is an entirely different thing. Second, the object was one which was for the benefit of the people *as a whole*—the nation, in fact; the Alliance scheme is for the benefit of a part of one class of people only, and Congress has no constitutional power to do it.

Sunday.

G. M. P., Milbank, S. D., asks: "When was Sunday first observed instead of the seventh day, and how did it come about?"

It became an established custom among Christians, immediately after the resurrection, to meet for breaking of bread and worship on the first day of the week, which was called "The Lord's day." In the years that followed this day became a recognized festival of all Christians. The first official recognition of it recorded in history was an edict of the Emperor Constantine in the year 321, making it a legal holiday in his realm. You must remember that only the Jews observed the Hebrew Sabbath; the nations surrounding them had no Sabbath. The only Christian community among the Jews was "the church in Jerusalem," which, of course, passed out of history with the overthrow of the Jewish kingdom and the destruction of Jerusalem. There was no "change" with the rest of the Christian church from the seventh day to the first day, because they never had observed the seventh day. And the early Chrestians knew but little of the Old Testament. They took their moral law from Christ's teachings, not from Moses. They based their observance of Sunday, not on the commandment, but because it was the day of Christ's resurrection. Read Matthew xix, 11, 18, where Christ omits the one concerning the Jewish sabbath.

The Bureau, in the above, simply states historical facts. We will not discuss them, because we can not spare the space for discussion of any answer in the Bureau.

Composition of Corn and Meats.

G. J. R., Lawrence, Kan.:—The composition of Indian corn varies somewhat with the variety. The following analysis is of the most common varieties:

	Per cent.
Albuminoids (flesh-forming principles)..	10
Carbohydrates (starch, sugar, etc)........	68
Fats (oil)........................	7
Ash (a little more than)................	2

The ash contains a large amount of phosphoric acid combined with lime and other bases.

The flesh of the mammals, birds and fishes used for food, differs very little in chemical composition. They are chiefly made of fibrine, albumen and gelatine, in varying proportions; and these three substances are chemically identical, though differing widely in their food values. The different fats found in meats differ in the relative proportion, and sometimes in the character, of the fatty acids that enter into their composition. The various salts found therein are mostly the same in all meats, though differing in quantity.

The Duty on Sugar.

L. S., Plantsville, O., asks: "If the new tariff law was what reduced the price of sugar, is not the tariff a tax?"

Not on any article of which we are able to produce or grow enough to supply us. It is a tax on other things. For instance: Coffee is not grown in the United States. If there were a duty on it (which there is not), it would increase the price by the amount of the duty. Now, suppose coffee could be grown in the United States, and we raised enough to supply our own needs, the duty on foreign coffee would then not affect the price of the home-grown coffee at all.

This is the case with sugar. We can raise, in the small area in which cane will grow in the United States, only about one-tenth of it. The duty on sugar was therefore added to the price of the sugar.

Protection goes on the principle of putting a duty on competing products, and admitting free the things we can not produce.

The duty on salt is 8 cents per 100 pounds, when in bulk; in packages, 12 cents per 100 pounds.

The Geodetic Survey.

J. M. B., Horton, Kan., writes: "Visiting in Brown county, Ohio, last summer, I saw a high tower constructed as the wind-mill towers of the West are, only much taller—I judged as high as 100 feet. None of the parties of whom I inquired, living in the vicinity, could tell why or for what purpose it was built—strangers came and built it, remained a few months, and departed as mysteriously as they came. They also said there were others north and south of it. Can you throw any light on the subject?"

It is singular that the people of the locality could be so ignorant. The towers were stations of the United States Geodetic survey, which has been engaged for years in making accurate measurements of the United States, and preparing absolutely accurate maps. The tall towers, miles apart, were used for signaling, and for the triangulation of the area, in order to obtain accurate measurements.

Presidential Electors.

B. E. A., Painesville, O., asks: "If the President and Vice President are elected to office by electoral votes why do they have a general election by the people?"

There is *not* "a general election by the people" to elect President and Vice President. The November election in the Presidential year is to choose the electors in each state. The names of the candidates for President and Vice President are on the head of the ticket, but they are merely there for show, as they are not counted.

A. A. R., Los Angeles, Cal.: There was no special reason for selecting "the Tuesday next after the first Monday in November" for the choosing of the Presidential electors. It had to be some special day; why not that as well as another? If you mean, why is the word "next" used, it is for the sake of accuracy—a concession to legal verbiage.

Helen Hunt Jackson.

A. P. Manchester, N. Y.: Helen Maria Fiske, author, was born at Amherst, Mass., Oct. 18, 1831; died in San Francisco Aug. 12, 1885. She married, in 1852, Capt. Edward B. Hunt, who died in 1863. She had become known as a writer under her initials, "H. H.," when, in 1875, she married Wm. S. Jackson, and thereafter spent much of her time in Colorado Springs, where her husband was a banker. She became actively interested in the Indians in 1879, and strove to improve their condition. In 1883 she was appointed special commissioner to examine into the condition of the Mission Indians of California, and while thus employed she studied the history of the early Spanish missions. She published nineteen different books.

The Cary Sisters.

R. W., Antioch, O.: Alice Cary was born on a farm near Cincinnati, April 20, 1820; died in New York city, February 12, 1871. The family were poor, and Alice's education was neglected. Her mother died in 1835, and in 1837 her father married again. The stepmother was unsympathetic with the literary aspirations of Alice and her sister Phoebe. Alice began to write at the age of 18, and wrote for the next ten years without compensation. In 1852 she and Phoebe went to New York city, where they supported themselves by their literary labor. There are no circumstances of any note, to our knowledge, surrounding the writing of her "Pictures of Memory." Her sister Phoebe was born September 24, 1824, and died in Newport, R. I., July 31, 1871. She began writing at 17.

The Ark of the Covenant.

R. M. D., Pocahontas, Va.: The ark of the covenant, which stood in the holy of the holies of the tabernacle, and contained the two tables of stone with the commandments thereon, a pot of manna, and Aaron's rod which budded. When Solomon's temple was completed, the ark was placed in it, and remained there until Nebuchadnezzar took Jerusalem and destroyed the temple. The ark was then either destroyed or taken away, and history gives no further account of it.

The Pawnbroker's Sign.

Teacher, Moore's Salt Works, O.: The three golden balls which are used the world over by pawnbrokers as a sign, are believed to be so used because the great Medici family, of Italy, had three golden balls in their armorial bearings. The balls were first used as a sign by Lombard merchants, among whom were representatives of the Medici family. This sign was used in London during the Middle Ages by some Lombard merchants, who had emigrated from Italy, and who established the first money-lending establishments in England. Please read Rule 2, above.

The Christmas Tree.

C. W. E. H., Sweetwater, Neb.: The Christmas tree originated since the Reformation, among the Protestants of Germany. A tree is erected in the house, hung with gifts for the children, ornamented with candies, etc., and lighted with tapers. When all is ready on Christmas Eve, the candles are lighted, the children admitted to the room, and the distribution of gifts takes place amid a scene of childish rejoicing. The Christmas tree has been introduced into this country within the past 30 or 40 years.

Stradivarius.

Reader, Red Key, Ind.: Antonio Stradivarius was born at Cremona, Italy, in 1644. He was a famed violin maker, and died in 1737. His label, put in the inside of all his violins, was: "Antonius Stradiuarius Cremoniensis faciebat, A. D. 16—." This is Latin and means: "Antonio Stradivarius made me at Cremona in A. D. 16—."

Miscellaneous.

E. S. H.: We have not the poem you speak of.

S. A. B., Pappillion, Neb.: Mrs. Abraham Lincoln never re-married.

E. D., Benicia, Cal.: Railroads are paid by the government for carrying the mails.

W. N. S., Ozark, Mo.: The parish in Louisiana you mean is probably Tangipahoa.

Reader, Ansley, Neb.: Ask your Representative in Congress if he can obtain them for you.

L. A. S., Clark's, Neb.: John D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil magnate, lives in New York.

W. G. L., Toledo, O.: The census reports, so far as yet published, do not give the figures you ask for.

G. W. L., Oak Shade, O.: Cape Verde, Africa, is the most westerly point of the Eastern continent.

J. H. C., Ekin, Ind.: You will find the poem in McGuffey's 4th Reader, which any book store will sell you.

O. K. M., Ansley, Neb.: There was a mistake in numbering the sections of the Finance Primer, that is all.

D. L. B., Mason City, Ill.: That story was exploded a year ago. THE BLADE at the time published the refutation.

U. W. G., Council Bluffs, Iowa: We do not know. Write to the "Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.," and inquire.

H. F. W., Providence, R. I.: Write to your Representative in Congress to send you the report of the secretary of Agriculture.

W. D., Kalida, O.: We do not deal in books. There are many cheap books of recitations, full of selections that would be suitable.

E. D. E., Pioneer, O.: We published "James Bird" in the "Old War Songs" in THE BLADE, and are sorry, but we can not republish.

G. K., Defiance, Iowa: Mr. Blaine is not a Catholic. He is a Congregationalist. See Bureau of Weekly BLADE of December 17.

W. N. S., Ozark, Mo.: The letters "B. S.," affixed to a person's name mean, "Bachelor of Science," and mean that the person has received that degree from a college.

M. C., Canton, Ind.: The statistics of immigration are published regularly by the Bureau of Statistics at Washington. Write to your Representative in Congress.

H. Z. W., Lamar, Mo.: We do not know of such a school. Why not apply to the superintendent of public schools in St. Louis, who probably could refer you to one?

T. S. D., Homestead, Pa.: Mrs. Wilcox (Ella Wheeler) resides somewhere in Connecticut. See rule 3. We cannot give addresses, even if we have them—which we have not in this case.

R. E. W., Vermillion, O.: Hon. John W Bookwalter is a prominent manufacturer of Springfield, O., who was Democratic candidate for governor of Ohio in 1881. He now lives in New York.

Morrison, Colorado: Newspaper postage to Great Britain or Ireland is 1 cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof; a letter costs 5 cents. Obey rule 1 and send your name if you want answers.

J. W. B., Jerry City, O.: "Paul Dunim" was published so long ago that we have not a copy of it. We have not even a file of that year. Read our new story, "Mark Ainslie's Quest." You will find it excellent.

M. C. J., Grey, Ind.: We have not time to write out our argument against free coinage to send you. There was ample argument in the Finance Primer last summer, but we have not back numbers we can send you.

A. H., Pierpont, O.: It is incorrect to say that if we had no hearing, there would be no sound. Sound is a vibration of the air produced by a sounding body. This vibration would exist, whether we could hear it or not.

H. M. H., Rodeim, Tenn.: Of the four men sent to the Dry Tortugas for life for complicity in the plot to assassinate Lincoln, Dr. Mudd is dead, and we think Arnold, Spangler and McLaughlin are still serving time.

C. M. Sarcoxie, Mo.: No one knows when the Cherokee strip will be opened for settlement. The President will issue his proclamation, fixing the time. It has not yet been conveyed to the general government by the Indians.

G. E. A., White Creek, Mo.: The book which Gen. Sherman wrote several years before his death is called "Personal Memoirs of Gen. W. T. Sherman," in two volumes. He was not at work on any book at the time of his death.

F. D. W., Lewistown, Mo.: The old articles of Confederation, the United States Constitution, and the constitution of the Confederate states, were neither of them one man's work. They were drawn up by the committees, as all such documents always are.

A. W. H., Los Cerritos, Colo.: Where a bill passes one house of Congress, is sent to the other, and passed by the latter without amendment, it goes at once to the President. It is not sent back to the house where it started unless amendments have been made.

Vulcan, Martelle, Iowa: Beeswax is the comb of honey melted into a cake. Citric acid is an acid found in the juice of lemons, gooseberries, currants, etc., which gives them their sour taste. It requires a chemist to extract it. You can buy it at any drug-store.

E. R. Galveston, Ind.: The article you sent us is simply an ignorant falsehood. The flag bill prohibits the putting in the United States flag any advertisement, or any legend calculated to bring the flag into contempt. It does no prohibit carrying the flag by political parties, or anything of the sort.

F. C. R., Ypsilanti, Mich.: The only way to become a proof-reader is to gain some actual experience in proof-reading in some newspaper office. Give your services gratis, if need be, to some newspaper in your own town, in order to get experience, and gain rapidity; and then apply for a situation somewhere.

The item in "Current Events" of Weekly BLADE of December 13 is historical. The skeletons dated back beyond the historical period. Fossil skeletons have been found in Europe dating back at least 25,000 years. We know nothing further about the history of the Palermo skeletons.

W. J. B., Vidette, Ala.: The story was that Jerry Simpson, during his Congressional campaign, went without socks, and declared he would not wear them as long as the tariff existed. There are no periodicals published at Washington which are sent free to any one who applies. Read Rule 2.

A. M. P., Garland, W. Va.: You should read THE BLADE more carefully. In the Bureau of Weekly BLADE of November 12, you will find a long article on Thanksgiving Day. Hunt up the paper and read it. The origin of Easter we will give in the Bureau just before Easter next spring, if you will write us about a month before that.

A. F., Pierpont, O.: The name "Rooney" is pronounced in two syllables; oo like the same vowels in "coon"; accent on the first. "Himalaya" is pronounced "Him-ah-lay-ah," accent on 3d; 2d and 4th like a in "father." "Gallipolis" is pronounced "Gal-li-po-leece," accent on last; first syllable like the first syllable of "gallop"; the i in the 2d short, as in "tin"; the o in the 3d long, as in "lone."

D. O. C., Queen City, Mo.: The Merrimac was not sunk by the Monitor in the famous battle in Hampton Roads. She was blown up by the rebels when they evacuated Yorktown. The account you send us is practically correct. The history of the Merrimac and of the battle, written by Commodore Buchanan, her commander, was published in the *Century* magazine two or three years ago.

C. M., Washington, Cal.: We hardly understand what you mean by your question. Ireland was, as she is now, a part of the United Kingdom at the time of our Revolution. Her Parliament had no power to vote either men or money to carry on the war to subdue the rebellious colonies on this side of the Atlantic. That power was solely in the hands of the British Parliament at London. Read Rule 2.

J. C. W., Lowell, Neb.: The claim that more of the public debt was paid during Cleveland's term than any in any other is utterly unfounded. It was exceeded several times; and during Harrison's 2½ years much more has been paid than during Cleveland's 4 years. The surplus in the treasury kept on increasing for a number of years. There was more money in the treasury at the end of Hayes's administration than at the end of any preceding one; more at the end of Arthur's than any preceding one; more at the end of Cleveland's than of any preceding one; and would have been more at the end of Harrison's than but for the passage of the new tariff law, which prevented the accumulation of a surplus by reducing the revenue to the proper limit—where it only suffices for the needs of the government.

WHEN THE MUCOUS SURFACES of the Bronchia are sore and inflamed, Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant will afford prompt relief. For breaking up a Cold or subduing a Cough, you will find in it a certain remedy.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Rheumatism in Cow.

U. G. Y., North Carolina: Your cow has rheumatism. The first thing to be done is to put the cow in comfortable quarters. Then give her flour of sulphur, 8 ozs.; ginger, ½ oz. The above for one dose, to be given every third day in gruel until three doses are taken. The cow must be kept out of rain or damp during treatment, and for at least a week after the last dose is taken. In fact, a cow that has rheumatic tendency should never be allowed to be in a damp place or out in the rain. If there is soreness in the loins, throw a blanket over the cow, across the small of the back.

Can Not Keep Anything Down.

G. W. H., Missouri: As your cow has recently had a calf, the cause of her not retaining the food that is given her may be traceable to that event. It may be that the process was not complete. You should have a veterinary make an examination, and if there is anything wrong he will right it. It may be that the cow is simply weak from the labor she passed through. You are advised to give her powdered nux vomica, 2 drachms; sulphate of iron, 2 drachms. This much for a dose, to be given twice a day in gruel for a week. Rub mustard over her loins. If the cow shows constipation, give her a bran mash every day until her bowels become regular. Feed her at regular intervals, and give her none but the best of food. Moldy hay, oats, corn or corn stalks will only aggravate her distress. Indigestion may be brought on by poor food given irregularly.

Something Wrong With Stallion.

H. A. G., Montana: The fact that the growth on the external part of the sheath, that looks like a wen, is abraded at the end and bleeds, makes it necessary for you to call a veterinarian, as it may be of cancerous growth. The editor does not say that such is the case, as this can only be determined by an examination. If the formation is such that pus is seen or there is a certainty that the wen-like protrusion contains pus, it may be lanced and washed out with chloride of zinc, 1 dr.; water, 1 pt. If no pus is in it wash the broken part with burnt alum and water, and apply the following on the swelling: Iodine, ⅛ oz.; soap liniment, 3 ozs.

Stifle Joint Seems to Slip.

L. F. S., South Dakota: The cause of the joint acting as it does, is due to the relaxation of the muscles that hold the joint firmly in place. Take of red iodide of mercury, 1 dr. and lard 2 ozs. Mix well, and rub in well for the space of four inches around the joint. Do not paste it over, but just sufficient to grease the part. Put on in the evening, wash off with soap and water in the morning. Dry the part and then reapply. Keep this up for about a week, and then heal with vaseline. Examine the foot. Lameness may result from disease there.

To Cure Hams.

R. O., Kansas: To each 20 pounds of fresh meat, make a mixture of ½ pound of brown sugar, and a desert spoonful of ground saltpetre; rub this well by hand into the meat; then with coarse salt cover the barrel, say to half an inch; put in hams and cover with half an inch of salt, and so on until the barrel is full. Hams should remain in a cool place for four weeks. When salted, wipe and dry them and get some whole black pepper, which you must grind yourself, and pepper thoroughly, especially about the hock and bone. Let the ham lie for two days. Then smoke for eight weeks. This is an old, reliable recipe.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Cure for Sweeney.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—The following will cure the sweeney, I do not care of how long standing: Oil of spike, 2 ozs.; oil of origanum, 2 ozs.; aqua ammonia, 2 ozs.; spirits of turpentine, 2 ozs.; sweet oil, 2 ozs.; alcohol, 2 ozs.—L. T. STEBBINS, South Dakota.

Bee Keeping.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—In THE BLADE of December 17, under head of inquiries, John K. Bruce asks, "Is bee keeping profitable." I would answer him by saying yes, very profitable. I have had fifteen years experience. All practical experience, but have never written anything on the subject.—J. H. OLDENHAGE, Missouri.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Smut in Wheat.

I believe from what I read in agricultural papers that it is a generally accepted theory that smut in wheat is caused by the black fungus or spores of smut. But observation taught me near twenty years ago that smut was caused by a fly near one-fourth the size of our common house fly, which I named smut fly. When the wheat is in the milk or dough state the smut fly stings and deposits its egg in the wheat grains, thereby causing what would have been wheat to turn very quickly to smut. It is wheat turned to smut that the smut fly may propagate its species. The larva feeds on smut and remains in smut grain until it turns to a fly. Now, brother farmers, secure some smut grains, open some of them and see if you do not find the larvæ, and put some in a bottle, tie some muslin over mouth of bottle, set away some place, say on mantel, for a few weeks and you will have the pleasure of seeing the smut-fly. Late sowing is favorable to smut, also cold clay and undrained lands. Preventives: (1) Do not sow wheat with one grain of smut in it; (2) thoroughly soak in blue vitriol water before sowing sufficient to destroy the smut larvæ in the smut grain.—[Cor. National Stockman.

Wheat Harvesting in California.

But the last two years have witnessed another development of machinery in California wheat culture. Steam power has been successfully applied, and a very great reduction in cost has been made. In the summer of 1889 a large number of field-engines, built here, on California designs, were in the felds with astonishing results. The largest of them cut a swath of 40 feet, and harvested the crop at a cost for running expenses of less than 25 cents per acre, as against $1.75 of the old system. The same engine is expected to plow, carrying 12 or 20, or even 40 plows, and, since it is a road engine, it will haul the crop to the nearest station or landing at less expense than if hauled with horses. The price of such an engine, with the harvester and thresher, is from $5,000 to $8,000 at present, but this cost, is is said, will soon be reduced. From the talk among wheat-growers, two or three years will witness the introduction of steam on the large ranches. The engines are "straw-burners;" or, when plowing, wood can be used. Coal is very high on the Pacific coast, and therefore coal-burning engines will never be profitable here. I have asked wheat-raisers what they thought would be the cost of plowing, harrowing, seeding, harvesting and delivering at the station, if these steam engines do what is expected. They answer: "About one dollar an acre on the easily farmed lands, and not more than two dollars anywhere." This, then, is the way that California can successfully meet the competition of India, Russia, Siberia and the Argentine Republic.—[American Agriculturist.

The Evolution of the Dog.

The earliest settlers kept dogs for pets, protection and pleasure. In 1849, Columbus found the Indians keeping dogs—but they were unable to bark. This pleasing accomplishment was acquired later. It is a pity in some respects that silence has been bred out of dogs. The Indians took kindly to dogs, which they kept for guarding their settlements from sudden attack. The whites were frequently foiled in their attempts to surprise the savages by the barking of dogs. The Indians also kept one or two breeds of dogs for providing meat, and a nice, fat puppy, well roasted or stewed was an Indian delicacy. While the cur of 1891 is but little in advance of his ancestor of 1620, the dog of to-day is like another creature. He has been bred and trained through many generations until to-day he is, truthfully, "worth his weight in gold" on many farms. As with every other living creature, honest labor gives real dignity. Let one of our readers thus describe the working dog of 1891.—[Rural New Yorker.

Transportation of Trees.

It is well known that among the prizes which Egyptian monarchs brought back from their foreign wars were exotic plants of many kinds, and that even large trees were transported for long distances to be set up in the courts of the temple-palaces. In Miss Edwards' new book, "Pharaohs, Fellahs and Explorers," we may find an account of such transportation illustrated by interesting pictures copied from the bas-reliefs of the great temple built by Queen Hatasu, near Thebes. In several of the best-preserved pictures we see the Egyptian sailors carrying half-grown saplings which have been taken up with a ball of earth about the roots, and are being transported in baskets slung upon poles, each pole carried by four men. Over the saplings is inscribed *Nehet Ana*—that is to say, the Sycamore of Ana. Elsewhere we see the full-grown trees. The trunk is massive, the leaf is a sharp-pointed oval, and at the junction of the trunk and the larger branches are seen little copper-colored lumps of irregular form, representing the resinous gum which has exuded through the bark. A passage in Pliny . . . shows that this tree, the odoriferous Sycamore, can be none other than the Myrrh-tree, whose gum was brought by the ancients from the so-called land of the Troglodytes, and, especially if of the green sort, was highly esteemed by the ancients as the material from which incense was made.—[Garden and Forest.

They go together—the "cutting" of prices, and the substitution of inferior goods. Sometimes it's a fraudulent imitation of the genuine article—sometimes it's some cheap compound represented as "just as good;"—there's profit for a sharp-dealer, even at "cut prices."

To prevent this kind of fraud and imposition, the *genuine guaranteed* medicines of Dr. R. V. Pierce are now sold only through druggists regularly authorized as agents, and *always* at these long-established prices:

Golden Medical Discovery (for the Liver, Blood, and Lungs), ... $1.00.

Favorite Prescription (for woman's weaknesses and ailments), ... $1.00.

Pleasant Pellets (for the liver), . . 25 cents.

They're the *cheapest* medicines you can buy at *any* price, for *you pay only for the good you get.* They're guaranteed, in every case, to benefit or cure, or the money is returned.

Beware of the dilutions, imitations, and substitutes offered by unauthorized dealers at less than above prices.

Mangels and Mangel Leaves.

Few farmers realize the feeding value of mangels or cow beets. Few crops yield a larger amount of feed than mangels. An ordinary crop will yield from 600 to 800 bushels per acre, and 1,200 bushels can be raised by giving a little extra manure and cultivation. Besides the beets for winter feed, the leaves yield a large amount of feed through the summer. A good crop of mangels will yield from 300 to 400 bushels of leaves per acre at one picking, and they can be pulled twice and sometimes three times during the season. If not pulled too close it will not reduce the quantity of roots. Only the full grown, well matured leaves should be pulled. We commenced pulling the outer leaves about the last of July, and feeding them to the cows, and we could notice quite an increase in the flow of milk and in the quantity of butter. They are also excellent for calves and pigs, and it matters not to what you feed them they will pay well for the gathering. Besides they are then out of the way of the cultivator.—[National Stockman.

Canada Thistles.

I have often seen inquiries in your paper as to the best method of exterminating Canada Thistles, but have not noticed that which I have found effective and inexpensive. It was impossible to kill them by plowing and hoeing, for if the ground is full of roots they will come up like mushrooms, and every day new shoots appear, and the result is labor thrown away. Several years since I had a ten-acre tract seeded with clover and timothy, and the whole of it was so full of thistles that I cut it early and drew the entire crop, clover, timothy and thistles, to a pile, and when dry set fire to it. This was in the first days of July, when the stalk is hollow, and since that time I have cut two crops of excellent grass, last year a crop of corn, and this year a crop of oats, and it is hard to find a single shoot of thistle there now. I have also mowed them in pastures at about the same time with like result. My idea is that letting the air and water fill the stub when hollow, destroys the vitality of the plant. My experience has been such that I do not consider them a pest at all. Let any one who is troubled by them treat them in this way, and I am convinced his experience will be same as mine.—[Cor. Country Gentleman.

Items of Interest.

California almonds are said to have become extremely popular and to be equal to the French almonds.

Game of all kinds is plentiful, but large quantities of it are being put into cold storage to meet the demand that is sure to come about the holidays, and after the laws of many of the states preclude further shipments.

The time during which poultry can be kept in cold storage is practically unlimited. One firm claims to have turkeys which have been in the freezer two years, and another claims to have a turkey which has been in limbo ten years.

A Florida inventor claims to have discovered that by taking scions from orange and lemon trees, budding them and then rooting them in sand, and, subsequently, planting them in orchards, they will produce a crop of oranges in three years from the planting. He claims that he can in this way save three or four years of waiting.—[Rural New Yorker.

Commendable.

All claims not consistent with the high character of Syrup of Figs are purposely avoided by the California Fig Syrup Company. It acts gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the system effectually, but it is not a cure-all and makes no pretensions that every bottle will not substantiate.

THE DEAD SENATOR.

Preston B. Plumb, of Kansas, a Typical American.

The late typical Western Senator, Plumb, of Kansas, was born in Delaware county, Ohio, in 1837. After receiving a common school education, he learned the art of printing. In 1856 he removed to Kansas, and in 1859 was a member of the Leavenworth constitutional convention. Subsequently he read law, and was admitted to the bar. After service in the legislature of Kansas he entered the Union army as second lieutenant. He rose to the rank of colonel. Mr. Plumb served in after years in the Kansas legislature, one term as speaker. From 1877 to the time of his death he was in the United States Senate.

SENATOR PLUMB.

Finger-Tips of Idiots.

Impressions of the finger-tips of idiots have been found by Dr. d'Abundo to show very different markings from those of sane people. In a number of idiots the markings on the tips of all the fingers of each hand were identical, and in one idiot the tips of the thumbs had the same markings as those of the fingers. There was a noticeable smoothness of the finger-tips in all the idiots.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Talmage's Sermon.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT IN BETHLEHEM.

How God Has Honored Childhood, Motherhood and Science—An Eloquent Christmas Sermon.

This week Dr. Talmage preaches a sermon appropriate to the Christmas season. From the subject of the "Nativity" he drew forth lessons which are usually overlooked.

His text was Luke ii-16, "And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph and the babe living in a manger."

The black window shutters of a December night were thrown open, and some of the best singers of a world, where they all sing, stood there, and putting back the drapery of cloud, chanted a peace anthem until the echoes of hill and valley applauded and encored the Hallelujah chorus. Come, let us go into that Christmas scene as though we had never before worshiped at the manger. Here is a Madonna worth looking at. I wonder not that the most frequent name in all lands and in all Christian centuries is Mary. And there are Marys in palaces and Marys in cabins, and though German and French and Italians and Spanish and English pronounce it differently, they are all namesakes of the one whom we find on a bed of straw, with her pale face against the soft cheek of Christ in the night of the Nativity. All the great painters have tried, on canvas, to present Mary and her child and the incidents of that most famous night of the world's history. Raphael, in three different masterpieces, celebrated them. Tintoretto and Ghirlandajo surpassed themselves in the adoration of the Magi. Correggio needed to do nothing more than his Madonna to become immortal. The Madonna of the Lily, by Leonardo da Vinci, will kindle the admiration of all ages. But all the galleries of Dresden are forgotten when I think of the small room of that gallery containing the Sistine Madonna. Yet all of them were copies of St. Matthew's Madonna, and Luke's Madonna, the inspired Madonna of the Old Book, which we had put into our hands when we were infants, and that we hope to have under our heads when we die.

Behold, in the first place, that on the first night of Christ's life God honored the brute creation. You cannot get into the Bethlehem barn without going past the camels, the mules, the dogs, the oxen. The brutes of that stable heard the first cry of the infant Lord. Some of the old painters represent the oxen and camels kneeling that night before the new born babe. And well might they kneel! Have you ever thought that Christ came, among other things, to alleviate the sufferings of the brute creation? Was it not appropriate that he should, during the first few days and nights of his life on earth, be surrounded by the dumb beasts, whose moan and plaint and bellowing have for ages been a prayer to God for the arresting of their tortures and the righting of their wrongs? It did not merely "happen so" that the unintelligent creatures of God should have been that night in close neighborhood.

Not a kennel in all the centuries, not a bird's nest, not a worn-out horse on tow-path, not a herd freezing in the poorly-built cow-pen, not a freight car in the summer time bringing the beeves to market without water through a thousand miles of agony, not a surgeon's room witnessed the struggles of fox, or rabbit, or pigeon, or dog, in the horrors of vivisection but has an interest in the fact that Christ was born in a stable, surrounded by brutes. He remembers that night, and the prayer he heard in their pitiful moan, he will answer in the punishment of those who maltreat the dumb brutes. They surely have as much right in this world as we have. In the first chapter of Genesis you may see that they were placed on the earth before man was, the fish and fowl created the fifth day, and the quadrupeds the morning of the sixth day, and man not until the afternoon of that day. The whale, the eagle, the lion, and all the lesser creatures of their kind were predecessors of the human family. They have the world by right of possession. They have also paid rent for the places they occupied. What an army of defense all over the land are the faithful watchdogs. And who can tell what the world owes to the horse, the camel, and ox, for transportation? And robin and lark have, by the cantatas with which they have filled orchard and forest, more than paid for the few grains they have picked up for their sustenance. When you abuse any creature of God you strike its Creator, and you insult the Christ who, though he might have been welcomed into life by princes, and taken his first infantile slumber amid Tyrian plush and canopied couches, and rippling waters from royal aqueducts dripping into basins of ivory and pearl, chose to be born on the level with a cow's horn, or a camel's hoof, or a dog's nostril, that he might be the alleviation of animal suffering as well as the Redeemer of man.

Standing then, as I imagine now I do, in that Bethlehem night, with an infant Christ on the one side and the speechless creatures of God on the other, I cry, look out how you strike the rowel into that horse's side. Take off that curbed bit from that bleeding mouth. Remove that saddle from that raw back. Shoot not for fun that bird that is too small for food. Forget not to put water into the cage of that canary. Throw out some crumbs to those birds caught too far north in the winter's inclemency. Arrest that man who is making that one horse draw a load heavy enough for three. Rush in upon that scene where boys are torturing a cat or transfixing butterfly and grasshopper. Drive not off that old robin, for her nest is a mother's cradle, and under her wing there may be three or four musicians of the sky in training. In your families and in your schools, teach the coming generation more mercy than the present generation has ever shown, and in this marvelous Bible picture of the Nativity, while you paint out to them the angel, show them also the camel, and while they hear the celestial chant, let them also hear the cow's moan. No more did Christ show interest in the botanical world, when he said, "Consider the lilies," than he showed sympathy for the ornithological when he said, "Behold the fowls of the air," and the quadrupedal world when he allowed himself to be called in one place a lion, and in another place a lamb. Meanwhile, may the Christ of the Bethlehem cattle pen have mercy on the suffering stock yards, that are preparing diseased and fevered meat for our American households.

Behold, also, in this Bible scene, how, on that Christmas night, God honored childhood. Christ might have made his first visit to our world in a cloud. In what a chariot of illumined vapor he might have rolled down the sky, escorted by mounted cavalry, with lightning for drawn sword. Elijah had a carriage of fire to take him up; why not Jesus a carriage of fire to bring him down? Or, over the arched bridge of a rainbow the Lord might have descended. Or Christ might have had his mortality built up on earth out of the dust of a garden, as was Adam, in full manhood at the start, without the introductory feebleness of infancy. No, no! Childhold was to be honored by that advent. He must have a child's light limbs, and a child's dimpled hand, and a child's beaming eye, and a child's flaxen hair; and a babyhood was to be honored for all time to come, and a cradle was to mean more than a grave. Mighty God! May the reflection of that one child's face be seen in all infantile faces.

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Enough have all those fathers and mothers on hand if they have a child in the house. A throne, a crown, a scepter, a kingdom under charge. Be careful how you strike him across the head, jarring the brain. What you say to him will be centennial and millennial, and a hundred years and a thousand years will not stop the echo and re-echo. Do not say, "It is only a child." Rather say, "It is only an immortal." It is only a masterpiece of Jehovah. It is only a being that shall outlive sun and moon and star, and ages quadrillennial. God has infinite resources, and he can give presents of great value, but when he wants to give the richest possible gift to a household, he looks around all the worlds and all the universe and then gives a child. The greatest present God ever gave to our world, he gave about 1891 years ago, and he gave it on a Christmas night, and it was of such value that heaven adjourned for a recess and came down and broke through the clouds to look at it. Yea, in all ages God has honored childhood. He makes almost every picture a failure unless there be a child either playing on the floor, or looking through the window, or seated on the lap, gazing into the face of the mother.

Notice also that in this Bible night scene God honored science. Who are the three wise men kneeling before the Divine Infant? Not boors, not ignoramuses, but Casper, Belthasar and Melchior, men who knew all that was to be known. They were the Isaac Newtons and Herschels and Faradays of their time. Their alchemy was the forerunner of our sublime chemistry, their astrology the mother of our astronomy. They had studied stars, studied metals, studied physiology, studied everything. And when I see these scientists bowing before the beautiful babe, I see the prophecy of the time when all the telescopes and microscopes, and all the Leyden jars, and all the electric batteries, and all the observatories, and all the universities shall bow to Jesus. It is much that way already. Where is the college that does not have morning prayers, thus bowing at the manger? Who have been the greatest physicians? Omitting the names of the living lest we should be invidious, have we not had among them Christian men like our own Joseph C. Hutchinson and Rush and Valentine Mott and Abertrombie and Abernethy? Who have been our greatest scientists? Joseph Henry, who lived and died in the faith of the gospel, and Agassiz, who, standing with his students among the hills, took off his hat and said: "Young gentlemen, before we study these rocks, let us pray for wisdom to the God who made the rocks." To-day the greatest doctors and lawyers of Brooklyn and New York, and of this land, and of all lands revere the Christian religion, and are not ashamed to say so before juries and legislatures and senates. All geology will yet bow before the Rocky Ages. All botany will yet worship the Rose of Sharon. All astronomy will yet recognize the Star of Bethlehem. And physiology and anatomy will join hands and say: "We must, by the help of God, get the human race up to the perfect nerve, and perfect muscle, and perfect brain, and perfect form of that perfect child, before whom, nigh twenty thousand years ago, the wise men bent their tired knees in worship.

Behold also in that first Christmas night that God honored the fields. Come in, shepherd boys, to Bethlehem and see the child. "No," they say, "we are not dressed good enough to come in." "Yes, you are; come in." Sure enough, the storms and the night dew and the brambles have made rough work with their apparel, but none have a better right to come in. They were the first to hear the music of that Christmas night. The first announcement of a Saviour's birth was made to those men in the fields. There were wiseacres that night in Bethlehem and Jerusalem snoring in deep sleep, and there were salaried officers of government, who, hearing of it afterward, may have thought that they ought to have had the first news of such a great event, some one dismounting from a swift camel at their door and knocking till, at some sentinel's question, "Who comes there?" the great ones of the palace might have been told of the celestial arrival. No; the shepherds heard the first two bars of the music, the first in the major key and the last in the subdued minor: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Ah, yes; the fields were honored.

The old shepherds with plaid and crook have for the most part vanished, but we have grazing—our United States pasture fields and prairie, about 45,000,000 sheep—and all their keepers ought to follow the shepherds of my text, and all those who toil in fields, all vine-dressers, all orchardists, all husbandmen. Not only that Christmas night, but all up and down the world's history God has been honoring the fields. Nearly all the messiahs of reform and literature and eloquence and law and benevolence have come from the fields. Washington from the fields. Jefferson from the fields. The Presidential martyrs, Garfield and Lincoln, from the fields. Henry Clay from the fields. Daniel Webster from the fields. Martin Luther from the fields. Before this world is right the overflowing populations of our crowded cities will have to take to the fields. Instead of ten merchants in rivalry as to who shall sell that one apple, we want at least eight of them to go out and raise apples. Instead of ten merchants desiring to sell that one bushel of wheat, we want at least eight of them to go out and raise wheat. The world wants now more hard hands, more bronzed cheeks, more muscular arms. To the fields! God honored them when he woke up the shepherds by the midnight anthem, and he will, while the world lasts, continue to honor the fields. When the shepherd's crook was that famous night stood against the wall of the Bethlehem khan, it was a prophecy of the time when thresher's flail and farmer's plow and woodman's ax and ox's yoke and sheafbinder's rake shall surrender to the God who made the country, as man made the town.

Behold, also, that on Christmas night God honored motherhood. Two angels on their wings might have brought the infant Saviour to Bethlehem without Mary being there at all. When the villagers, on the morning of December 26, awoke, by divine arrangement, and in some unexplained way, the child Jesus might have been found in some comfortable cradle in the village. But no, no! Motherhood was for all time to be consecrated, and one of the tenderest relations was to be the maternal relation, and one of the sweetest words, "mother." In all ages God has honored good motherhood. John Wesley had a good mother; St. Bernhard had a good mother; Samuel Budgett, a good mother; Doddridge, a good mother; Walter Scott, a good mother; Benjamin West, a good mother. In a great audience, most of whom were Christians, I asked that all those who had been blessed of Christian mothers arise, and almost the entire assembly stood up. Don't you see how important it is that all motherhood be consecrated? Why did Titian, the Italian artist, when he sketched the Madonna, make it an Italian face? Why did Rubens, the German artist, in his Madonna, make it a German face? Why did Joshua Reynolds, the English artist, in his Madonna, make it an English face? Why did Murillo, the Spanish artist, in his Madonna, make it a Spanish face? I never heard, but I think they took their own mothers as the type of Mary, the mother of Christ. When you hear some one, in sermon or oration, speak in the abstract of a good, faithful, honest mother, your eyes fill up with tears, while you say to yourself, "That was my mother.

The first word a child utters is apt to be "Mother," and the old man, in his dying dream, calls "Mother! mother!" It matters not whether she was brought up in the surroundings of a city, and in affluent home, and was dressed appropriately with reference to the demands of modern life, or whether she wore the old-time cap and great round spectacles, and apron of her own make, and knit your socks with her own needles, seated by the broad fireplace, with great back log ablaze, on a winter night. It matters not how many wrinkles crossed and recrossed her face, or how much her shoulders stooped with the burdens of a long life, if you painted a Madonna, hers would be the face. What a gentle hand she had when we were sick, and what a voice to soothe pain, and was there any one who could so fill up a room with peace, and purity, and light? And what a sad day that was when we came home and she could greet us not, for her lips were forever still. Come back, mother, this Christmas day, and take your old place, and as ten, or twenty, or fifty years ago, come and open the old Bible as you used to; read and kneel in the same place where you used to pray, and look upon us as of old when you wished us a Merry Christmas or a Happy New Year. But, no! That would not be fair to call you back. You had troubles enough, and aches enough, and bereavements enough while you were here. Tarry by the throne, mother, till we join you there, your prayers all answered, and in the eternal homestead of our God we shall again keep Christmas jubilee together. But speak from your thrones, to all you glorified mothers, and say all these, your sons and daughters, words of love, words of warning, words of cheer. They need your voice, for they have traveled far and wide with many a heartbreak since you left them, and you do well to call from the heights of Heaven to the valleys of earth. Hail, enthroned ancestry! We are coming. Keep a place right beside you at the banquet.

Slow-footed years! More swiftly run
Into that gold of that setting sun.
Homesick we are for thee,
Calm land beyond the sea.

The Sunday School.

A Song of Salvation.

LESSON II., SUNDAY, JANUARY 10, 1892.

Golden Text—Trust ye in the Lord forever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.—Isa 26:4.

LESSON TEXT.

(Isa 26:1-10.)

1. In that day shall this song be sung in the land of Judah; we have a strong city; salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks.
2. Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation which keepeth the truth may enter in.
3. Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee.
4. Trust ye in the Lord forever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.
5. For he bringeth down them that dwell on high; the lofty city, he layeth it low; he layeth it low, even to the ground; he bringeth even it to the dust.
6. The foot shall tread it down, even the feet of the poor, and the steps of the needy.
7. The way of the just is uprightness; thou, most upright, dost weigh the path of the just.
8. Yea, in the way of thy judgments, O Lord, have we waited for thee; the desire of our soul is to thy name, and to the remembrance of thee.
9. With my soul have I desired thee in the night; yea, with my spirit within me will I seek thee early: for when thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness.
10. Let favor be shewed to the wicked, yet will he not learn righteousness; in the land of uprightness will he deal unjustly, and will not behold the majesty of the Lord.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

We have a strong city (v. 1). He is safe whom God keeps. There is no power like omnipotence. Human guards may be incompetent. Human watchers may be unfaithful. Earth's strongest defenses may be broken down. But when God guards and watches and shuts in those whom he loves, they have a strong city, with sure salvation for its walls and bulwarks. No matter what enemies assault us, or what perils seem to beset us, we who trust God for our keeping may sing a glad song without doubt or fear.

Open ye the gates, that the righteous nation which keepeth truth may enter in (v. 2). There is such a thing as national righteousness and as national sinfulness. A nation may be known as one whose God is the Lord, and as such may be the means of honoring God before all the world. And a nation may be known as one that tramples on God's laws in its treatment of other nations which cannot defend themselves, or in its treatment of its own helpless wards, or in its legalizing of the liquor traffic, or of gambling, or of brothels. National righteousness is a blessing to a nation, and to all who are of that nation. National sins are a curse to the nation, and to its inhabitants. And national righteousness and national sinfulness are an outcome of the personal life and the personal action—or inaction—of the individual citizens of the nation. You and I have our share of responsibility for the existing sins of our nation. Let us not lose sight of this truth.

Thou will keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee (v. 3). Perfect peace is a very different thing from an utter disregard of one's surroundings, or an entire indifference as to one's condition and happenings. Peace is not a soothing anodyne, or a numbing anesthetic, but it is a bracing tonic. Peace of mind does not make a man senseless to existing perils, but it gives him a repose of being as he rises up to meet them. One man may have more of peace in the battle than another has in the quiet of his guarded bedchamber. He who does not rest on God as his God, doing everything for his truest welfare, cannot have full peace anywhere. He whose mind is stayed on God as his loving Father, can be in perfect peace in the hour of sorest conflict, and even in the very crack of doom.

With my soul have I desired thee in the night (v. 9). Night is the time for loneliness and fear. The soul is timid in the darkness, and, if ever it is in special dread, it is then. A timid and fearful soul shrinks in the night time from any presence that is not sure to be friendly and helpful. Hence he who at night time longs for God (longs for God to show himself, or longs to go to God) proves thereby that he knows God and trusts God. Is it a comforting thought to us, as we lie awake in the night, that God is very near us, and that at any moment he may call us to come to himself, or that his Son may come again, to be with his own forever? If it is not, we are not in right relations with God, and we fail to love him as we should, or to recognize his love in its fulness. "There is no fear in love; and he that feareth is not made perfect in love."

Let favour be shewed to the wicked, yet will he not learn righteousness; in the land of uprightness will he deal wrongfully (v. 10). Goodness doesn't come as a matter of course with good surroundings, and badness doesn't go as a matter of course with the same surroundings. Adam didn't do as well in Eden as Daniel did in Babylon. And when you and I hear it said that good and evil are a simple matter of environment, we know better,—whether the man who says so does, or not. A man is liable to give himself up to sinful thoughts, and to plan evil doing, as he sits at the communion table or in the prayer-meeting; and a missionary doesn't always go wrong when he has only heathen or cannibals around him. More depends on what is within a man, than on what is round about him, for his well doing or his ill doing.—[H. Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.

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Not Like His Mother's Cooking.

Young Wife—Charlie, your mother came in this morning and while she was here she made a pudding.

Husband—Did she? I'll have a piece, please.

Wife—Oh, that isn't it. That is one I cooked.

Husband—Oh—ah—a piece of pie, please.—[Yankee Blade.

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The Camp Fire.

☞ Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, or recriminations, or abuse; but we do want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life.

Ran the Blockade.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—On the morning of April 16, 1863, all was bustle and confusion at Milliken's Bend, as the 24th Ind. were under marching orders. The writer was busily engaged in packing his knapsack, when C. M. Griffith, our O. S., made his appearance on the cabin guards of the boat. Said he:

"Jessup, how many rounds of ammunition have you got?"

"Every nook and corner of my capacious cartridge box is full."

"Is yours a 60-round cartridge box?"

"Yes; why are you so particular about it?"

"Here are four bunches more; the order is that every man must take 100 rounds of ammunition." Then glancing at my rifle cartridge box, he exclaimed: "Here are two more bunches—you have only a 40-round box;" thus leaving six bunches for me. Before the orderly departed, I asked him if he could not make a requisition for a 6-pounder for me. He laughed, and told me he would try to accommodate me. At this juncture I heard the bolt click in the state-room door that opened out upon the cabin guards, and instantly took in the situation, for I knew that particular state-room was occupied by Col. W. T. Spicely.

"Who was that calling for a 6-pounder?" asked the colonel.

I informed him that it was myself.

"Sergeant, you can carry a rail," was the reply.

When I emphatically stated that I would do no such thing, there was a malicious twinkle in his eye as he inquired why I objected to carrying a rail.

"Because, colonel," I replied, "I can not shoot with a rail; and here I am in possession of enough ammunition to run a 6-pounder for three months."

"Well," said the colonel, "I only thought you wanted more to carry."

We marched across the bend towards Grand Gulf, and camped at night near Richmond, a small town in Madison parish. On the 17th we marched to Dasson's plantation, where we remained three days. Our teams went back to Milliken's Bend for rations. When we departed for the latter place, we were ordered to leave everything behind except what of necessity must be taken along. We started with as few cooking utensils as a regiment ever could travel comfortably with; simply a coffee pot, frying pan and camp kettle for each mess. The road ran through a low, swampy, boggy country, called the Louisiana Lowlands. Our teams were continually miring down, and many of them were forced to leave part of their load by the wayside. Our quartermaster, instead of reducing the baggage of the commissioned officers, (many of them took two and three trunks and mess chests along), threw away our camp kettles, frying pans and coffee pots, without even notifying us of the fact. Here we were, after a long, weary day's march, dumped down at dark, minus everything to make us comfortable. We must either go to bed supperless, or cook our meat over the fire on our iron rammers, and make coffee in our pint tin cups. Of course, under such circumstances, no one thought it strange to see bright, shining coffee pots and nice tin pails wending their way into our camp, a few hours later, from the negro quarters adjoining. These had been confiscated, and could not help joining the army. We also received a bountiful supply of Carolina peas and yams in the same manner. During our stay at this camp, a fleet of transports ran the blockade at Vicksburg. The roar of the rebel batteries shook the country for miles around, and disturbed our sleep considerably. Foraging became such an evil that to put a stop to it, our commanding officers had to resort to seven roll calls per day. Every man absent had to go on extra duty, and as the extra duty generally consisted in building bridges, day and night, the salutary effect of this proceeding was magical. The boys remained in quarters thereafter, content with government grub.

On April 21, we moved on to Fisk's plantation, near a large bayou, where we had to stay several days, waiting until the pioneers built three bridges. Here our siege guns arrived, and heavy firing occurred at Vicksburg. We could distinctly see the flash of the rebel artillery on the heights, although the distance must have been 20 or 30 miles. We passed the pontoons April 27, and camped in sight of Perkins's Landing. On the night of the 28th our division went on transports down to Hard Times Landing, in sight of Grand Gulf, Miss. Next day our iron-clads moved majestically down and opened fire upon the rebel batteries at Grand Gulf. The latter replying, the firing was incessant during the day. In the evening, our gunboats being unable to effect a landing, the infantry withdrew. At night we marched by way of Levy, upon the Louisiana side of the river, three miles, halting upon the Mississippi river again, five miles below Grand Gulf. That night our gunboats and transports ran the blockade at Grand Gulf. Never did we hear such terrific firing as took place upon this occasion. On April 30, the 24th Ind. went aboard the gunboat Benton, with Gen. U. S. Grant and staff, ran down to Bruinsberg, seven miles, and landed.—LEW JESSUP.

[To be continued.]

Saw the "Elephant."

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I was born in Northern Alabama, and know something about how Union people were dealt with there during war times. If the men were caught, they were hanged, and their houses burned, and often their families were burned with the homes. The "secesh" were ever on the lookout for loyal men, and if found, blood-hounds were turned loose, and death was swift and certain. I remember on one occasion eleven Union men were tied together and shot. These murders were of common occurrence. At that time I was only 14 years of age, but I crossed the line and joined the 10th Ind. Cav., as a member of Co. L, and served until the close of the war. Yes, the loyal men in the South "saw the elephant;" and if there ever was a time when "men's souls were tried," it was when they had to leave their loved ones to the "tender mercies" of the rebels, whose vengeance was the torch. I would like very much to hear from comrades of Co. L through THE BLADE.—J. W. BALCH.

Fell Asleep While Marching.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—On July 1, 1862, we were encamped near Rienzi, Miss. We broke camp, and strung out as though we were determined to split the Confederacy in two. We marched during two days and a half as if old satan was at our heels. The third day we mustered for pay. The next morning we started on the back track. I believe our boys thought they had to reach the North Pole by sundown, judging from the long-"turkey 'lope" we kept up all day long. About sundown we went into camp. I was so tired I would not help pitch the tents. I pulled off my shoes and spread myself out under an oak grub, with the calculation of getting a good night's rest, but was doomed to disappointment. I had rested just long enough to be stiff and sore, when the order came to strike tents and fall in. By the time it was fairly dark, we were on the road again, and did not halt until after sun up the morning of the Fourth of July. At times during that night's march I believe the whole regiment was sound asleep, from the fact that a number of times on coming to short bends in the road, instead of making the turn, the advance company would walk straight ahead into the brush. This would wake them, and they would have a picnic trying to back out with the rest of the sleepers doubling up on them. I was awakened once by a fall. I caught my foot on a grub, and I think I fell about fifteen feet before I struck the ground. I picked myself up somewhat muddled, as my head had come in contact with the hard ground. I kept awake for at least ten minutes after the ground had "flew up and hit me." When we halted the next morning, the regiment was in rather a dilapidated condition; not more than half of the men were in ranks when we halted. I dropped down as soon as we stopped, right in the road, and slept till towards noon, when we fell in again and marched a short distance into the woods, where we went into camp. My cousin, Fred. Spencer, and I, were detailed for picket. We were on the same post; but we had nothing to eat. After we were posted, Fred and the third man told me if I would stand post they would go foraging for something to eat. I went on post and they started off; that was the last I remember, until Fred awoke me on their return. I jumped to my feet, aware that I had committed a crime punishable by death. Sleeping on post is an unpardonable crime in times of war. I was pretty badly shaken up, as I thought of my carelessness, but the boys said they would not report me. I never was guilty of sleeping on post again, though many a long, weary night of picket duty during the war, I was obliged to use strong tobacco juice in my eyes to keep from going to sleep. The boys brought in a good mutton. We put on a kettle full of it to cook, putting some rice in, also. We sat around, our mouths watering; but when it was about ready to take off, the kettle turned over, spilling the entire contents into the fire. Then we were obliged to await the slow motion of the commissary department to relieve our hunger.—DANIEL SPENCER, Co. C, 17th Iowa.

Echoes from Co. C.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—The battle of Ft. Donelson was an eye-opener to the fiery Southrons in regard to the one-to-five theory advanced by the blood and thunder speech-makers of the South. "One to five is all we want," was dinned into the ears of the Southern soldiers until they partly believed it. But when the 2d Iowa was seen slowly picking their way over and around all obstructions, the "fire-eaters" could scarcely believe their eyes. "What do those fellows mean, anyway," say the Johnnies. "They must be sending us a regiment for our dinner." On, on, came the fearless Iowans. Over half the distance is made in a slow, methodical step. The Johnnies pour hot shot into the devoted regiment with no apparent effect, for as fast as one falls another takes the place. Now they are within a hundred yards.

My God! Will they never stop? The Johnnies madly assail the heroic band with a storm of lead, but nothing seems to interfere with that depressing, forward motion. Now they are within 50 yards. Not a shot has been fired by these devoted men, but with rifles tightly clenched, and with blazing eyes, they breast the awful storm until the works are reached. With a shout Col, Tuttle bounds over the the enbankment, flashing his sabre in the astonished eyes of the fire-eaters, who turn and flee in dismay. The 2d pours a terrible volley into the now flying host, and the 7th boys are leaping the ditch with the cheer that is so depressing to a beaten army. The Hoosiers send their defiant shout, then the 12th and Lawman's brigade have driven the entering wedge. Next morning these same four regiments marched in triumph into the vanquished fort, and 15,000 men stacked their arms and acknowledged themselves beaten by the hated Northmen, whom they had tried hard to make themselves believe would run away at the first fire. The night after the surrender of Fort Donelson the 11th Ind. and 8th Mo. came over to Fort Hieman and went into camp near by our camp. Such a noisy lot of boys was too much for some of our stiff-backed officers. I think it was Capt. Lee Moreing, of Co. E, that yelled out:

"Stop that noise over there!"

"Yes, sonny," was yelled back, "we are a quiet crowd. Come over, bub, and help us keep still."

"Who in blazes are you, anyway?" spouted the captain.

"We are birds! Just watch us flap our wings and squawk!" and the infernalest din of squalls, howls, growls, yells and groans was commenced. Capt. Moreing tried several times to get in a word, but the more he tried the louder grew the racket, until the captain ran into his tent, swearing it was no use talking to a set of drunken men. For full two hours the noise went on, the boys making noises that I think never were heard before or since. I saw Capt. Moreing was at the flap of his tent, listening to the awful din made by the Hoosiers and border ruffians. They would yell at each other, "Keep quiet, you bloody ruffians, and let those babes have a rest. Dry up, Hoosiers, or you will wake the babies." And so it went.

The old comrades that have heard one of these Welsh conserts need no description of this event.—DAN KNIGHT.

[To be continued.]

Had Arms, But Were Captured.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I saw in THE BLADE, December 17, a statement made by O. P. Myrick, of the 61st Ills., to the effect that the 8th Iowa Inft. arrived on the battle field of Shiloh the evening before the battle, and had no arms. The 8th arrived on the ground March 18, after a campaign through the state of Missouri; and they had their arms before they went on that campaign. The regiment went into the fight in good shape, early Sunday morning, but the members were all taken prisoners by the enemy. It was just 5 o'clock when I wound up my watch and placed it in my bootleg, for fear the Johnnies might borrow it from me. We were divided into several squads, and sent to different prisons. The writer was among those sent to the old paper-mill at Tuscaloosa, Ala., where we remained one month, after which we were released on parole. The remainder of the boys went to Libby and other prisons, and it was nearly nine months before we were again reorganized and back in the field. A number of the comrades of the 8th reside hereabouts, and I should like to hear from more through the Camp Fire.—CHAS. T. SWORDES, Co. A, 8th Ills. Inft.

"Diamond Rock"—Scout and Spy.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I was known among the officers and some of the rank and file, as "Diamond Rock," the scout and spy, with a homing for the 53d Ind. Vols. I and my fellows constituted an independent squad during the first three years of the war, and my comrades, six in number, having been either killed or captured, in 1864 I found myself alone. So I signed the military roll at camp Carrington, Indianapolis, Ind., as an unassigned recruit, to be used where my commandants saw proper.

My first duty was to knock the commandant of the camp down (it was after dark) for refusing to allow us boys in our barracks lights and supper, when we returned at 9 o'clock in the evening, after having been penned up all day down in town, without a thing to eat or drink. We stormed the guard and got water and lights; and a furlough of three months was offered for information; but no one "squealed" on—DIAMOND ROCK.

Chips.

Comrade G. A. Rohrer:—Let the Camp Fire have the benefit of your war stories.

"Diamond Rock:"—Experiences of the "independent squad" would be acceptable.

A NEW STORY OF GEN. GRANT.

Kind Treatment of the Daughter of the Man Who Killed Ellsworth.

I was told a good story about General Grant to-day I never saw in print. It will be recalled that early in the war the New York Fire Zouaves were a crack regiment, commanded by Col. Ellsworth. Every man in the ranks had been a fireman, and it was confidently believed that Ellsworth's command was able to put down the rebellion without assitance. The colonel was a young man, handsome, gallant, burning with military ardor and thirsting for military fame. He was as much the idol of the North as Ashby was a few months later the idol of the south. The Fire Zouaves were the first troops to march into Alexanderia, Va. Their colonel was at the head, and after the town had surrendered Ellsworth saw a rebel flag flying from a hotel.

Instead of ordering a squad to remove it he bolted into the house, ascended the stairway, went out on the roof and captured the flag; descending he was confronted by the landlord—one Jackson—who shot him dead. Jackson himself was then shot to death, and the affair created more sensation than considerable battles a few years later. After the war a daughter of Jackson secured an appointment in one of the departments here. She was a modest, dilligent and capable young woman, and discharged her official duties acceptably. In the course of time a super-loyal gentleman was put in charge of the bureau in which she worked.

Nosing around, he soon discovered the antecedents of the young clerk and discharged her. She was friendless and penniless, and as a last resort went to the White House and called for Gen. Grant. He received her, and she related her story to the silent man. Without saying a word he took a piece of paper and wrote: "The war against men is ended, and my administration shall not begin one against women. Restore Miss Jackson to her former clerkship instantly." This was addressed to the loyal bureau official, and the young lady is yet in the public service. That was an exhibition of chivalry that Duriois or Francis I. might have envied.—[Courier Journal.

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Busy at the Gate.

Michael—Did you notice the sign St. Peter had hung up on Thanksgiving day?

Gabriel—No. What was it?

Michael—"This is my busy day." There were so many football matches on in America, you know.

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TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1891.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO..........Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE..................Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

TERMS—Postage Paid:

Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free, to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 115,000.

OUR NEW STORY.

The demand for sample copies of last week's BLADE, containing the first instalment of "Mark Ainslie's Quest," has been so great that they are already practically exhausted. Instead of reprinting last week's issue, we reproduce this week the two opening chapters, and give the third also. Send in names, quickly, so that we may send copies of this issue to all your friends! We will send as many as you will send names and addresses, no matter how numerous they may be.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

"The year is dying—let him die!"

With the coming midnight the record of the Old Year closes forever. This is the one particular time when we instinctively look back over the closing twelvemonth, and recall its hopes and fears, its loves and hates, its joys and sorrows; we mentally sum up its record of good and evil, and with a sigh over vanished hopes, or unsatisfied ambition, or a tear for the dead, over whose last resting-place the winter winds wail for the first time, we turn our faces to the sun-rising, to welcome the New Year.

Retrospection has its use, if we lay to heart these lessons of experience that the past has brought us; mourning over the irreparable is time lost. Why tarry beside the dead of the past? Why dwell amid the tombs while life is still our heritage, and the threshold of the New Year invites our footsteps? One can make but poor progress if he goes with halting footsteps, regretfully glacing backward, and lamenting dead joys or wasted opportunities.

Ay, turn to the future, bright with hope! Look to the New Year, who stands smiling to extend his welcome, his brow irradiated with the promise of future good, of coming joys, of unknown happiness! Well it is for a man if he can feel within his soul an upspringing to meet the future, a glad desire to press forward through the mists of futurity, spanned by the rainbow arch of hope. Happy is the man, no matter how many may be the years of his pilgrimage, if he preserves that youthful ardor which constantly impels him forward. Away with lamentations over the past, with tears because of the irrevocable! They can not bring to us again days that are gone, nor revivify the dead pleasures which accompanied them. Let us recall the past year only to avoid the errors into which we fell, and press onward with steadfast faith that the New Year shall bring us other pleasures as sweet, other joys as precious.

This is the philosophy of life in which THE BLADE believes. It is a hearty, healthy doctrine, in all the concerns of life, whether of a business or a social nature. Let us recall the words of the One from whose birth the year 1892 takes its number, and "let the dead bury their dead." Why mourn? The new year is at our thresholds, fruitful of promise; it holds in store for us joys innumerable and opportunities immeasurable. Rise and bid it welcome; and THE BLADE'S heartiest wish is,

"A Happy New Year to all!"

RENEW PROMPTLY!

Every subscriber to THE BLADE should renew his subscription promptly. No intelligent American citizen can afford to be without THE BLADE next year, during the great Presidential campaign. It is the only great national political weekly; its editorial pages are a mine of information and education on political issues, and it is read by men of both parties.

It is money in every man's pocket to be a subscriber to THE BLADE. There is not a subscriber but can save more than a dollar, or make more than that much, through the information contained in its pages. No intelligent man, with his wits about him, will dispute this fact.

Renew *in time!* Don't wait till the very last week of your subscription, and thus run the risk of missing a number or two.

THE old saw says that a "green Christmas makes a fat graveyard." Whether to-morrow be green or white, the grave yards will fatten on the victims which have fallen, and we fear are yet to fall, from the grip and other diseases which have been so prevalent during the unhealthy weather we have had for the past two months.

ONE by one the possessions of Great Britain in the West Indies have come under the sway of reciprocity. Jamaica, Trinidad, Barbadoes and Guiana have all made reciprocity arrangements with us, while the English merchants, manufacturers and newspapers are abusing the new tariff law as severely as possible.

THE St. Louis *Republic*, Democratic to the backbone, takes a hand in the attack all along the line upon CALVIN $ BRICE. It reads the riot act to him, and assures him that "if he expects to be a Democratic leader, he must give up his coal-mine association with convicts."

It is significant that at this time, when the Democratic party of Louisiana is split on the lottery question, WILLIAM PITT KELLOGG should come forth from political obscurity and take a position on the Republican state central committee. There may be warm times ahead in Louisiana politics.

OVER twenty tin plate mills are having their machinery made in various iron manufacturing establishments of Pittsburg. The tin plate industry is taking hold of things in earnest in this country.

BRICE, like the other non-resident Senators, is leaving his seat in the Senate chamber remain vacant most of the time.

MR. MILLS finds life somewhat burdensome these days, and a general feeling of *ennui* pervading his system.

KING HUMBERT has quit sulking, and Italy will again resume diplomatic relations with the United States.

THE ABOLITION OF THE OPPORTUNITY.

One of the stock arguments against prohibitory legislation is that "You can not make men moral by law." Admitted; but does it then follow that such legislation is useless or injurious, as those who use this argument seem to assume? You can not make men good by law; but you can take away the constant temptation to be bad. You can not make men moral by law; but you can take away the abundant opportunity to be immoral. Is not this of some considerable advantage to the community, considered as a whole?

The error of those who use the argument quoted above is that they confuse two things, which are really distinct. There is an old adage to the effect that "opportunity makes the thief," which means that if a man be a thief by nature the tendency will reveal itself at the first opportunity he has of thieving. But suppose that the opportunity never comes. Will the thief be made, in that case?

The above illustration will serve to make clear the distinction. It is that between *in posse* and *in esse*—between thought and action, between intent and performance. Now apply this distinction to the oft-quoted saying of the opponents of prohibition, that "you cannot make men moral by law." That is not the purpose of a prohibitory law. It is to make this kind of immorality impossible, or very difficult of accomplishment. Men's baser passions can not be changed by law, but it can take away the possibility of their gratification. This is what prohibitory legislation aims to do. To make immoral men moral is not the province of legislation; that belongs to the church, the school, and other influences which aim to make men better and purer and holier.

There is no more reason for saying that prohibitory legislation is impractical because it aims to check a vice, than in saying that laws intended to check thieving, or burglary, or gambling, are impractical. There is this distinction, however—the latter laws aim to restrain men's covetousness or vice by punishing them for indulging in it; prohibition aims to prevent the evils of intemperance by rendering intemperance impossible. It does not stand alone in this. Other instances are the laws for the suppression of gambling dens and houses of ill repute. They are based on the same principle—that it is easier to abolish the institution which gives the the opportunity for indulging in a debasing vice, than it is to attempt to convict men of such indulgence, and to administer suitable punishment. The principle of "the abolition of the opportunity" can be employed whenever the establishment which furnishes such opportunity subserves no useful purpose to mankind; and this is as true of the saloon as it is of the gambling den or the house of ill repute.

These instances are by no means the only ones in which the principle of the abolition of things which are harmful to the people at large is employed by the law. The public welfare, the public health, the public morals, are frequently conserved by this legal expedient. The laws regarding nuisances are cases in point. One state, we believe, Iowa, has applied the law for the suppression of nuisances to the liquor traffic, by the enactment of a law which classes all places where liquors are sold as nuisances, to be abated as are all others.

Each succeeding year sees a distinct advance in public enlightenment on this subject. Nothing so clearly marks this advance as the series of legal decisions on the status of the liquor traffic. From the earlier ones, on which it was tacitly put on the same plane as the traffic in the necessaries of life, down to the latest decision of the Supreme court of the United States, is a long step in advance. This last decision referred to takes away for ever the pretense that the liquor traffic stands on the same plane as those occupations that supply the proper and legitimate wants of the people. It is declared not to have any rights before the law. It is an unnecessary traffic, evil in its effects upon the people, and hence, wherever it exists, it exists on sufferance only. The state may do with it what it will. It may tax, regulate, restrict or prohibit, and those engaged in it have no recourse. Looking back, in the light of this decision, we are able to note the vast strides taken in public sentiment within the past score or so of years, and we are encouraged. It proves that the world moves, and that the time is coming when an aroused and intelligent public sentiment will absolutely prohibit the traffic and

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE Bourbonism which is rampant in the Democratic majority of the House of Representatives is well illustrated by the exclusion of Union soldiers from the rolls of employes of that body. The appointment of YODER, of Ohio, who was a soldier, as sergeant-at-arms, seems to have been the only recognition the veterans will get. The iceman, TURNER, of New York city, who served one term in the House, being elected by Tammany, and who is now doorkeeper, not only will not appoint any ex-soldiers, but he is discharging those who already hold places. The rule seems to be, "no Union veteran need apply." That is a game that more than one can play. The departments have numerous clerks who were Confederate soldiers. If the Democratic officials of the House are drawing the line on Union veterans, how would it do for the heads of executive departments to draw a similar line on Confederate veterans?

THINGS must be in a bad way with the lottery Democrats of Louisiana. They are denouncing the anti-lottery fellows for "threatening to subject the state to African rule." Whenever things get in a bad way with the Democrats in any Southern state, the old bugaboo of "negro domination" is brought out to terrify everybody into obedience to the ring which is running things. This old fetish is responsible, to a large extent, for the fact that the South is so far behind the rest of the country in progress and civilization.

ENGLAND experienced one of the longest continued fogs ever recorded this week. It began Monday, and still prevailed on Christmas day. In London, on the most frequented thoroughfares, it was impossible to see ten yards in any direction, and on the less important streets, which are not so well lighted, all business was perforce at a standstill, and Christmas trade was practically ruined. The fog must have been as dense as that in which the Cleveland Democrats in the United States are now groping their way.

THE balance of our foreign trade for the twelve months ended November 30 was $130,000,000 in our favor. That is, we sold that much more than we bought. The balance next year will be a still greater one in our favor, owing to our enormous exports of breadstuffs, and the better working of the new tariff law.

SOON TO CLOSE!

For We Shall Soon Stop Receiving Votes on Republican Presidential Preferences.

We shall soon set a date—perhaps in next week's paper—beyond which we will not receive votes on Presidential preferences. Vote quickly! We shall be glad to have several thousand more votes. Please note the following suggestions:

We want only preferences for the *Republican* nomination.

We ask for first and second choice for the *Presidency*. We are not collecting preferences for Vice President, for that nomination is always made on geographical grounds. If the President is from the East, a Western man is nominated for Vice President, and *vice versa*.

You can send your vote in a letter, if you are writing to us on any other subject; but use a separate slip of paper, and be sure to put your name and address on it, or the person in charge of the vote can not use it.

We can say with entire truth that no newspaper in the United States was more influential in the campaign of 1888, than the Toledo BLADE; and we propose making it even more conspicuous as an advocate of Republicanism in next year's conflict. We believe that a vote given by the immense constituency of The Weekly BLADE, which goes to every state in the Union, will be most valuable as showing the drift of public opinion regarding this matter. We ask, therefore, every reader of THE BLADE to send us his views. Take a postal card and answer upon it.

Write, 1, the name of your first choice for the Republican Presidential nomination;

2, the name of your second choice for the same office;

Sign your name, with your postoffice address and put nothing else upon the card. Address it simply "THE BLADE, Toledo, O." The card will then appear thus:

SMITHVILLE, N. C., Nov. 5, 1891.
1.—Here put 1st choice.
2.—Here put 2d choice.
HENRY W. JOHNSON.

We wish every voter who reads THE BLADE to send us his postal card as soon as possible, as it will take some time to properly tabulate the returns. We propose doing this by states, as we will thus be enabled to see the drift of sentiment in the different sections of the country.

Send us your postal card at once!

RECIPROCITY WINS.

THE free traders have came to grief in their efforts to belittle the reciprocity policy put into operation by the new tariff law. The statistics of our trade with the countries which have made reciprocity agreements, settle the case against the free traders. Official returns for the five months following the arrangement with Brazil show that our exports increased $1,169,592 over the same months of last year, or at the rate of $3,000,000 per year.

In but two months, the exports of seventeen classes of merchandise to Cuba and Porto Rico increased $620,876, which is at the rate of $3,600,000 per annum. These figures do not include flour, the reduction in the duties upon which does not go into effect until January 1. This will be the largest export to the Spanish West Indies, as the reduction of the exorbitant duty thereon will make it about $4.75 per barrel cheaper in Havana than it is at present.

It ought to be clear to the unprejudiced American that reciprocity is not only going to be of great advantage to this country, but that its effects upon our foreign trade are just beginning to make themselves felt. The effect will be a magnificent demonstration of the wisdom of the Republican policy. Already the Democrats in Congress are shifting their ground from the tariff to the currency question. It looks now as though the battle of 1892 may be fought on the silver issue, with the tariff as simply an incident.

THE NEW CIRCUIT JUDGES.

The following are the gentlemen nominated by President HARRISON to seats on the new Circuit court bench, as provided by Section 1, Chapter 517, of the United States statutes:

William L. Putnam, of Maine, for the First Judicial Circuit.

Nathaniel Shipman, of Connecticut, for the Second Judicial Circuit.

George M. Dallas, of Pennsylvania, for the Third Judicial Circuit.

Nathan Goff, of West Virginia, for the Fourth Judicial Circuit.

William M. H. Taft, of Ohio, for the Sixth Judicial Circuit.

William A Woods, of Indiana, for the Seventh Judicial Circuit.

Warren Truitt, of Oregon, United States district judge for the District of Alaska.

No appointments have yet been made for the Fifth, Eighth and Ninth districts.

All but two of the nominees are Republicans. Messrs. PUTNAM and DALLAS are Democrats. The Republican appointees are all creditable examples of the President's high respect for his own profession and for the bench. Mr. TAFT is an Ohioan, and like all Ohio men, fit for his duties. Judge SHIPMAN is mature and scholarly. After nearly twenty years of honorable work on the United States District bench, he is well equipped for the new position. Mr. GOFF's exgerience has been most largely in the legislature of his state and of the nation, but he is a lawyer of high gifts and attainments from whom creditable performances may be expected. Judge WOODS stands high in the Indiana judiciary. Mr. TRUITT is less generally known than his colleagues.

TWO EXTREMES.

Mr. CLEVELAND, in his speech at a dinner in Brooklyn recently, said:

> When we here recall the landing of the Pilgrims, let us remember that they not only sought freedom to worship God, but they also sought to establish the freedom and liberty of manhood.

The New York *Sun*, which apparently "can't a-bear" Mr. CLEVELAND, snappishly replies:

> Let us remember that the Pilgrims didn't seek anything of the kind. They wanted to establish, and did establish, a religious and civil oligarchy. Freedom, as they understood it, meant the right to drive out everybody whose opinions differed from theirs.

The *Sun* is at least as far off the truth as is Mr. CLEVELAND. The Pilgrims did seek freedom to worship GOD according to the dictates of their own conscience; but, like all other religionists of that age, they committed the error of assuming that they alone were the possessors of religious truth, and showed the same intolerance towards others of differing faith as had been exercised against themselves. But the *Sun's* last sentence is entirely too strong. The free commonwealth the Pilgrims founded afforded a a congenial soil for liberty of speech, of action and of thought, and New England has been always the bulwark of real liberty in this nation.

SEVERAL Democratic contemporaries have had a fit of mild hysterics over the appointment of Secretary of War ELKINS, whom they accuse of being a spoils politician. Such strictures come with a bad grace from papers which indorse BRICK, and HILL, and GORMAN.

AUSTRALIA IS PROTECTIONIST.

We have carefully scanned the pages of our free trade contemporaries in vain for the slightest mention of the important fact that New South Wales, which has long been the only one of Great Britain's colonial possessions in the entire world to adhere to her free trade policy, has abandoned it in favor of protection. Not one of them has had the fairness to mention it. In fact, many of them try to impress upon their readers the falsehood that the United states is the only protectionist country in the world.

This is exactly the reverse of the truth. Every civilized nation of any commercial importance is protectionist, except Great Britain. Since New South Wales abandoned it, Great Britain stands alone in her free trade policy. For forty years or more the Cobden club has preached free trade. It was organized to do missionary work in behalf of that theory, in order that Great Britain might remain the world's manufacturer. After forty years of effort, the club finds the whole world protectionist, except Great Britain; and in that country there is a steadily growing party favorable to protection.

These things should make our own citizens pause. A policy which is discredited by the whole world as inferior should not be adopted by us. If Great Britain adheres to it, that is no reason we should take it up. She has everything to gain by its adoption in the United States, and we have everything to lose.

New South Wales, several months ago, held an election which overthrew the free trade government. Now she has passed a tariff law, modelled on the McKinley bill, which, after mature consideration, was accepted as the best practical exposition in existence of the protective principle—"Protection on competing articles, nominal duties or none at all on non-competing products." And her new tariff law is built on those lines.

This accomplished fact deals a heavy blow at the free trade theorizers all over the world. We invite the attention of our free trade contemporaries to it, and ask them to honestly and fairly discuss it. But will they do it? We think not; but we shall see.

JOE WHEELER, THE RAIDER.

There is deep indignation among the Southern Democrats at Washington because Speaker CRISP does not care to ap point WHEELER, of Alabama, chairman of the committee on Military Affairs. They urge, on the part of the notorious Confederate cavalry raider that "he was a graduate of West Point, and a member of 'the old army,' and that he was the youngest man on the North American continent who reached the rank of lieutenant general in the Confederate army at the age he was commissioned—28; that he commanded 14,000 sabers at that age, and was to the Western army under BRAGG and JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON what STUART was to the army of Northern Virginia under ROBERT E. LEE." To us, these reasons give him no claim whatever to the place. It is a singular fact that but one of the conspicuous Confederate leaders seemed to realize what the collapse of the rebellion should have meant to the men who led it. That man was ROBERT E. LEE. He recognized that his place was in private life, and that his public career closed with the defeat of his cause. The smaller fry have shown their ignoble blood by making their record in the rebel army a plea for political preferment.

OUR CONFIDENTIAL TERMS.

With November 1, all our three months' offers for subscriptions to the Weekly BLADE expired. It is now time to get up clubs of yearly subscribers for this, the leading national weekly Republican journal of the United States We have just prepared our confidential club terms to agents, which we will send *only* on application by mail. We have made such liberal rates that any energetic person can, with a reasonable degree of effort, make $10 per day for a few days in canvassing for the Weekly BLADE. Get to work at once before some one else occupies your neighborhood. Send us a postal card asking for our confidential terms to agents, and address it to "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

IT is seldom one can get a free trade paper to answer any criticism of its position; but once in a while one gets into a corner and has to show its hand. The latest instance of this is the New York *Evening Post*, which, during the past year, has repeatedly made allusions to "the large number of working people whose wages have been reduced since the new tariff went into operation."

A gentleman wrote to the *Post*, asking it to give cases—even one, if it could give no more—in which the reduction of wages was due to the new tariff law. This the paper was unable to do. It could give not a single, solitary case in point. It got out of the hole into which it had fallen by saying:

> It is our settled belief, however, that the promise of high wages held out by the advocates of the McKinley bill has been belied oftener than it has been fulfilled since that measure passed.

"Settled belief" is good. The *Post* ought to know that a man's beliefs are not competent testimony as to matters of fact in any court of law. It was simply a confession of inability to produce the proof asked for by its correspondent. No such case can be found.

THE approaching wedding of the Duke of CLARENCE, the eldest son of the Prince of WALES, to the Princess VICTORIA of Teck, is another reminder to the British taxpayer that royalty is a most expensive luxury. All the royal family, and the aristocracy as well, feel that Parliament should make an annual grant for the support of the young man who stands in the direct succession to the throne; yet no one feels like asking formally for such a grant, knowing well that it will raise a storm of indignation from the radical masses. The funny suggestion has been made that the lord mayor of London shall open a subscription fund for the support of the royal couple. There are persons in this country who are silly enough to grumble because we pay our president $50,000 a year. What would they think if we paid a king five or six times as much per year, and were at the same time obliged to support all his sons and daughters and his sons-in-law on a like liberal scale?

CHRISTMAS came on Friday this year, and hence the following old English prediction, which is in the Harleian MS., No. 2,252, in the British Museum, will be of interest:

"If Christmas day on Friday be,
The first of winter hard shall be:
With frost and snow, and with great flood,
But the end thereof it shall be good.
Again, the summer shall be good also;
Folk in their eyes shall have great woe;
Women with child, beasts, and corn,
Shall multiply, and be lost none.
The child that is born on that day,
Shall live long, and lecherous be alway.
Who stealeth aught shall be found out;
If thou be sick, it lasteth not."

PERHAPS if the Brazilians would drink less coffee they would be more temperate in their utterances.

THE whole Michigan Democratic management seems to be involved in the Soper scandal.

THE NEW BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

We have not offered a sewing machine in connection with the Weekly BLADE or three years past. There has, however, been a constant demand, and we long since saw the importance of getting one to use with the Weekly BLADE, but until now have been unable to find one good enough. But we have succeeded at last. We now have the best sewing machine ever offered with a paper, and one as good as the highest-priced machine ever put upon the market.

This machine is new, simple and perfect. It has a high arm, and every convenience for rapid and effective work found in any other machine now on the market. In point of fact, we believe it is not only equal to, but in advance of all others. We could not afford to offer it to our subscribers if it were not the best.

We might have made this announcement a little earlier, but we deemed it best to wait until everything was in perfect order, and we were ready to ship machines as soon as the order was received, thus avoiding all delay. We are now prepared to ship 50 machines per day, and by the holidays will undoubtedly have to do so.

The rate at which we offer it—$18 for the new Blade Sewing Machine and one copy of the Weekly BLADE for one year—is $4 cheaper than any machine offered with any other newspaper. Yet we are certain that our machine is worth double any other newspaper machine.

The most remarkable part of our offer is, that we give a machine free for 30 yearly subscribers to the Weekly BLADE, accompanied by $30. We do not require these these names all to be sent in at once. They may be sent us in installments, each part numbered consecutively. As soon as we have received 30 names and $30, we will immediately ship the machine.

It will be found extremely easy for any young lady, wife or mother to raise a club of 30 names at a dollar each, in a week or ten days' time. We also call the attention of charitable organizations to the fact that they can thus easily put a machine into the hands of any poor, worthy seamstress, too many of whom, unfortunately, are to be found in any community.

Everything about the new Blade Sewing Machine will be found exactly as represented in the advertisement given elsewhere. If it does not prove so after you get the machine, all you need do is notify us that the machine is not satisfactory. We shall then order it returned and refund the money, unless you desire us to send another in its place. Hence a subscriber is at positively no risk whatever.

We are selling this machine without any profit whatever, simply in the interest of increasing the subscription list to the Weekly BLADE. While the offer of the machine for 30 names and $30 will only net us a small amount for each subscription to the paper—much less than the cost—yet we hope for hundreds of such orders. We would much sooner sell the machine in that way than to single subscribers. Send in your orders at once!

A BAD BILL FOR A GOOD PURPOSE.

The arid land problem is one which will receive much discussion in the present Congress. Senator DOLPH, of Oregon, has introduced a bill which provides that the United States shall loan money to the states and territories in which are tracts of lands, worthless for agriculture because of deficient rainfall, but which are capable of irrigation.

This money is to be used in the construction of reservoirs and conduits for irrigating purposes. It limits the sum to be loaned in any one year to $2,500,000 to any one state or territory, nor more than $10,000,000 in all to each. The bill proposes to issue "irrigation bonds," bearing one per cent interest per year, redeemable in five years and maturing in 50 years—the secretary of the Treasury to issue notes to the par value of the bonds.

The bill is a reprehensible one in several respects. The last provision named above of itself should kill the measure. The United States must be kept out of special paper issues of every kind. Once open the door to this pernicious system of jobbery, and the land will in time be flooded with special issues of paper currency, of as great variety as the speckled and ring-streaked kine of JACOB. The country does not need a flood of paper currency. Let us have honest money—coin which contains its face value of metal, or for convenience, paper certificates representing such coin, held for its redemption in the Treasury.

The irrigation project is a proper one, but it does not follow that it is the duty of the federal government to take it up. These arid lands should be surveyed and mapped, and then should be conveyed to the states and territories within which they are situated, under carefully-drawn stipulations—the state's title to them to be dependent upon the bringing under irrigation of a specified minimum area each year or each term of five or ten years. There are over a million square miles of lands needing irrigation. It would require a sum equal to our present national debt, and more, to provide means of irrigation. There is no reason the nation should incur this enormous expense, which certainly does not come under the head of the "general welfare" of the United States. We doubt whether the constitutional power of Congress extends to the creation of a debt for such a purpose.

MR. SPRINGER, of Illinois, is vexed becahse McMILLIN, of Tennessee, has been made the Democratic leader on the floor of the House. Mr. SPRINGER should not be surprised at that. The Southern people think they have a natural and indefeasible right to govern this country, and look on the thirty years which have elapsed since 1860 a so much time unjustly taken from them. If Mr. SPRINGER expects to get anything from the Democratic party, he should migrate to some Southern state. The true Southern idea is that all persons living north of the Ohio and Missouri rivers are "Northern mudsills," whose only political mission in life is to keep the Democratic party in power; and they assume the privilege by divine right to be "governing class, sah."

REPRESENTATIVE JOHNSON, of North Dakota, who is a member of the new Coinage committee of the House, denies the report in circulation that he is in favor of free coinage at the present ratio. He reaches the very center of the silver question in the following vigorous utterance:

> I am in favor of putting a dollar's worth of metal into every coin we stamped "In God we trust," if it makes it as big as a cart wheel and to weigh a ton. In that case I have no objection to even the free coinage of cast iron. If, however, we are to continue coining a dollar with 75 cents' worth of silver in it, I prefer to have the government put the bullion at market value, and let the whole people get the benefit of the rake-off, rather than give it to the millionaire mine-owners, as would be the case under free coinage.

Mr. JOHNSON'S solid common sense on this question will commend him to the intelligent people of the country. If any one is to make money out of silver coinage, let it be the people who pay the taxes, and not the mine-owners.

MILLS knows how it is himself.

THE HOLIDAY RECESS.

Congress has taken its usual holiday recess, and without really having begun work. A shoal of bills have been introduced, nearly all of which will never be heard of again. The House committees have been appointed, and that is the most interesting fact of the session thus far.

Speaker CRISP has made assignments, in every case, which reflected more his personal feeling, and a desire to reward his supporters in the Speakership contest, than the precedents which have hitherto been regarded in making them. Mr. MILLS was not given the chairmanship of the Ways and Means committee—his old place—but instead, it was given to SPRINGER of Illinois.

This is important, as showing that Speaker CRISP, and those whose views accord with his tariff views, are indisposed to risk the campaign of 1892 on a free trade basis. They know—none better—that the Congressional elections of 1890 were favorable to the Democrats only because voters were misled by the wholesale by campaign lies and misrepresentations—scared by the bugbear of "McKinley prices," in fact. They know that this cannot be the case next year. The fact that the average prices of the necessaries of life have fallen in place of rising, would of itself defeat the Democracy, if they dared to go before the country on the same issue as in 1888 and 1890.

Hence Mr. SHRINGER's plan of attacking protection by bringing in single bills, each to cut down the duties to a free trade basis on one specific article, will be adopted. The position outlined in CLEVELAND's famous free trade message, and held by the Democracy in 1888 and 1890, is to be abandoned. They are convinced the people are against them on this. A bill is already announced to put wool on the free list, without disturbing the duties imposed by the present law on woolen manufactures. The farmers are to have their wool-growing rendered unprofitable, and other measures of the same character are to be presented.

The silver question will be pushed to the front instead of the tariff. Mr. BLAND is chairman of the committee on Coinage, and the membership of that committee is made up of radical free silver men. The Democratic party in 22 states has declared for free silver, the House has a heavy majority in favor of it, and they are determined to force the issue on the country at any cost. They will find the Republicans ready to meet them on the issue. The Republican party stands for honest money and sound finance, as it always has done.

SEND US NAMES!

We want a million names of persons who do not take THE BLADE, to whom we can send sample copies. We are receiving dozens of lists every day, but it takes a good many of them, even when they contain 100 to 200 names, to make a million. Send at once, that we may mail them copies with the first instalment of the new story.

THE restless young emperor of Germany, who is always saying or doing something to keep him in evidence before the world, apparently believes in that old apology for tyranny, the "divine right" of kings. At a recent utterance to a body of soldiers, he made this supremely silly remark:

> You have, my children, sworn allegiance to me. That means that you have given yourselves to me, body and soul. I may order you—which God forbid—to shoot down your relatives, your brothers, even your parents, and you must obey without a murmur.

The day has gone by forever when such a position is tenable. Soldiers are no longer mere machines with which to commit slaughter. They are not bloodhounds, to be set upon whomever their rulers will. Soldiers must be convinced of the righteousness of the cause in which they fight, as were the soldiers of the Union in the civil war. It was this that made them the bravest the world ever saw. WILHELM will find radicalism and socialism rampant in his dominions if he habitually indulges in that style of talk.

THE recent Parliamentary election in Waterford, Ireland, resulted in the defeat of MICHAEL DAVITT by JOHN E. REDMOND. This result indicates either dissatisfaction with DAVITT personally, or with the methods of the McCarthy-Dillon-Healy combination—and perhaps with both. REDMOND won by 546, in a total vote of about 3,000. He was supported by the Tories, without doubt, in furtherance of their policy of fomenting the divisions among the Home Rulers, though he would have won anyhow, as their numbers were less than his majority.

Speaking of the cheese-paring policy the Democratic House is preparing to begin, the New York *Recorder* names it "the Five-Cent Congress," and says:

> Parsimony in large affairs is not economy but extravagance. It paralyzes the great establishments the country must maintain, prevents needed construction, lets work commenced go to waste while awaiting completion and cripples the public service. Experience in protection, reciprocity and naval construction illustrates the advantages of the Republican policy of honest and enterprising investment of adequate revenues. One session of the Five-Cent Congress will demonstrate the evils of Holmanized cheese-paring.

HENRY WATTERSON has broken out into a wail of wrathful despair over Speaker CRISP. He says CRISP's committee assignments indicate a bargain between HILL and CRISP; and HENRY proceeds to pour out the vials of his vitriolic wrath on the Speaker's head. It must be hard for WATTERSON, who labored for years to have the Democracy toe the free trade mark, to find the party flunking, and bringing up another issue, of which HENRY said, at the St. Louis convention of 1888, "Silver be d——d!"

There are to be six new revenue cutters built for service on the Great Lakes, provided the Five Cent Congress will appropriate the money. They are to be made available for defense, as well as for revenue purposes. It is not considered that their construction will violate the treaty between the United States and Great Britain relative to the maintenance of an armed naval force on these waters. Congress should make the appropriation promptly. The vessels are needed.

THE opinion grows that Mr. CLEVELAND is not "in it" for the Democratic presidential nomination next year. No more is HILL: and if the nominee is not a New Yorker the candidate will be a western man. This is the combination CALVIN $ BRICE has been waiting for. He has an idea that he would make a pretty good stick of presidential timber. So far, however, no one else has announced himself as entertaining the view that BRICE would make a good candidate.

The Boston *Journal* says that while the "free raw material" dodge of the Democrats deceived some of the voters, the rank and file of the Democracy of New England, and especially Massachusetts, desire a protective tariff on all manufactured products. Hence the inference that the Democratic party will retreat from the extreme free trade position it has occupied since 1888, and straddle the tariff issue in its next year's platform, as it did in 1884.

OUR SERIAL.

The First Instalment is Repeated To-day—Send Us More Names!

In to-day's issue of the Weekly BLADE we repeat the first two chapters of our new serial, for a reason given elsewhere. We want everybody to read

MARK AINSLIE'S QUEST;

Or,

An American Daughter of the Gods.

It is a bright, crisp story of modern life. The characters are typical, and more than one of them will certainly become favorites with THE BLADE's readers. The action is very brisk, and the singular series of events which constitute the central action of the tale is singularly novel and fresh. The story is bound to make a sensation in the reading world. Its publication will be one of the literary events of the year.

It is not only strong and vivid, but intensely interesting; it is clean and pure and carries with it a lesson to be heeded by young or old; at the same time it is not mawkish nor didactic in a single line. It is, in short, just such a story as every member of the great BLADE constituency will be glad to read, and to admit that *it alone* is worth more than the cost of THE BLADE for the entire year.

Special Request.

We wish to send out sample copies of this issue of THE BLADE, to as many persons who are not subscribers as possible. We ask every friend of THE BLADE to send us, *at once*, a list of persons, with their postoffice addresses, he knows who would like to see a copy of THE BLADE, and who are not subscribers. We will send copies of the first instalment of the new story to all such. You can get ten names, and addresses on a postal card, or can send lists in letters you may be writing to us.

The new story, if published in book form, would make a $1.50 book. We shall pubish three or four serials during the year; hence, you get more than the subscription price in this way alone. Do not forget to renew in time!

FIRE LOSSES AND THE COMPANIES.

It will startle some people to know that the fire losses for the year 1891 will be greater than during the year 1871—the year of the great Chicago fire. Amazing as the statement is, it is nevertheless true. Not only are the fire losses so enormous, but the companies have had to meet heavier competition with each other, and increased commissions to agents. The careful and conservative insurance men have felt for some time things had reached a point at which it was necessary to call a halt.

The underwriters of New York and New England have made a 15 per cent agreement, to go into effect on January 1. Agents are to be paid only that much, no more. There are to be no contingent or other fees; 15 per cent flat is to be the extreme margin of their possible profit. The movement will possibly extend to the West, and ought to do so. At present, it includes the Pittsburg companies, but comes no further in this direction. Affairs in insurance circles have been in a bad way for a long time; and the enormous total losses by fire during the year have compelled the companies to obtain more money, or to get into financial difficulties.

To get more money they had either to raise the rates of insurance, or cut down the agents' emoluments. They wisely chose the latter. The unprofitableness of the insurance business has been such that within the past six or eight years over 600 companies have gone out of existence. If that state of affairs goes on, soon there will not be enough of them to do the insuring, and then rates would go up on the insurers. We certainly need some action in the West, where the companies seem to be getting ready to lie down under their burdens.

A BRUSH WITH CHILE.

The United States proposes to wait until the new government of Chile is installed in office, and then to send an ultimatum on the Valparaiso affair. That is to say, Chile will be informed that unless a satisfactory reply is made to the formal demand already made for reparation and damages, a message will be sent to Congress which will in all probability be followed by a declaration of war. The principal vessels of our navy are already speeding over the ocean in the direction of the sulky little republic, and preparations for war are being pushed at the various navy yards, especially that at San Francisco.

In army and navy circles at Washington, the belief is universal that there will be war. President HARRISON is firm in his determination to insist on the terms set forth in his first communication to the Chilean government. The Chileans themselves, so says no less an authority than Admiral BROWN, are abominably conceited, and actually believe that they can cope successfully with the United States. Probably they have been reading Bourbon Democratic newspapers. If, unfortunately, Chile persists in her wrong-headed course, her people will have some of the conceit taken out of them before they are through. They will find a spanking at Uncle SAM's hands not so much of a picnic as they seem to anticipate.

BETTER THAN HE EXPECTED.

The following unsolicited letter from a subscriber who obtained one of THE BLADE china tea set premiums tells its own story:

> LITTE VALLEY, N. Y., Dec. 26.—EDITOR BLADE:—Received the tea set to-day. It is more than was expected.—ARTHUR W. SWEETLAND.

ON December 17 the French Senate passed the whole of the new tariff bill by a vote of 219 to 11. The new economic policy of France is definitely settled by this vote, for it is quite certain that the tariff bill will receive the approval of the President. Thus France adopts a strong protection policy far different from the policy followed since the signing in 1860 of the so-called free trade treaty concluded between COBDEN and NAPOLEON III.

IT may console those who have passed through a visitation of the grip to know that a prominent physician of Vienna declares that the disease is distinctly miasmatic in character, is infectious, and probably contagious. But he fails to tell us of a specific for the disease.

THE developments regarding the operations of MERCIER and his boodling friends in Quebec are astonishing. The new provincial treasurer, on making an investigation, finds that the cash is $1,000,000 short. MERCIER must have taken lessons from some of the defaulting Democratic state treasurers from this country, who sought refuge in the Dominion.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Boston has a fishermen's union.

Argentine has a locust plague.

Lyons will have an Eiffel tower.

Chicago will have a police band.

London compositors have a hall.

The Western coal famine is over.

Cokers are forming a new union.

Rio Janeiro has the finest harbor.

China has forty miles of railroad.

Vienna has 6,000 idle shoemakers.

France has a mine 4,000 feet deep.

Uncle Sam has 30,000 locomotives.

Minister Egan was an errand boy.

Stockings have toe compartments.

Chicago has a co operative bakery.

Russia has a 493-mile electric road.

There is a national Waiters' Union.

Illinois pays a bounty for sparrows.

France has the largest sailing vessel.

Western roads want passes abolished.

Fresno boasts a 45-pound sweet potato.

Women practice now in Colorado courts.

A locomotive's strength equals 900 horses.

Great Britain has 13,000,000 wage earners.

Spectacles were invented by Allesandro de Spina in 1285.

A Baltimore lecturer advances the idea that Satan had red hair.

Ireland's inhabitants have decreased over 20 per cent since 1841.

Twenty-nine states have enacted laws resembling the Australian ballot law.

Marriage of the clergy was first positively forbidden in 1074 by Pope Gregory VII.

The medusa is a fish, so fragile that it it melts and disappears when thrown on the beach.

Brocton (Mass.) lasters struck against doing more than 100 pairs a day on the Chase machine.

An employer of German clerks says that they work 20 per cent lower than English ones.

A petrified turtle 12 inches in diameter and 5 inches thick has been found in Lake Champlain.

New Hampshire takes its name from Hampshire, England. It was originally called Laconia.

About 100,000,000 bushels in wheat and flour have been exported from this country since August 1.

As many as 20,000 Japanese have left their country this year to seek their fortunes elsewhere.

Denmark as well as Germany has established a system of pensions for superannuated workmen.

California's wine crop will equal a quart for every man, woman and child in the United States.

The North star cannot be seen south of the Equator, but it is visible everywhere to the north of the line.

The eleventh annual meeting of the Federation of Labor took place in Birmingham, Ala., last week.

A blacksmith's tools of the present day are almost identical with those used in the same trade over 300 years ago.

Free cider is kept on tap by many Minneapolis commission merchants for the benefit of the retail customers.

The Czar of Russia has no settled income, but he has an estate and mines which bring him in £2,500,000 per year.

A storage dam to hold 8,000,000,000 gallons of water is being built near Acton, Cal. It will be 150 feet high and 900 feet long.

The Lick telescopic photographs are so perfect that they must be strongly magnified before their details can be examined.

Many Iowa and Nebraska towns are threatened with a fuel famine because the grain traffic employs all the rolling stock.

The salary of the King of Samoa is only $840 a year. His legal adviser is much better remunerated. His pay is $5,000 a year.

Soapstone is used in various ways. It gives color to rubber goods, is used in paper to gain weight and in making fireproof paints.

Arizona is trying to grow cotton. It is said to be fully as good in texture as the Southern cotton, and promises to yield much larger crops.

The snail has the greatest number of teeth. It has been proved to possess 30,000 in its mouth, which without a glass looks very innocent.

Oscar Wilde says he is a journalist and modestly observes: "I am told that my judgment as an art and dramatic critic is considered final."

Æsop, whose fables have been read for more than 2,000 years, was born 620 years before Christ. He was a slave in the island of Samos, Greece.

They have started in London a Ladies' Own Tea association. The blending, weighing, packing and selling of the tea are to be done entirely by women.

Russell Sage's income is estimated at $15 a minute. That dynamite crank must have robbed the poor man of about $43.85 worth of his valuable time.

The number of members of the House of Lords, England, varies from 549 to 679, while the French Senate numbers 300 and the Chamber of Deputies 584.

Secretary Blaine has accepted an invitation to speak at a banquet to be given in Boston, January 7, at the Vendome Hotel, by the Merchants' association of that city.

The highest altitude in New York is only 175 feet above tide water in East river. The highest point on Long Island is Harbor Hill, where an altitude of 384 feet is reached.

Frau Caroline von Beethoven, widow of the famous composer's favorite nephew Karl, and the last bearer of that name, has just died in Vienna at the advanced age of 81.

An English inventor has constructed a device which relieves the pressure of the water against the bows of steamers. It consists of screws which throw the water aside.

Recent experiments in England have shown that lighthouse signaling can be seen at a distance of seventeen and a half miles at sea. The rays were directed vertically toward the sky.

Congressman Hoar says that he was once mistaken for a farmer by one of the professors of a divinity school near Concord, who was charmed to find a rustic who knew so much about politics.

February, in 1900, will not contain 29 days, although it will be leap year. February in 1700 also contained only 28 days. There is a slight error in the Gregorian calendar, but it will only amount to one day in 3,323 years.

Jean de Reszke, the tenor, has a remarkable memory. It takes him usually a week to learn a new opera, but sometimes he carries a new role to his room in the evening and before he goes to bed has stored it in his mind, note and letter perfect.

The long-talked-about book from the pen of General Grant's widow will soon be ready for publication. It should prove an entertaining volume. Mrs. Grant has written every word herself, we are told, not even dictating a line to an amanuensis.

A Kansas editor says that the monument erected to John Brown, at Ossawatomie, some years ago, when Senator Ingalls delivered the oration for the occasion, is a very ordinary shaft, not more than ten feet high, and disappointing to the curious visitor.

Gen. Wolseley, a London correspondent reports, "is believed to be trying his hand at a romance." Granting that his war papers have been free from that quality, Sir Garnet is no tyro in the field of romance. He published a two-volume novel fourteen or fifteen years ago.

Col. E. D. Baker, who fell early in the struggle for the Union while leading a desperate charge at Ball's Bluff, sleeps in a neglected and almost unmarked grave in Lone Mountain cemetery, San Francisco. It is now proposed to remove the remains to Golden Gate Park and erect a suitable monument.

There is one London editor who has vowed that the name of Mrs. Annie Besant shall never be printed in his journal, and as a matter of fact it is not many years since her name was hardly mentioned in polite society, for many people looked with grave disapproval on the doctrines once taught by Mrs. Besant.

M. Paul Deschanel, deputy of the department of Eure-et-Loire, who has been commissioned by the French government to proceed to the United States with the view of investigating the social question and the position of workingmen and their masters, will confer with Cardinal Gibbons, Henry George, and the leading men in all religious bodies and schools of thought in America.

Don Emilio Castelar, ex-president of the Spanish Republic, is now engaged in Paris on important books. The first is a monograph on Columbus, to be issued on the occasion of the impending celebration of the discovery of America; the second will be a work on the principal orators of Spain, to be published in New York; the third a description of the most beautiful cathedrals in the world.

Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent, is always in readiness for marching orders. He has a set of equipments for warm countries and another for cold countries, and keeps himself provided with passports for every land to which there is any possibility that he may be ordered. He has a keen and well-trained intellect, the master of a vigorous, incisive style. His endurance is great and his bravery remarkable.

Van Dyck, the Wagnerian tenor, is only thirty years old. When he went to Paris in 1883 it was to study journalism, although he was fond of music, and he soon became attached to the staff of *La Patrie*. It happened one evening that Vidal's cantata was to be performed publicly at the French capital, and the tenor, Ward, was ill. With fear and trembling Van Dyck agreed to sing the role, and his success therein determined his future career. But during most of the time since then he has devoted himself mainly to Wagner's music.

Publishers' Desk.

CLUBS POURING IN.

We are highly gratified at the rapidity with which large clubs of subscribers for the Weekly BLADE are pouring in. This inrush is due to two causes—first, because THE BLADE is the most popular weekly paper in the United States; and, second, because we offer the most advantageous terms and the highest cash commissions to agents—the highest ever offered by any paper in the world.

We do not care to receive applications for our confidential terms to agents from any one who is not determined to raise a club, and to put forth his efforts to earn a few honest dollars. Don't send unless you really mean business!

CLOSING OUT SALE.

We have decided to publish no more of the following books and pictures, and for the purpose of closing out the stock on hand, we offer them at about the cost of production. It will be necessary to order very quickly as we have but a few of each left. This will be the last opportunity of purchasing Nasby's books, and hundreds will want Miss Bouton's "Health and Beauty" after they are gone.

We will send (until the stock is exhausted) a picture of John Calvin for 10 cents each, postpaid by mail. The former price was 25 cents.

The following paper-covered "Nasby" books (former price 50 cents) we will send by mail postpaid at 25 cents each: "A Paper City," "Abou Ben Adhem," and "Eckoes From Kentucky."

About fifty copies of Miss Bouton's "Health and Beauty," cloth, (former price $1) we will send postpaid by mail at 75 cents each. Don't delay if you want any of these books or pictures.

OUR SOUVENIR SPOON.

Your attention is called to the picture of the solid silver souvenir tea spoon on the 6th page of this issue. A splendid Christmas present. The spoon and the Weekly BLADE one year postpaid, for $3.00; the spoon alone $2.50. Any one sending five yearly subscribers to the Weekly BLADE, will receive a spoon free of cost. Remember this spoon is made of solid sterling silver. THE BLADE has never offered its readers anything that was not exactly as represented, and this spoon is no exception to the rule.

BLADE CHINA TEA SETS and BLADE WASHING MACHINES.

We had decided that we would not this season advertise the Blade china tea sets and the Blade washing machine, as we have new premiums to offer—The Blade sewing machine and the encyclopedia. However, our subscribers will not have it so. Our mail daily brings us inquiries as to the tea sets and washing machines. While we have not room to advertise them as we did last year, we will simply say that the offers for both the tea sets and the washing machines which we made last year will hold good for this season also. Our old readers are familiar with the offers, or have copies of THE BLADE containing them. New ones who wish to know what the offers are will please drop us a postal card, and we will send a copy of both advertisements, exactly as they were published last year. Briefly they are as follows:

An 80-piece china tea set and the Weekly BLADE one year for $7; or the tea set as a premium for every club of 11 subscribers, accompanied by $11.

The washing machine and the Weekly BLADE one year for $5; or the washing machine as a premium for a club of 10 subscribers, accompanied by $10. Send for a copy of the offers.

FOUR ENTIRELY NEW PICTURES,

And Four Not Very Old Ones, For Blade Readers.

THE BLADE'S pictures have heretofore been very successful, and we have furnished thousands of our readers with beautiful copies of renowned paintings at prices less than half the art stores charge. We are glad to announce *four* NEW pictures now ready for mailing, as follows:

"The Roman Chariot Race," in the Circus Maximus of Rome, by Alexander Wagner. This is *in full colors*, 17x24 inches in size. It represents the mode of racing in the reign of Emperor Domitian, 88 years after Christ. The tiers of seats, crowded with a mass of excited people, run in a circular or oblong form around a sandy arena, at the end of which are erected gilt cylinders in conical shape, forming the goal of the races. The three chariots in the foreground, each drawn by four horses caparisoned with gorgeous trappings and driven by charioteers in bright colors, make one of the most remarkable examples of vigor and action, combined with beauty of color, detail and rare execution.

"The Retreat from Moscow—1814," by Meissonier, the renowned French artist, and is in his best style. In *full colors*, 17x24 inches in size. At the head of his conquering soldiers in the midst of winter Napoleon has driven before him the Russians and penetrated into the heart of their country only to find when he arrived at the imperial city of Moscow that the inhabitants have fled, leaving every house in the city in flames. Then began that fatal retreat depicted in this great painting. The great original painting was sold in Paris within the last eighteen months for $170,000, one of the highest prices on record for a modern picture.

"Christ Leaving the Prætorium," by Gustave Dore. A fine photo-etching, 21x28 inches. The scene represents Christ descending the steps leading from the official tribunal of the Roman government of Jerusalem after his condemnation. The figure of the Savior, erect and commanding, is the center of attraction. The gaping crowd, some of them friends, others attracted by excitement, the leering Jews pressing forward with uplifted hands; the poor and wretched, who adored him, expressing the most profound sorrow; the sick whom he had healed and those who still craved his divine help all pressing forward to get one last glance at him, while the Roman soldiers, with spears and shields driving them back are graphically displayed in this wonderful picture.

"Women and Children First," by C. Napier Hemy, one of the first of marine artists of England, a fine photo etching, 21x28 inches. The story is here told with all the poetry of art, filling the picture with the heroic in human life, and the sublime and terrible in nature. On the left looms up the dark side of a huge ship, at the mercy of the wind and waves. Directly in the front of the picture, a life boat, "The Good Samaritan," is seen. Sturdy hands pull at the heavy oars while other strong men are rescuing the women and children first from the fated vessel. The climax of heroism in this admirable picture is on the deck of the wrecked vessel, where the men, looking death in the face, are shouting as she goes down, "Save the Women and Children First."

"Napoleon at Friedland, 1807," the masterpiece of the renowned French painter Meissonier. It represents Napoleon saluting, with imperial gesture, his favorite regiment, the 12th Cuirassiers, as it swept by him to charge the Russians at Friedland. The copy we offer is 21x28 inches, in colors, faithfully reproducing the detail, brilliancy and sentiment of the original.

"Christ Before Pilate," by Munkacsy, the famous Hungarian artist. This is *not* the picture we sold formerly; that was plain, but this is *in colors*, 17x24, reproducing with fidelity those of the original, which was sold to Postmaster General Wanamaker for $120,000. It represents the Savior brought to the Prætorium, or residence of the Roman governor, Pilate, at Jerusalem. He stands erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on Pilate's face.

"The Grand Canal of Venice," by Turner, the famous English artist. The scene portrayed is the Grand Canal as seen from the quay. On the right are the steps and a portion of the church of Santa Maria delle Salute; beyond this, the custom-house. Opposite, in the middle distance, is the Ducal Palace, and beyond it, towering above the city roofs, the campanile (bell-tower) of St. Mark's church. The canal is filled with barges and gondolas, and is the busiest and gayest part of Venice. The picture is 17x22 inches.

"The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur. There is no need of describing this world-famous picture. We have sold thousands of them, and still the demand comes so that we have obtained a fresh supply, though not a large number. Order promptly if you desire a copy of this superb work of art.

Any *one* of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for **25 cents.**

Or, we will send any *five* of them you may choose for **One Dollar.**

Or, we will send you the entire *eight* pictures for **$1.50.**

Address all orders: THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

Some Biblical Facts.

The Bible contains 3,566,480 letters, 810,697 words, 31,175 verses, 1,189 chapters and 66 books. The longest chapter is the 119th Psalm; the shortest and middle chapter, the 117th Psalm. The middle verse is the 8th of the 118th Psalm. The longest name is in the 8th chapter of Isaiah. The word "and" occurs 46,627 times; the word "Lord" 1,855 times. The 37th chapter of Isaiah and the 19th chapter of the second book of Kings are alike. The longest verse is the 9th of the 8th chapter of Esther; the shortest verse is the 35th of the 11th chapter of John. In the 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra is the alphabet. The finest reading is the 26th chapter of Acts. The name of God is not mentioned in the book of Esther. It contains knowledge, wisdom, holiness and love.—[Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Science Causerie.

The New Science—Preventive Medicine.

During the present century the scientific world has watched the growth of an entirely new branch of knowledge, the fundamental principles of which have been elucidated by workers in many different divisions of natural knowledge, by chemists, physicists, botanists, zoologists and physicians. The elementary facts of "the new science" having been discovered, the new data threw a flood of light on the whole field of science, and results of immense practical value were the immediate outcome of discoveries which at first appeared to be of theoretical interest only. It is a well established fact that a man who has once suffered from a given infectious disease is, for a time at least, proof against that same disease. A child, for instance, which has had small-pox, scarlet fever, typhoid or measles will not again for some time be susceptible to any of these infections.

Pasteur, guided by this fact, and knowing that even a mild attack is a protection, concluded that if it were possible to give an animal a modified form of a specific malady caused by a specific microbe, the animal would be in future proof against the attacks of the same micro-organism. After investigating the subject for a long time, he succeeded in vaccinating fowls against fowl-cholera, a disease produced by a specific micro-organism. He discovered that an old culture of these microbes injected into fowls gave rise to very slight symptoms only, that the fowls soon regained their health, and, after recovery, resisted the action of the most virulent bacilli, the injection of which would otherwise have proved fatal. Turning his attention to anthrax, Pasteur, in 1881, published his method of "vaccinating" animals against this disease.

Anthrax chiefly attacks sheep, but not unfrequently proves fatal also to horned cattle, horses, and man, and is one of the great scourges in France and other countries, more especially Russia and Australia. Since Pasteur's discoveries, agriculturists have learned the value of preventive inoculations against anthrax, and have extensively applied this method. In France, for instance, more than 2,500,000 sheep, 320,000 head of horned cattle, and 2,861 horses have been inoculated with vaccine prepared in the Paris institute. The same institute in 1888-1889 sent out material for the inoculation of 1,000 elephants in India, and some years ago the British government sent several native gentlemen to Paris on purpose to learn the way of preparing the anthrax vaccines.

It has been proved that bacteriology is the direct outcome, not of one branch of knowledge only, but of all the divisions of natural science, biology, chemistry and others. But during its growth even, it shed the greatest light on the sciences of which it is an offshoot. The first step in bacteriology was made through chemical investigation; but, on the other hand, see what the new science has done for chemistry. It has solved for chemists some of the chief problems connected with the putrefaction and fermentation, problems which were previously in a state of hopeless obscurity. Through bacteriology, chemists have learned that each kind of specific fermentation is due to a specific micro-organism, which placed under definite conditions produces definite chemical substances, and in this manner bacteriologists have discovered substances the existence of which chemists did not even suspect.

Have not bacteriologists also revolutionized botanical methods by new modes of cultivating micro-organisms; by showing that every colony of microbes has its own particular aspect; by improved methods of staining, so that previously invisible bacteria are now easily seen; by inventing photographic processes of such delicacy that structures invisible to the naked eye are now readily perceived in the plate; and by enriching the flora with countless new genera previously unknown? The men to whose genius we owe the "new science" were merely seeking for truth and had no practical object in view, but gradually gained this useful knowledge through experiment—physical, chemical and physiological. Hundreds of human lives, snatched from death through Pasteur's treatment; thousands of human beings restored to health every year through perfected systems of medicine and surgery; millions of animals protected against infectious diseases, have been saved by the knowledge gained by experiments on animals. Those who expect that the science of medicine will make any startling progress without having recourse to experiments on animals, might just as well expect to see brilliant discoveries in chemistry without new and improved methods of chemical experimentation.—[Dr. Armand Ruffer, in the Nineteenth Century.

Changes of Our Climate.

Every now and then some weather sage predicts extremely cold winters, and another ventures to say that the sun is gradually losing heat and in time Arctic cold will prevail over the globe. Whatever may have been the changes during the vast cycles of time prior to the advent of man, or whatever may be the changes in the time to come, one thing is quite certain: That our climate has been much modified within the past 2,000 or 3,000 years. "There have been fifteen climatic changes since the beginning of the glacial age, each change lasting 10,500 years, and each change reversing the season in the two hemispheres, the pole which had enjoyed continuous summer being doomed to undergo perpetual winter for 10,500 years, and then passing to its former state for an equal term.

"The physical changes upon the earth's surface during the past 80,000 years modified the changes of climate even in the Arctic regions, so that the intense cold of the former epochs was much modified during the latter epochs." Reckoning these climatic changes in their order, we had entered the epoch of a more genial temperature about fifteen hundred years ago; and if no disturbing change takes place during the present epoch, we may reasonably expect a gradual modification of our winters for nine thousand years to come. The changes to intense cold from perpetual summer during the greater part of the glacial period are supposed to have been caused by the high temperature of the north pole as compared with that of the south pole, owing to the distribution of land around the two, the south having almost none. Dr. Croll thinks it was caused by the varying inclination of the earth's axis, which produced the relative position of the two poles towards the sun to be periodically reversed at distant periods.

Dr. James Geikie agrees with Croll on the reverse of seasons every 10,500 years during certain periods of high ellipticity of the earth's orbit. But it may be asked, "How could the fauna and flora propagate themselves under such conditions?" The flora itself at the Quaternary Age was of extreme vigor. We know this from the little which is left us, but more especially from the presence of a large number of herbivorous animals—stags, horses, elephants, rhinoceros, etc.—which animated the plains and valleys of Europe and America at that time. Evidently they could not have lived and propagated themselves without abundant vegetation for nourishment and development. That which has deceived the adherents of the glacial theory, as understood in its absolute sense, is, they have generally placed a too high estimate on its extent and intensity.

It needs but a little effort of the reasoning powers to come to the conclusion that the earth had cooled to the degree that all animal and vegetable life could exist upon it, and that a portion of the earth's surface permanently covered with snow and ice was absolutely indispensable to the existence, perpetuity and well-being of animal and vegetable life. There is everything to show a modification of climate in our own days. If this goes on in the future as in the past, there will be a marked difference in the temperature two or three hundred years from now. Even a degree in a thousand years would effect a great change in the course of time. The lowering of four degrees established the ancient extension of glaciers, though it did not interrupt animal or vegetable life. Fifty-four of the fifty-seven species of Mollusca have outlived the glacial age, and all our savage animals—even a certain number which have disappeared—date equally from the Quaternary, and were contemporary with the great extension of the glaciers.

Typhoid Fever in Autumn.

One curious feature about typhoid fever is its autumnal vitality. It is the "fall" fever of the Americans. Each fever has its particular season for high development, and typhoid, from one cause or another, chooses the end of the year for its maximum. A medical authority tabulating the times of typhoid increase, tells us that since 1872 this fever has fallen to the minimum (in so far as London is concerned) three times each in March and April, five times in May, seven times in June and once in July. It has had its greatest development once in September, eleven times in October, six times in November and once in December during the period named. Thus, while we lessen the number of cases by attention to our drainage and by preventing our water supply from contamination by sewage, we cannot modify or alter the seasonal conditions which operate to produce the increase of typhoid fever at the year's end. It is also pointed out that the incubation period (or that between the reception of the germs and the fever's appearance) averages in typhoid fever about fourteen days.

Prevention of Consumption.

The Russian society for the Preservation of the Health of the People, an organization distinct from the official boards of sanitation, has submitted to the central board of sanitation a project to prevent the spreading of consumption among the people. The society demands that the following measures be enacted: Consumption should be officially declared a contagious disease. Regular lists of all consumptives should be kept in all communities. Special hospitals or sanitariums should be established for consumptives. The military authorities refusing to accept consumptive recruits should send in the lists of such recruits to the civil authorities of the respective districts for regular registration. The Sanitary board of the Ministry of the Interior should be informed of the cases of consumption among the enlisted soldiers. The military authorities should have special sanitariums for consumptive soldiers. Spittoons should be kept in all public places, and spitting on the ground should be strictly prohibited, as the evaportion of the expectoration of consumptives may affect the health of others.

Size of Women.

Professor Bowditch, after making accurate observations of height, weight, sitting height and stretch of arms of over 1,100 women, found the average height of 1,107 women (without shoes) age seventeen and upward, to be 158.76 centimeters. Dr. Sargent's average of 1,835 observations, the ages ranging from 16 to 26, is slightly higher, and Mr. Galton's 770 measurements of English women, from 23 to 51 years of age, gives also a higher average. A comparison between Dr. Bowditch's and Mr. Galton's observations of the weight of women in ordinary indoor clothing show the range of weights as greater in the Americans.

To Make a Spool of Thread.

To make a spool of thread the very best Sea Island cotton is used. This is taken in the raw state and torn to pieces by a machine called a breaker. It is then freed from its impurities by several other machines, after which it is taken up by a "slipper" and twisted into soft yarn. Several strands of this are twisted into one fine thread; three of these are then twisted together, making the six-cord thread, which, after being bleached, is ready to sell.

AINSWORTH R. SPOFFORD,

Librarian of Congress, Charged with Alterating Dates on Public Records.

Certain litigation now in progress relating to the law of copyright has developed the charge against Librarian Spofford, that whereat lawsuits involving large sums of money had proceeded two years on the fact and Mr. Spofford's own certificate thereto that certain copyrights bore certain dates, within a month he has changed those dates on the records, so that if the changes were not detected the particular phase of the litigation which they covered would have ended immediately. Congress may be asked to investigate the matter. Meantime Mr. Spofford's friends are confident that his reputation will be unharmed by the ordeal through which he will go.

LIBRARIAN SPOFFORD.

Mr. Spofford has been librarian of Congress 25 years. At the present time he has charge of nearly 700,000 bound books, and 200,000 pamphlets. A new building for the congressional library is in process of construction, which will probably be the finest of the kind in the world. Everybody who knows Washington knows Librarian Spofford as the man who travels in company with a bag full of books, and who seems to be always reading.

BRILLIANTS.

On Christmas day, in the morning,
My dear, I thought of you,
And I said, I have no better gift
Than a friend so dear and true;
A love that is mine to the end of time,
And will last my whole life through.
—[Sarah Orne Jewett.

A hymn of hope to the ages,
The music of deathless trust,
No frenzy of mortal rages
Can darken with doubt or dust:—
A rapture of high evangels,
But centered in sacred calms!
Ah! still the chorus of angels
Thrills over the Bethlehem palm!—
—[Paul H. Hayne.

He who to the cradle brings
One pure, generous thought,
To the infant there
Brings a gift more rare
Than the gold and myrrh the kings
Of the Orient brought.
Hark! angels sing
Round their heavenly King!
'Tis for man, and not for them,
Sleeps the Babe in Bethlehem.
—[Constantina E. Brooks.

Ye who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast-fading year;
Ye who by word or deed
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come, gather here!
Let sinned against and sinning
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now;
Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness spoken,
Under the holly bough.
—[Charles Mackay.

So Christmas and Thanksgiving clasp
Their hands and brightly bridge December,
Close met within that heartfelt grasp,
All friends One Friend of all remember,
Two feast-fires glow across the snow,
Blent in one home-light for the roving,
The happiest day that comes must go;
Still dwell the thankful with the loving.
—[Lucy Larcom.

Lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
In ancient splendor fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.
—[Anon.

Knew How to Begin.

First small boy—This paper says children oughter to be taught what to do in case of fire, an' they oughter go through the performance until they know.

Second small boy—All right. Where's the matches.—[Good News.

Enough.

Bill Billington (tenderly)—What would you say if I were to propose to you?

Coochy Coolington—Guess.

Bill Billington—How many guesses may I have?

Coochy Coolington—Only two.—[Puck.

"Comrades! Comrades!"

"Comrades! Comrades!"—he sang in the eventide.
The lights were low—I dealt him a blow,
And "he died right by my side."
—[Puck.

NEW YORK'S PANTHEON

IS JUST ONE-TWENTIETH AS BIG

As the Roman Original—Restored, ith Colors and Statues as They ere hen the Roman Gods ere orshipped.

For a number of weeks a considerable portion of the main hall of the Metropolitan Museum of Art has been shut off from public use by a high screen of white muslin. Within workmen have been busy building a large model of a classic temple.

The model which is building behind the screen is that of the Pantheon at Rome, restored. It is nearly completed now, and is already one of the most striking objects in the museum. It is the latest addition to the Willard architectural collection.

In 1883 Levi Hale Willard died, leaving $75,000 as a fund to secure restored models of one or more of the greatest representatives of each great architectural period. His idea was that photographs of ruins gave no idea whatever of what Greek temples and other classic buildings looked like in their prime. The only really effective way of telling the story of the architectural life of the past was to reproduce buildings in model exactly as they were when standing and occupied, and on a scale of size sufficiently large to make them impressive. So he appointed N. Le Brun one of a commission to have such models constructed and set up in the Metropolitan Museum.

SEEN FROM THE GALLERY.

The present commission consists of N. Le Brun, A. J. Bloor, and E. H. Kendall. They are all architects. Mr. Willard did not bind them as to the selection of the particular buildings to be restored and modelled. This commission assigned to Pierre Le Brun, the architect, the task of ordering the models made and superintending their construction. That was six years ago, and two or three years ago the models began to come over from Europe, where they are made.

At present four are completed and set up. They are the Parthenon, of Athens; the Arch of Constantine, at Rome; the Monument to Lysicrates, at Athens, and the Butchers' Guilhouse, of Hildesheim. A fifth will be the cathedral of Notre Dame, in Paris. The main elevation of this is set up in the museum. The rest of the model is not yet completed. The Pantheon, now building, is the sixth.

INSIDE THE DOME.

The model of the Pantheon is fourteen feet long, ten feet wide and eight feet high. It was brought here from Paris in over a thousand pieces, and has been here fitted together and built up with the nicest of care. It will be possible, after seeing the outside, to stoop down a little and walk in underneath it. You will then find your head and shoulders within the famous Roman temple, with all its statuary restored, just as it was in the days when men went there to worship. Christ was a young man in his twenties when Rome dedicated this, her most impressive temple, to "all the gods."

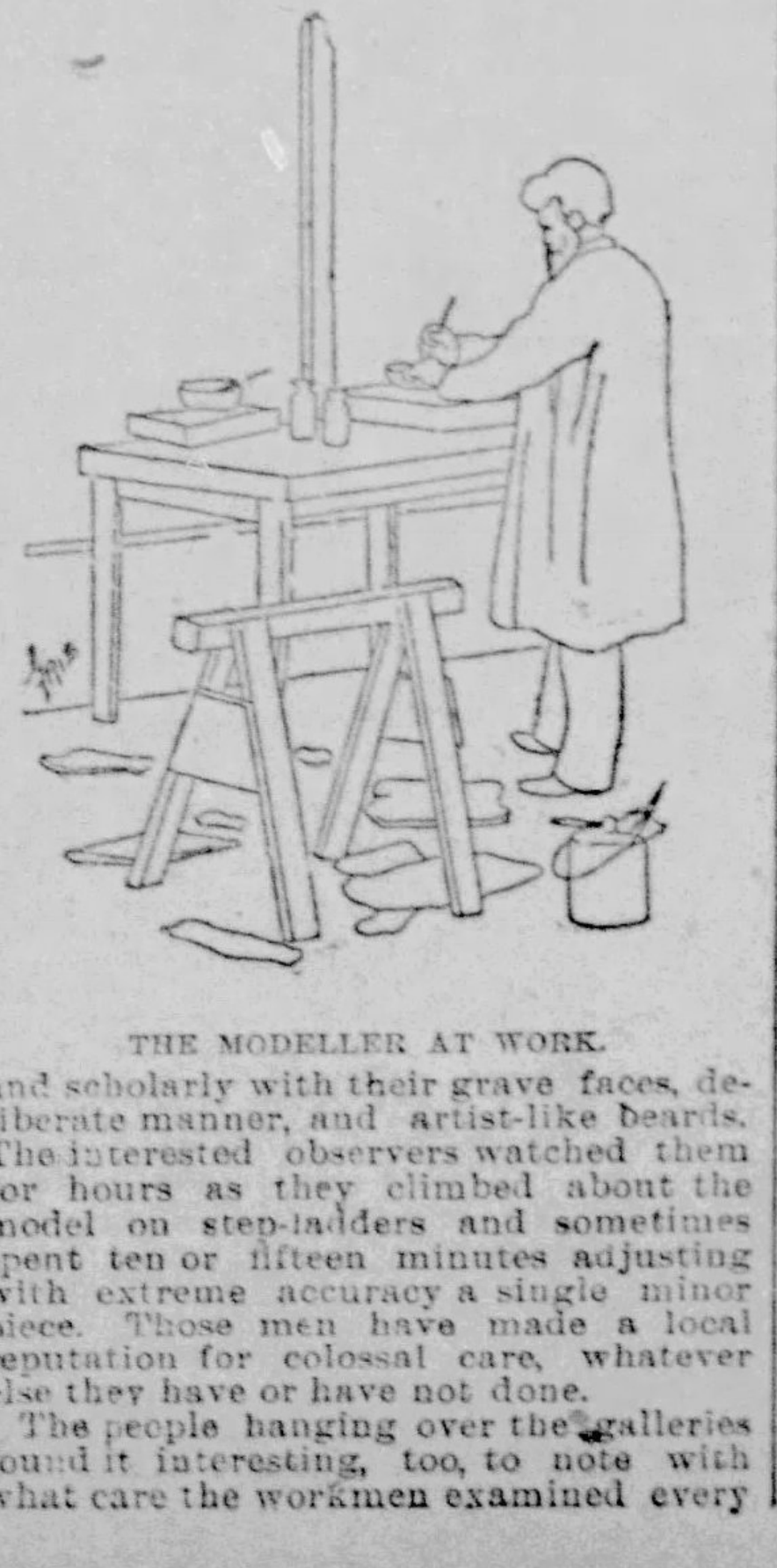
The model is finished both inside and out. The walls are of plaster, the dome of bronze (as is the dome of the original), the floor of colored marbles identical with that of the original, and the columns of granite.

You may stoop under the model and rise up inside of it. Here may be studied to admirable effect the manner in which light is admitted through the round hole in the top of the dome, "that great eye gazing heavenward," as Hawthorne put it. That simple light brings out all the decorated lines and details of the interior with great effect.

Those familiar with the building may study the photographs near by and see how the restoration of the niches within to their original form and height has improved the proportions of the interior. Mr. Poulin, the Parisian sculptor, who executed this work under Chipiez, has literally peopled this Pantheon with the sculptured gods of the ancient world. They fill the niches, pediments, every vantage point within and without, illustrating finely what a human interest is imparted to a building by sculpture, a fact sadly neglected in modern architectural work.

The building of the model Pantheon was an extremely delicate and interesting business. The thousand or more pieces of plaster, granite, marble and bronze, came across the water in boxes, each piece carefully wrapped to protect it from breaking. When the screen was put up and the work begun, these pieces were laid out within reach, each piece marked carefully for identification, in accordance with detailed construction drawings. The model was then a Chinese puzzle, but the key came with it.

The workmen who put the model together looked as if they might have come from Paris with it. They wore long white aprons or blouses at their work, and looked very solemn and scholarly with their grave faces, deliberate manner, and artist-like beards. The interested observers watched them for hours as they climbed about the model on step-ladders and sometimes spent ten or fifteen minutes adjusting with extreme accuracy a single minor piece. Those men have made a local reputation for colossal care, whatever else they have or have not done.



THE MODELLER AT WORK.

The people hanging over the galleries found it interesting, too, to note with what care the workmen examined every seam in the model and went over its surface again and again and yet again with plaster, knife and paint brush, touching up whatever microscopic irregularities they could find.

Then people like to go round to that gallery directly over the model, and look down upon it, and through the hole in the dome into the interior. Sometimes they see men there on their hands and knees, laboriously laying blocks of marble paving. They see majestic arches and niches filled with statues, and altogether they become very anxious for the time to come when this beautiful model will be released from its screen. If the official mystery about the model is for the purpose of arousing curiosity perhaps it may have some merit.

"In addition to the Pantheon," says Mr. Le Brun, "the model of the temple at Karnak will soon be set in position. This model comprises the larger part of the Hypostyle hall, the most magnificent and typical of Egyptian temples. The execution and decorations are all polychromed carefully according to the many indications of color still existing. So anxious was Mr. Chipiez to be correct in the smallest details that he sought the collaboration of that most distinguished Egyptian archæologist, Masdero, in preparing the hieroglyphs on the walls."

DIGNITY BY THE YARD.

How a Dress Train Adds to a Young Lady's Appearance.

The little dainty bit of dignity and suavity of manner that is observable about our girls nowadays is distinctly attributable to trained gowns. The tennis and mountain girl, whose frock comes very little below her boot tops, is frisky and sprightly in her movements; at times she positively hops, and never knows what repose means. But with every inch added to her gown a shade more dignity appears, till with the train comes a manner that entirely transforms the girl.

THE CORRECT POSE WHEN RECEIVING.

The instructress of the fashionable finishing schools for girls, in which Miss Cleveland was a teacher before her brother became President of the United States, shows her appreciation of this fact, for the first thing she does in her deportment classes is to insist on trained gowns.

These deportment classes are sufficiently interesting, by the way. Nothing is taught theoretically. The instruction in entering and leaving a carriage is given at the side of a carriage, and every precept uttered by the instructor is instantly put into practice.

In order to learn the art of receiving and dinner giving, the girls receive and give dinners. They make out menus (under instructions, of course), select their proper wines to accompany each course, superintend the laying of the table when the day comes, and then, attired in the most correct pattern of dinner dress, receive the fortunate young men who have been selected for them to practice on.

They attend the theater and hold charming levees in the school box; are conducted to their carriages and cloaked by appreciative young men—all, of course, in pursuance of the plan of instruction by experience, which is approved in the New York finishing schools.

Very gracious young hostesses they make, these girls, whose hair is probably put up for the first time that evening, and whose only previous experience of a train has been acquired by the old childish trick of a shawl and two big pins. The little extra impressment will wear off in a month or so, but is very sweet while it lasts, and it is a pity that the audience is not more appreciative.

TO-MORROW.

"Ah wait," he cries, "but a little longer,"—
The young eyes glowing with holy fire,—
"And the man through me shall grow purer, stronger;
My words shall echo, my deeds inspire.
It lifts man's soul from its weight of sorrow—
The Good—the Beauty—I dream and plan;
There comes to-morrow, and then to-morrow,
And yet to-morrow, and I a man."

By the cliff whence the waves their gray gloom borrow
The sweetest of sweet-voiced Echoes lay,
And murmured, "To-morrow! To-morrow! To-morrow!"
Was there a thrill of mocking laughter,
Sounding long after,
And dying away?

The swift years speed and his life is Duty;—
Ah, the old-time light in the eyes is dead;—
"I am faithful still to my dream of beauty;
To-morrow, to-morrow is mine!" he said.

By the cliff whence the waves their gray gloom borrow
The sweetest of sweet-voiced Echoes lay,
And murmured, "To-morrow is mine! To-morrow!"
Was there a thrill of mocking laughter,
Sounding long after,
And dying away?

The swift years speed and the light is falling;
The dim eyes turn to the misty west;
The white head droops, and he stands bewailing—
Earth's wearied, dejected, disheartened guest.
"Too late! There will be no morrow's greeting;
Of my grand, great work but the ruined shell;
I have always dreamed, as the years were fleeting,
'There is yet to-morrow!'"—The dark night fell.

By the cliff whence the waves their black gloom borrow
The sweetest of sweet-voiced Echoes lay;
"There is yet to-morrow!" she echoed, "To-morrow!"—
Was there a thrill as of tender sadness,
Changing to gladness,
And dying away?
—[Charlotte W. Thurston, in the Overland.

THE DOMINIE'S FAMILY.

MR. DOMINIE.

He's as long as a rail cut, as thin as a shad,
Cadaverous, solemn and awful to see;
He's convinced that the world has gone plump to the bad,
And all that can save it is his ministree.

MRS. DOMINIE.

She's as short as good pie crust, as plump as a quail,
Is as jolly a woman as ever could be;
She's successful in fields where he'd certainly fail,
And thus reconciles us to his ministree.

MISS DOMINIE.

She's sweeter than sugar, more sparkling than wine,
And all of our hearts she is holding in fee;
For the sake of her smile and her presence divine
Every sermon we hear of her pa's ministree.

MASTER DOMINIE.

He's meaner than pizen, more cussed than Cain,
And all would rejoice were we certain that he
For a billion long years would be bound to remain
A slave to the views of his pa's ministree.

Umbrellas That Will Not be Stolen.

Among recent novelties is a tourist's umbrella which is unique owing to the fact that it is not liable to be stolen. It is made like the ordinary umbrella, except that the handle may be unscrewed and placed in the pocket. In the act of unscrewing it, however, the ribs are automatically locked together and cannot be reopened until the handle is once more screwed in place.

ARE THEY LIKE MONKEYS

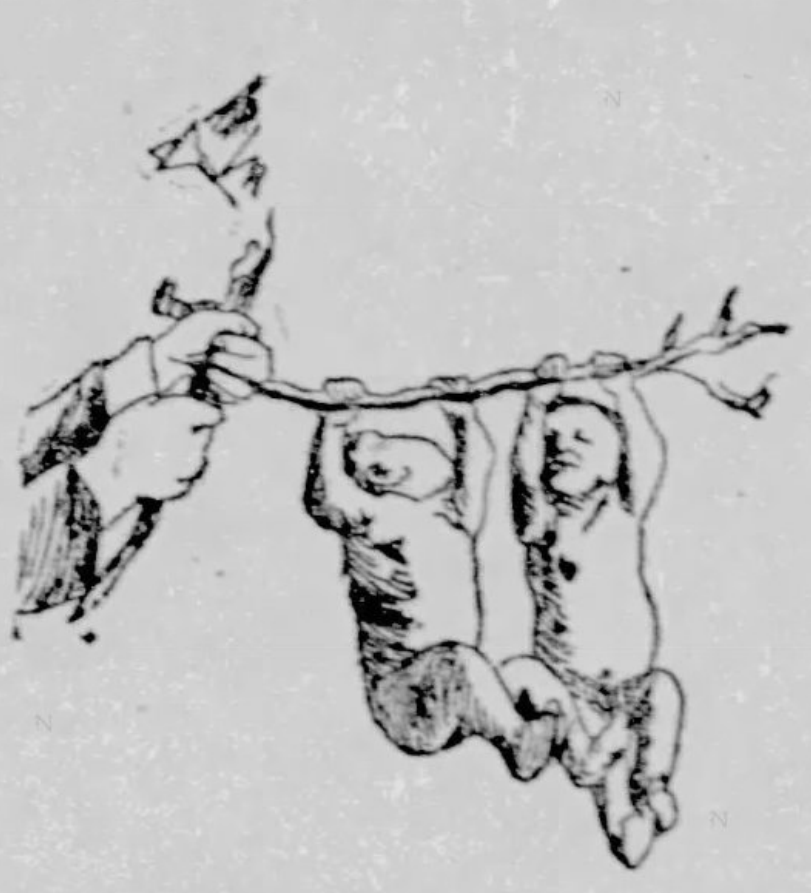
AN EXPERIMENT WITH BABIES.

Wonderful Strength in a Babe's Arm—They Cling With Their Feet, Bite and Strike Like Gorillas, Says a Doctor.

Dr. Louis Robinson, of Lewisham, England, has for the last two or three years devoted considerable time to simultaneous studies of the ape and of the babe. He has written an article entitled "Darwinism in the Nursery" and in a recent interview with a representative of the Pall Mall *Budget* has disclosed many interesting facts as the results of his parallel experiments.

"My experiments were undertaken," said Dr. Robinson, "not to prove anything but simply to get at the knowledge of certain facts and see where they led to.

"Now, everybody knows that in monkeys the power of grip is very fully developed; quadrumana can do anything with their hands and arms, and in cases of danger this power is a chief means of self-preservation. The result of my observation and experiment shows conclusively that every new-born child, unless it is sickly or otherwise imperfectly developed, has a most wonderful power in the flexor muscles of the forearm and will support the whole weight of its body during the first few hours after birth for a period varying from ten seconds to two minutes and a half."

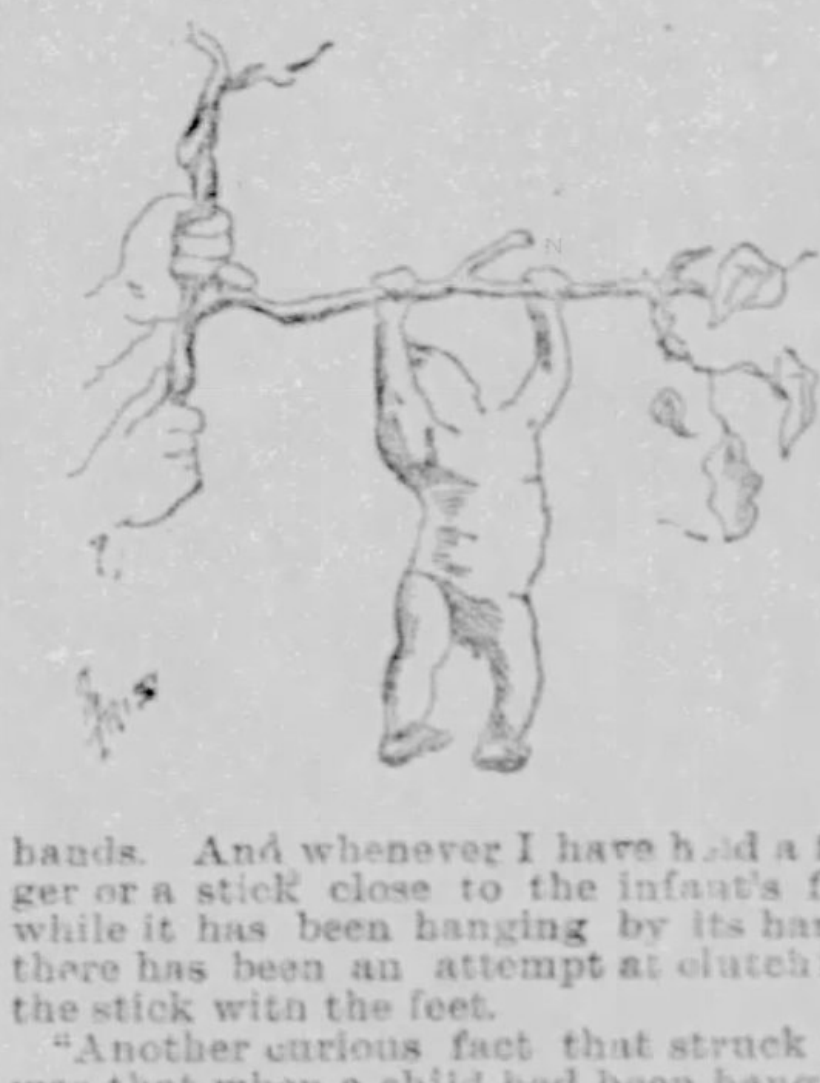


The experiments referred to with the babies, as will be seen by the accompanying illustrations, were photographed, and an inspection of the pictures reveals rows of new-born infants clinging with their tiny hands to sticks, fingers, or branches of trees and with their bodies dangling in mid-air above a saving blanket. One hundred and fifty babies, some of them born within an hour or two, some a few days old, were experimented with. In only two cases they failed to hang by their hands, even the tiniest supporting the weight of its body for ten seconds, most of them much longer. In a few cases they clung to a finger or a stick for two minutes and a half. In the two cases failure was due to other causes than the lack of muscular strength. Dr. Robinson claims that the experiment was not attempted with weak children or those who might be injured by exposure. Every possible precaution was taken to avoid injury. The atmosphere was taken into consideration; a blanket was placed below the child so that when it dropped it dropped on a soft, warm surface. An independent medical man was present and, according to the doctor, will testify that in no single case did the slightest ill effect follow the experiments.

"Singular as it may appear at first thought, there was absolutely no difficulty about obtaining the consent of the mothers, who were, whenever it was possible, present when the experiment was made.

"It is generally supposed that a young infant is an extremely delicate little creature," says this phenomenally courageous amateur scientist, "and that it can be blown away by a breath. This is a great mistake. A healthy infant is in reality a very tough little animal, that can stand a great deal.

"Observe the big toe. I have noticed over and over again that in the case of young infants it is turned outward like a thumb, as in the case of monkeys, whose hind feet are an additional pair of hands. And whenever I have had a finger or a stick close to the infant's feet while it has been hanging by its hands there has been an attempt at clutching the stick with the feet.



"Another curious fact that struck me was that when a child had been hanging by its hands for over a minute—this seems a short period, but just try to hang to a horizontal bar, supporting the weight of your body by your hands only, for a minute or two—it let go more because it wanted to change its position than because it was tired. Sometimes I gave it my finger to clutch as soon as it had dropped on the blanket and I could feel by the energetic grip that the little animal was by no means exhausted."

Dr. Robinson thinks that there are some habits which seem born with children. For instance, a baby will very early—and before it has seen a blow struck—make a gesture of striking when angry and before it is a year-old will use the same open movement of the hand as does a young gorilla. An angry infant of under a year old will bite or threaten to bite spontaneously and always tries to bring its canine teeth to bear. It has also, Dr. Robinson thinks, been plainly shown that there is something like a common, semi-articulate language among infants, the feelings of pain, anger or pleasure finding almost identical expression.

A DRAMATIC EPISODE.

A German Kaiser's Last Interview with Bismarck—An Exciting Scene.

A Swiss paper has received the following interesting particulars on the subject of Prince Bismarck's resignation from a man who is alleged to be initiated into Berlin court secrets as no other has been, and whose information has always proved correct:

On Saturday, March 15, 1890, toward 8 o'clock in the morning, while the Prince was still in bed, he was informed that the Emperor was waiting to see him in Count Herbert Bismarck's apartment in the office of the Secretary of State.

When the Prince entered the room the Emperor received him with the following words, spoken in a tone of the most vehement reproach: "You a short time ago forbade the ministers to make reports directly to me, but I absolutely wish that my ministers present themselves personally to me." "Your Majesty," answered the prince, "by virtue of the law I alone am authorized and charged to make direct reports to your Majesty; this is absolutely necessary if the proceedings of the government are to have a firm and united character. If within the last few weeks some ministers have got into the way of making reports to your Majesty it is in opposition to the law, which gives this right alone to the Chancellor of your Majesty. But as soon as your Majesty orders me I will yield to your wishes and propose a change in the law." "Also in the workman's question," continued William II., still in an excited tone, "my plans meet with your persistent opposition. I look to the measures which I consider useful being carried out thoroughly."

"I do not oppose the improvements which your Majesty thinks of introducing," was the reply, "but my years of experience tell me that some of them need certain modifications which are absolutely necessary, and I shall have the honor of submitting them to your Majesty."

"No, no; no modifications," interrupted the Emperor; "I wish my orders carried out just as I gave them."

The severity of this expression of his will at last exhausted the Prince's calmness. "I think I can precieve that my services are not fortunate enough to please your Majesty," he said, "and that some thoughts exist of getting rid of me." The Emperor here made a confirmatory gesture with his hand; if it was done unknowingly it was not less significant. "In that case there is nothing else for me to do but to hand your Majesty my resignation. I would only like to beg your Majesty to let me remain in office till May, so that I may personally defend the military bill in the Reichstag. I fear my successor would find it difficult to break the opposition in Parliment and carry the bill."

While the Chancellor was speaking the emperor shook his head several times and said at last, "No, no." The Prince bowed without saying a word and waiting for a sign from the Emperor to withdraw. After a few painful moments of silence the Emperor said, still most excitedly: "There is still a word to be said about your mysterious negotiations with Dr. Windthorst. I know you receive him in your house, and I forbid these meetings." But now the Chancellor, who the whole time had kept his temper with the greatest trouble, broke out and said: "I know quite well that for some time I have been surrounded by spies and talebearers, who watch every step I take. It is true, and again I say it is true, that I have invited Dr. Windthorst in order to discuss things with him. But it is not only my right, it is my duty to have communications with skilled politicians, whether they be members of Parliament or not, and nobody, not even your Majesty, will be able to prevent me from doing so." After these words, spoken in the greatest excitement, the Emperor dismissed his Chancellor with a simple movement of the head.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Didn't Seem So.

"I looks like a tramp, ma'am," he said, "but I ain't. I'm a sailor, ma'am. I was wrecked and washed ashore."

"You ain't been washed since, I'll wager," said the unsympathetic woman.

A Thoughtful Employer.

"You say your present boss treats you better than Mr. Smith did?"

"Yis, sorr, and oftener."

The Old Man.

Will—"You say you lost your sweetheart on account of dyspepsia?"

Bill—"Yes."

Will—"Which of you had it?"

Bill—"Neither. It was the old man. And he was suffering terribly the day I asked him for his daughter."

To Avoid Contamination.

"See that idiot looking at the chorus through the large end of his opera glasses."

"He is not an idiot. That is the Rev. Dr. Sampkins. He is trying to get the chorus as far from him as possible."

Not Flattery.

She—"I don't like flattery. Please don't flatter me, Charlie."

He—"When I tell you that you are the best girl in the world that isn't flattery—(*sotto voce*)—It's a lie."—[The Epoch.

To Take Out Tar.

Rub repeatedly with spirits of turpentine.

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HOME TALKS.

AFTER CHRISTMAS, THE NEW YEAR.

Present-Giving Over, What Remains to the Givers—Excitement Sometimes Makes Captives of Us All—What of the New Year.

Christmas has come and gone.

Well what of it? It comes and goes every year with just the the same experiences, just the same flying about of people looking here and there, most of them trying to make twenty-five cents do duty for fifty, some counting their purchases into the hundreds of dollars, others clasping close the two or three which have been taken out of a meager pittance to pay for the gifts that give to loved ones a Christmas pleasure. What an eager, earnest, intense look there was in many of the faces as the possibilities were studied! What a suppressed excitement in the air, and there were bundles upon bundles greeting the eyes at every forward step. One could not help speculating upon the amount of happiness, of material joy each one represented, and then of the great aggregate.

It is all over now.

The Christmas of 1891 has gone to join the long procession of the past, which stretches adown the centuries to the little town in Judea where, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, a Christ came into the world to give to all who would receive them glad tidings of great joy—tidings of the possibilities which the Infinite had given in the beginning to the human race, but from whom the knowledge of them had seemed to pass utterly away.

It is all over now—the rush, the hurry, the glad anticipation, the happy surprise, of the Christmas of 1891, and the New Year of 1892 is near its dawn. And to-day I am wondering whether the measure of joy is fuller than the measure of regret and disappointment. Alas, that such things do come when all should be glad and gay! With the excitement gone the day of reckoning arrives. And if in counting over, as many will have to do, the cost of Christmas giving, not alone in mere dollars and cents, but in labor done, and perhaps duties neglected that the lovely presents may be finished, the hasty words spoken resulting from nervous hurry, and which can never be recalled—if, in thinking this all over the conviction comes that the balance falls upon the wrong side, it will be an opportunity for a lesson to be learned to last a lifetime.

Of one thing I am certain. It requires a greater effort to gather the moral courage to resist a generous impulse, to say to one's self it cannot be done when to do would be such a pleasure, than any amount of self-denial demands. It is a great deal easier for many people to be generous than to be just. Paying debts is simply what is expected. It is not considered a thing especially meritorious, but the giving to another the pleasure of possessing something desired has in it a self-gratification that is sometimes dangerous, for it leads to expenditures that cannot be afforded and must, therefore, be regretted.

I could not held thinking of this the other day while standing in one of the leading jewelry establishments of the city looking around at the eager groups who were examining various articles; absorbed in the effort to decide whether they had found what they had wanted, or, if they had, whether they could pay its price or not. It was curious to hear the bits of conversation that one could not help catching. "It costs a good deal," one man said to his wife, "but I guess we had better take it. We want to give something handsome if we give anything and it can be charged."

Yes, it can be charged, but when the settling time comes in the New Year, as come it must, how large the dollars will look that the gift represents. Not that I mean to say, its giving will always be regretted, but that after the excitement is all over, the pleasure enjoyed, the cost seems out of proportion to what has been gained.

I asked the proprietor if this holiday business was generally cash, and was assured that it was not so by any means. There were thousands of dollars upon his books that represented gifts exchanged, and what is his experience is doubtless, repeated in every other place of business. Of course the recipients do not know that these beautiful presents have not been paid for, but often and often they do know what they may not acknowledge even to themselves, that the givers could not afford such an expenditure.

The New Year comes, then, to such persons burdened with what should not belong to it. Into its days must be carried what belonged to the old year, and what should have been left there. Necessity knows no law, but Christmas giving may not be classed among necessities, and when it involves extravagance, it is as much of a wrong as is a selfish disregard of the pleasures and happiness of others.

What ought to govern the observance of the beautiful season when the heart should overflow with good will toward all humanity, is to give nothing except what can be offered freely and gladly, and what can be paid for when purchased, or as soon as the bill is rendered. Never run into debt for what should be only a token of good will and kind remembrance. We may deny ourselves as much as we choose in order to show our loving regard for our friends, but to give away what is not paid for, and for which we do not yet know whence the money is coming, takes all the heart, all the sentiment, all the true meaning ay from the gift, for a single backward look or thought of regret destroys it all. There is no one of any sensibility but would resent an offering apparently of love or friendship which was grudgingly given or momentarily regretted.

For the world I would not have the exchange of Christmas tokens done away with. It is a beautiful custom, that of thus saying to those we care for, but to whom the hurrying, absorbing duties of the year have prevented the showing of what is in our hearts for them, that they are remembered and loved as always. And there is no more fitting time to offer these tokens than upon the day that celebrates the coming of the One whose love for humanity was boundless. But I would have the custom so divested of all show, of all selfishness, of all vanity, of all extravagance, that there could be no looking backward, no regrets, no reproaches, nothing to mar the memory of what should be simply a well spring of pleasure. I would have dismissed from it all thought of obligation—it should never enter into either the giving or receiving at this time—and above all things nothing that pertains to it should go as a burden into the New Year.

The New Year! There is always something in the very words that induces the thought of new things, new hopes, new aspirations. We enter upon it all unknowing what the unfolding of its wings may bring to us, but "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and so we dream of wonderful possibilities of pleasure and prosperity. To some there will be no realization in a material way—alas, that the outlook is so often only towards the material—but happily of that we do not know.

One possibility there is for each and every one of us that may be realized, if we will, no matter what of pain and misfortune may fall into the year's cup of life. It is that of spiritual growth, the conquering of Self, the strengthening of higher aspirations. It is a forward step in learning "to rule our own spirit," the hardest of all the hard things to do in our progress towards the perfect life. This possibility, nothing but our own failure to grasp it, can take away, and happy indeed will they be who, in the year almost at its dawn, shall make it a glorious and permanent reality.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Economy of Time.

IN TIMES of peace, prepare for war"—is a bit of advice that, with variations, fits in admirably on many occasions, and upon none more suitably than the holiday time. We see so many pretty things now that are given as presents, and we think that another year we will make them for those who have so much admired them, and who were not fortunate enough to receive them. But, Alas! before Christmas of next year we have forgotten how they were made or to whom we intended to give them, and we are in just the same hurry and uncertainty as ever. A great assistance and saver of time, temper and trouble in such matters is to have a "Christmas" trunk, or, if you have it to spare, a wide shelf in a closet, high enough to be out of reach of little hands, and then, when you see or think of something you think would be appropriate for some particular person, make a note of it, and in the odd moments that we all have during the year, these articles can be made and placed on this shelf. If a friend comes to lunch with you, and expresses her admiration of your especially nice pickles, remember when you make those pickles next summer to put a bottle of them on the "Christmas shelf" for her. You will take much more interest in making a bit of knit or crocheted lace, during the summer afternoon, when all labor is burdensome, if you know that there is a garment lying folded on that shelf, waiting for this lace to finish it. When an article is completed, do it up in a neat parcel; mark it with the name of the one for whom it is intended, and cross it from your list of work to be done, and when Christmas of '92 comes, you will find your friends all provided for, and you will hardly know when you have had time to do so much. Let all who will try this plan call it the HOUSEHOLD Christmas shelf, or box, or whatever you choose, and next year give their opinions of the plan.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

SACHETS.—A set of these makes a very pretty present for a friend who likes to have her clothes possess a faint odor that can only be produced by the continued presence of it in the bureau drawers. Make them of pieces of silk in different forms but of one color or the varied shades of the same color. Small bags with a layer of cotton put in them sprinkled with sachet powder, the ends fringed out and the strings to draw them up placed just below, are pretty. Make them of four sizes and letter each one with gold paint, putting on some quaint motto to correspond with the place it is to go whether among handkerchiefs, gloves, skirts or night dresses.

These sachets are sometimes made large enough to place in closets where dresses are to be hung, or to put in the skirts of dresses. They may then be covered with silkolene. Or, what is still more sensible, they may be covered with linen embroidered in gay colors.

AN APRON BAG.—A pretty and useful apron-bag is made in the shape of an apron gathered into a band, with hooks at each end to fasten it to the waist when in use. A bag of this kind would be a capital present to a stout, short-limbed lady who has no extent of "lap" worth talking about, and whose needlework is apt to slip off in a most exasperating manner. A breadth of silk or muslin, two and a half yards in length, is turned up to the depth of half a yard, and the sides are sewn together. The top is simply gathered into a narrow band, while bows of ribbon to match finish the corners.

A PRETTY ORNAMENT.—Get several different colors of narrow ribbon, say yellow, pink and blue. Cut them in varying lengths, from a half-yard to a quarter. Along the edges sew little bells and also upon the ends. Fasten these together at the top and finish with a full cluster of loops. It makes a very pretty thing to suspend from any convenient point in a room.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k. knit; p. purl or seam; p 2 tog. purl two together; n. narrow; s and b, slip and bind, tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr. treble; sh c, short crochet.

BED SOCK.—Materials: Three ounces of white wool; four needles, No. 15. Cast on 24 st. On each of 3 needles p 2, k 2, alternately, for 24 rounds; then k 2½ in. pl, purling the center st on one needle for the back seam; divide the sts in half, arrange 36 on one needle, the back seam in the center, and 36 on the other two needles. Now form the heel by knitting the loops on one needle for 3⅜ in. more in length, narrowing in the last three rows on each side of the seam. K to the seam st, double the heel, and cast off. Take up the sts on each side of the third needle, increasing by making a st after every 4th; k these sts with those on the instep, narrowing at each side in every alternate round for 26 rounds. K 3⅜ in. more for the foot; then narrow for the toe as follows: K 2 tog 2 sts from the beginning and end of each of the side needles, till reduced to a point.

CROCHET SCHOOL BAG.—This very convenient and handsome bag is made in saddle-bag shape and will hold books, slate-book, pencils and all school furnishings in either end, a convenient opening being left in the center, connecting the two ends. It may be hung over the arm or shoulder. A small strap may be placed at the top of each compartment connected by a stout handle, which will prevent the possibility of any article falling out. The bag is to be made of fine macrame cord in two colors, gray and blue, and to be worked with a small bone crochet needle. Commence with the gray cord, make a ch of 25 sts, and work around on both sides of the ch in s c, widening at the ends. Then four rows more in the same st, taking up alternately 1 st in the outside vein and 1 st in the inside. Join the blue cord, 2 t c in 1 s c, 1 ch, miss 2 s c; repeat around. Join the gray, 2 t c in st under the ch of blue in the s c made in gray, 1 ch, miss 2 t c of blue; repeat alternately the gray and the blue until a piece eleven inches in length is made. Then in the center of one of the sides leave the opening and work back and forth in rows in the same manner as before, until eight inches more are made, join the ends and work the other portion, going round as the first, finishing off the ends with s c done as at the other end. Work in sl st the two sides together to join the end. This being very strong will not require a lining. Each end may be ornamented by three tassels made of the gray and blue.

Correspondence:

JEAN HUNT TELLS OF ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL MADE-OVER.—I have just finished a dress of which I feel justly proud. It is a black, chantilly lace, over rich black silk, and is trimmed with jet and gold ornaments. It is an evening suit, made with plain, silk skirt, finished with a deep pleating around the bottom; over this is a full skirt of lace flouncing, draped up on the left side a very little, and the drapery held in place by a rich jet and gold bead ornament. The waist is cut pointed front and back, and a lace flounce sewed to the bottom, and over the joining is a row of narrow jet and gold passementerie.

A Medici collar finishes the neck, and it is overlaid with one of jet and gold. The waist and sleeves are covered with lace, the sleeves have deep cuffs of passementerie and two full puffs of lace above, the puffs being separated by a narrow row of the trimmings.

The lace has done duty as an evening dress for several years, but always over light colored silks. I wanted it over black this winter, but did not feel that I could afford a new silk, and my second best I could not spare.

While in Boston a few weeks since I happened into a store where they were selling remnants of light, soiled silks very cheap, but none contained over eight yards, and there were no two of the same color. I selected two of the same quality, one seven yards of light drab, the other five yards of a yellowish grey. Neither were pretty to look upon, but I saw great possibilities in them.

One fine morning, armed with several packages of diamond dye black for silk, (not without some misgivings I will admit), I dyed my silk. I did not wring it for fear of crocking the silk, but hung it up direct from the tub, pinning it along one selvage every foot or so. I covered two curtain poles smoothly with old muslin, and just before the silk was dry, I sewed one end to the pole and carefully rolled the silk, having a friend to hold the silk straight, and slightly pulled it. The next day it was ironed, although it was smooth. It looked well enough to wear without the lace covering.

Now about the jet and gold ornaments. I had lots of jet ones, but I wanted jet and gold. I selected what I wanted to use, got out my gold paint and a fine brush, and after an hour's work had added the gold to the jet. I was very careful not to touch any of the beads except the ones I wanted to be gold. In the evening they look very pretty. This was my first experience to amount to anything, with black dye for silk, and I am very much pleased with the result, and think that almost any color can be dyed black. In washing or dyeing silks never wring them, but roll them tightly over a roller before they are dry. This same dye is good to renew laces or fish net, or to dye cream Spanish lace.—JEAN HUNT.

Correspondence Clippings.

It seems from what Florence Eustis writes that she misunderstands my letter, so I shall try to make myself better understood. I do not think that people want their children to do wrong. I believe that everybody wishes to see their children do well. But when we see young boys and girls scarcely past their childhood days spending their evenings out and coming home at will, choosing their entertainments and companions to suit themselves, surely this is out of place for such young and inexperienced persons, and shows a thoughtlessness on the part of parents. These young people must have amusements, and the parents who do not provide entertainments for them hardly do right by their children. They should have each other's society, but should not be allowed the freedom in life which belongs to people old enough to discern right from wrong. If parents have not kept control over their children until they arrive at this age, it is doubtful if they can ever control them then, but this should not be the case. In governing children, I would advocate kindness always, but always be firm.

Yes, I sincerely believe the breaking of one commandment is as hard as the breaking of another.

As to being kind to people's children when they fall, I shall try to be kind to everybody always.

I think that Miss Bouton is just right in what she says in her article on "Man versus Animals." Who has not seen animals and insects cruelly treated, and in many cases merely for the pleasure of their tormentors? The Iowa woman is right, too; babies are human beings, and as such they should be treated. We should have as much regard for their feelings and welfare, as we do for those of older people.

We should also be more careful how we speak of those ladies termed "old maids." No doubt there are many girls who have been, and many more who will be, driven into marriage which brings to them misery for all their lives to come, and marriages which bring nothing but sin and wretchedness into the world, from the fear of being looked upon in the light way in which so many people regard unmarried ladies. We will be held to account for the influence our every word and action will have upon others. Look around us where we will we find among these maiden ladies many of the noblest types of pure womanhood. When people will regard these ladies in their true light, according to the lives they live, then girls will be more careful about hastening into marriage, they will take more care that it will bring them happiness instead of misery.—ALICE.

Inquiries.

Will some one tell me something about the White Cross society? I think I would like to become a member of it.—BONNIE BEE.

Can some one tell me how to prepare hair oil, such as is used by barbers? And will some one tell me how to free my skin from flesh worms, and make it smooth and clear?—NATHAN O.

Will some one send directions for crocheting a gentleman's necktie—the number of silk and the amount required?—A. R. Y.

Will some one send directions for making a pretty cigar-holder—one to be carried in the coat pocket?—EMMA.

Are all the letters on easy housekeeping to be published in THE BLADE?

I, for one, would be very glad if it could be done, as I think many profitable suggestions would thus be given us from different sources.—SMILAX.

We intend to publish all letters on this subject as fast as possible, in the HOUSEHOLD. There is very much to be learned from each of them, as they represent the views of housekeepers from nearly every state in the Union, and in nearly every station in life.—ED.

Will some one tell me who gives the names to the different towns as they are settled, and to the counties and states also?—HENRY S. THOMPSON.

Will some one send names of some of the latest songs in shee tmusic? also the price if possible. Nothing silly wanted—JEAN HUNT.

Answers to Inquiries.

To Mrs. J. E. W., and others who have sent kind words and good wishes, and also to all of the great band of HOUSEHOLD friends, the editor desires to return thanks for the assistance they have given during the year, in making this page of THE BLADE so interesting, and for the encouraging and cheering words they have sent to her personally. For each one she wishes the best of Christmas blessings, and that the New Year may bring to them peace and prosperity.

George E.:—It is customary for the lady to take the gentleman's arm, but if she is his wife, and prefers, for instance, to keep both hands in her muff, it will be the evident duty of the gentleman to take her arm, if she needs his support or protection. Usually this is not needed except in the evening, but it is allowable in the day time if the circumstances should require it.

Carroll A. Burnap:—The question as to whether it is "lawful" to open a public school by reading the Testament or repeating the Lord's prayer, depends upon what kind of a board of education you have; whether it is "right," depends upon the conscience of the people who send to the school.—A. J. M.

Please tell "Anxious Mother" that I saw a case of whooping cough cut short, and there was no more trouble for the child, with what a German woman called black radish and rock candy. I think it must have been what some call winter radish. Dig out a good-sized hole in the center of radish, fill with rock candy, and bake. Give the patient a teaspoonful once in a while. It worked like magic.

I will also say that strong ammonia water will take out iron rust, from colored fabrics, and not injure the color. It might also remove it from white goods. I used it experimentally, not knowing what to do; the rust had been on for several weeks, and it left the dress free from rust. Ammonia water will take blood stains out of any fabric, by soaking.—MRS. PARIS.

If Robert Berner will take a cotton cloth wet in water, hot or cold, as he likes best, lay it at the base of the brain on the back of the neck, then pin a double flannel over it, it will produce sleep. If this should fail, though it seldom does, treat the calves of the legs in the same way. I have caused my husband many a night's sleep by this treatment.

A certain cure for catarrh is to take sumac, peal the outside bark off the limbs or body of the tree, then scrape off the green or inside bark and dry it. Smoke this in a clay pipe, letting the smoke come out through the nostrils. Use it three or four times a day till cured.—B. E. L.

Aunt Olive:—This is said to be a sure cure for dyspepsia. Take less than an even teaspoonful of pulverized golden seal whenever you feel the need of an aid to digestion. Though for many years you must be careful what you eat. By the use of this you will soon find you can eat anything you wish to.—MRS. G. M. D.

Christmas and New Year Menus.

We give this week two menus for Christmas or New Year's dinners, in order that all may be suited. The first is one within the reach of families of moderate means, while the second one will answer for those who do not so much mind the expense:

MENU NO. 1.

Cream of Celery Soup.
Roasted Chicken. Oyster Stuffing.
Cranberry Sauce.
Mashed Potatoes. Creamed Turnips.
Cold Slaw.
Mince Pie. Pumpkin Pie. Cranberry Tart.
Cheese. Coffee.

MENU NO. 2.

Blue Points on the Half Shell.
Clear Soup with Rice.
Roasted Turkey. Chestnut Stuffing.
Grape Jelly.
Potatoe Croquettes. Peas. Sweet Corn.
Cauliflower.
Celery Salad. Mayonnaise Dressing.
Cheese Fingers.
English Plum Pudding. Hard Sauce.
Nuts. Fruit. Confectionery. Raisins.
Black Coffee.

Recipes.

SOYER'S CHRISTMAS PUDDING.—Four oz. stoned raisins; 4 oz. sultanas; ½ lb. well cleaned currants; ½ lb. beef suet, chopped fine; 2 oz. powdered sugar; 2 oz. flour; ½ lb. bread crumbs; 12 almonds, blanched and chopped fine; ½ nutmeg, grated; 2 oz. citron; the peel of ½ of a lemon, chopped fine. Prepare all of these things separately, then mix in a large pan, add 4 eggs and ½ gill of brandy. Mix thoroughly the evening before wanted, and let stand, closely covered, over night. In the morning add ½ gill of milk, butter your mold, put on the cover and let it boil gently for 2½ hours. Orange juice may be substituted for brandy by those who object to the use of liquor.

SAUCE FOR CHRISTMAS PUDDING.—Put 1 tablespoonful of butter and 1 of flour into a sauce pan, mix thoroughly and cook without browning. Add ½ pt. of boiling water, stir continually till it boils; take from the fire and add the juice of ½ a lemon, 1 tablespoonful of butter and ½ teaspoonful of almond, or any prepared extract.

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING—(For "Illinois Pet")—1 lb. of raisins, stoned and chopped fine; 1 lb. of currants, and 1 lb. of citron; 1 lb. of beef suet, chopped very fine; 1 lb. of crushed sugar; ¾ lb. of flour; 1 tablespoonful of salt; 1 teaspoonful of ground ginger; 1 teaspoonful of allspice; ½ teaspoonful of ground cloves; 8 eggs, the whites of six to be omitted; 1 gill of fine brandy, and 1 gill of fine sherry. Mix the ingredients thoroughly with the hands, then add the eggs well beaten, the grated rind of 1 lemon, and the brandy and sherry, thoroughly mixing all together. If for one large pudding, it will require ten hours incessant boiling, if made into two, six hours will be required. Butter the cloth well, then sprinkle well with flour, and tie tightly. As the success of the pudding depends upon its boiling steadily the whole time, it must be filled up with boiling water as it boils away. Let it stand five minutes out of the water before it is turned out of the cloth. The ingredients should be mixed the night before boiling. This pudding will keep (in a cool, dry place) six months or a year, and has a finer flavor when a month old than when first boiled. It has been an heirloom in an old English family for more than a century, and is unequalled.—MRS. LOU BOYD.

We shall be glad to have the recipes you mention.—[ED.

SPONGE CAKES—One cupful of fine, granulated sugar; 3 eggs; ¾ teaspoonful lemon extract. Beat sugar, yolks and flavoring together till very foamy; then add 7 tablespoonfuls very hot, but not quite boiling water. Beat again, adding gradually 1½ teaspoonfuls baking powder, mixed with 1½ cups sifted flour; then stir in lightly and quickly the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth.

Bake ¾ of an hour, or until it will not stick to a broom splint; the tin should be deep enough, so the cake can be covered with a thick white paper the first 10 minutes.—J. M. R.

Johnnie's Opinion.

Now when the small boy's heart is glad,
He says, and he believes with cause:
"How happy would I be if dad
Were half so kind as Santa Claus."

Sudden Changes of Weather cause Throat Diseases. There is no more effectual remedy for Coughs, Colds, etc., than BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cts.

WAYS TO ENTERTAIN.

OLD-FASHIONED GAME REVIVED.

Progressive Anagrams—They May Be Played in Two Ways—Robin Hood's Reception.

Progressive Anagrams.

The game of anagrams is a very old one, and has always been a favorite. It requires as many alphabets of letters as there are players. The latter should be seated at small square tables. Each table has a leading word, the letters of which are placed in four piles in front of the players, who at a given signal proceed to form it, and then to form as many more as possible out of the same letters. At the end of a certain time, say ten minutes, a signal is given for work to stop, tally is taken by those who have been appointed for the purpose, the letters are mixed up again, the players of table No. 1 pass on to No. 2 and so on, those at the last one going to No. 1. These changes may be made until the time allowed for the playing has expired, at which time refreshments may be served, and immediately after the number of words each one has formed should be read, the one who has the most receiving the prize, if prizes are given, and the one who has the least, getting the booby prize.

The game may be played at a long table, each player forming a word, then mixing the letters, pushing it on to his neighbor to re-form. When the word is guessed or the time is up the letters should be returned to the one who gave the word, and others given in the same way. Played thus there is no changing of places, but the game is to see who guesses the most. Of course an ingenious hostess may vary these arrangements in any way her fancy pleases.

Robin Hood's Reception.

Usually it is the ladies of the church or society that organize and carry out the entertainments for "raising the wind," but here is one for the other sex to manage—with some assistance (of course) from their fair friends.

If the reception is held in a hall of sufficient size, two-thirds of it should be divided lengthwise into alleys four feet wide, the divisions to be made with the wire-fencing used to enclose chicken yards; fastened to uprights resting on foot pieces nailed to the floor to keep them steady. These divisions must be well covered with evergreens, and will make nice retired spots for promenaders. The remaining third of the room, should have the walls well hidden with the evergreen.

Across the end should be as artistic an arrangement of the green, as it is possible to have, on which are to be hung, in positions of more or less prominence, oranges, bananas, red and green apples and small round turnips.

The committee must be prepared with a number of small bows, with light arrows, gaily feathered, and tipped with tacks.

The guests may choose sides, each one having as many chances to shoot as they will pay for; and a prize may be offered the side making the most "counts," the object being to hit some one of the various "fruits" on the tree. An orange being large and conspicuous, should count but one; a banana two; a red apple five; a green one ten; and the turnips—being harder to hit—25.

The tack in the arrow-head will hold it (when the fruit is hit), so there need be no uncertainty as to the "counts."

In addition to the above named prize, others may be offered the archer making the greatest number of counts in a given number of shots—to the lady scoring the greatest number of points during the evening, to the gentleman making the greatest number of "miss-shots," etc.

The floor must be entirely covered with dark green paper cambric (the slippery side down). Ordinary furniture is to be tabooed—the nearest approach to it being rustic benches, chairs and tables, while moss-covered logs and stumps should be placed in convenient corners for the use of the "promenaders." Refreshments of a "pick-nicky" order are to be served by "Maid Marian" and her attendant "Alice."

"Robin Hood," "Little John," "Scarlet," "Much, the Miller's Son" and "Friar Tuck" are to be the Reception committee, and must find their costumes in some history of the "Merrie Outlaw." If more attendants are desirable, they also must wear "the green."

"Allan-a-dale," a "wandering minstrel," may be introduced with good effect, and many minor attractions will doubtless suggest themselves, but all should be in keeping with the main feature of the entertainment.

If the hall or room is a small one, the "alleys" may be omitted, the walls only being hidden by evergreen, and the space thus left free may be utilized for dancing.

A GREAT MISTAKE.

Not at All Like Theosophy in Its Teachings.

THE telegram from California published recently in regard to the so-called religious school founded by Thomas Lake Harris, and of which we have already heard much of in the life of the brilliant Lawrence Oliphant by his cousin Margaret Oliphant, renders a recent editorial by Mrs. Annie Besant in a late number of *The Lucifer* of exceeding interest. It was called forth by a sermon of Dr. Stanton Coit's who seemed to imagine that Theosophy and Mr. Harris had something in common. This she most emphatically denies, showing how upon the one hand the sex idea is the prominent one in the Harris school; how in his writings it is kept uppermost; how his teachings are all of a super-sensuous kind making his very heaven a voluptuous orgie, conveying an insidious poison, while pretending to teach spirituality. The teachings of Theosophy on the other hand is towards the destruction of the sex-instinct, the doing away of all sense impressions arising from the distinction of sex. Mrs. Besant says that "the mysticism of the East regards sex as a mere temporary expression on the physical plane of the 'pairs of opposites' which will disappear when the present physical phase is over and done with." The Harris school teaches sensuality; Theosophy the most exalted morality, the two being as far apart as the poles of the starry heavens.

ROOM FOR THE IMAGINATION.

[The ultra elegant woman with the unlimited bank account buys the Bernhardt stocking extension with an annexed district that does duty as an undervest and other sacred garments which shall be nameless. These stockings begin at the toes and are gartered about the neck or shoulders.—Daily Paper.]

I asked my Murilla if Christmas eve
She hung by the chimney her stocking;
She frowned sweetly stern, as she coldly replied
That she thought such a question was shocking;
But when I had vowed I would fill it up full,
Regardless of depth or dimension,
She blushingly said: "You will rue your rash vow,
For I wear a Bernhardt extension."
—[The Smiler.

Ate a China Egg.

Henry Earickson, colored, killed a big snake—as he called it, "a cow snake"—on the creek bank below town last Sunday, and, noticing a lump in the body of the snake, he cut it open, when out rolled a china nest egg. His snakeship had evidently been feeding on fresh eggs, and by mistake had swallowed the nest-egg, which stayed with him, as it had been in his stomach so long that it had become spongy, and was circled with a number of little grooves. John Seibel is carrying the curiosity.

To Remove Freshly-spilt Ink.

Take up as much as possible of the ink with a teaspoon. Then pour cold milk on the spot and take up as before; repeat until the milk is only slightly tinged with black. Then rinse with cold water and dry with cloth, rubbing lightly.

—A humorous fact about Hood's Sarsaparilla—it expels bad humor and creates good humor. Be sure to get Hood's.

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

FIFTY THOUSAND!

Must Belong to Our Temperance Legion.

It is now almost the closing of eighteen hundred and ninety-one, and the time for each and every one of us to decide whether we have done all that we could during the year for the good cause of temperance. Have THE BLADE boys and girls been working with all of their might to add to the number of those who belong to the "Temperance Legion?" There should be fifty thousand members at the very least, by the time the World's Fair opens. This will take work—earnest, heartfelt work—work that is pushed with the zeal and energy which come from a desire to aid humanity. You can all help in the good cause. Be up and doing. Let this be your watchword: Fifty thousand members in our Temperance Legion when the World's Fair opens!

For the Young Folks.

THE NIGHT BEFORE XMAS.

COMPOSED BY MRS. L. E. SHUMAKER.

'Twas the night before Xmas, and throughout the great house
The children were sleeping, as still as a mouse;
A deep silence reigned, unbroken by noise,
While the now silent brood dreamed of candy and toys;
And a long row of stockings, some large and some small,
Were placed so old Santa could with a glance see them all.
And soon overhead, right onto the shingles,
Came a musical sound of chime and of jingles.

'Twas the sleigh bells on Santa's tiny reindeer so fleet,
That had traveled so far thro' the cold, frost and sleet.
With a whisk and a bound they flew over the roof,
And the musical clatter of sleigh bells and hoof
Soon came to a stop by the old chimney tall,
And Santa came down with a huge sack of all
The nice things he knew would delight
The frolicsome brood of children so bright,

Who would wake in the morn, as gay as a lark,
And grope for their stockings, while yet it was dark.
Old Santa came down (as I said once before),
And smiled as he counted the stockings before
He started to fill them with "goodies" so nice.
But soon it was done, and then in a trice,
With a whisk and a flutter, he was soon out of sight
As he flew up the chimney and out in the night.

And when into his sleigh he picked up his lines
And away flew the reindeer, with musical chimes
Of sleighbells, which tinkled on the cold frosty air
As if they knew of the happiness old Santa left there.
Next morning, the children, all merry and bright,
Sprang out of their beds before it was light,
And ran to their stockings; and oh! what a lot
Of candies and dollies, and books, each one got.

And of whistles and skates and toys, dogs and cats,
And horses and pigs and little mice fat,
'Tis needless to say that all the day long
The old house re-echoed with laughter and song.

THE NIGHT AFTER XMAS.

The night after Xmas the lights were all out
And silence once more reigned within and without;
After a day spent in frolic, and laughter and glee,
The children were in bed as still as could be.

When suddenly was heard a shriek, loud and shrill,
From the children's bed-room, which before was so still.
The father sprang out of his bed in affright,
And hastily seizing a match, struck a light,

And rushed to the chamber, filled with children so dear;
The mother following, her heart filled with fear.
They opened the door, and were greeted with cries
And groans from the children, who with tears in their eyes,
Said, "Oh! father, how my stomach does ache,
I think I have eaten too much of that cake,
And turkey and pickles and jelly and mince pie;
Do go for a doctor, or I surely will die."

The father soon jumped into most of his clothes,
But put on his shoes without any hose
And down to the doctor's he quickly did hie,
"Oh! doctor, do come or my children will die."
The doctor soon came with his saddle-bags filled
With syrups and powders, and boxes of pills,
And worked all the night and part of the next day,
And presented his bill, and then went away.

Father looked at the bill, and did grumble and sputter,
While his good wife flew round in a comical flutter
And said as she looked at her children, so dear,
"I am glad Xmas comes only once in the year."

A NEW YEARS GIFT

That a Brave Boy Tries to Find for His Mother.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

He was a slender, fragile-looking boy, not more than seven years old, and very unlike the sturdy little fellows that he saw running up and down the sidewalk, and who sometimes came and peered through the fence into the small yard where he was playing. They would often ask him to come out, and oh! how he longed to go; but his mother had told him that she did not want him to play with strange boys, so he would shake his head and go on with his games. Frequently they would call him names and tell him that he was afraid to come, but if he did not they would climb the fence and whip him harder than he was ever whipped before. Then he would turn his great brown eyes upon them and stand as if waiting, never saying a word. There was something in his face—it would be hard to say just what it was—that made them stop talking and go away, though they could never tell you why they did so. And then he would go on with whatever he was doing, wondering to himself though why his mother never wanted him to play with boys, and why she always looked so sorry when he would tell her, as he sometimes did, that he wished he could go out upon the street and see the wonderful things that he occasionally got a glimpse of when he went out with her on business. It did not often happen though that he talked about these things. Generally he was content to stay at home, helping all that he could and playing with the few playthings that he possessed and which he had had ever since he could remember.

He thought his mother was the most beautiful woman in the world. Indeed, he believed that she looked like the angels which she sometimes told him about, who dwelt in the far country which was yet, she said, so very near. And for the world he would not do anything which he thought she did not want him to. It was pretty hard at times, for temptations to wrong come to everybody, but he had a brave spirit, and he loved her better than he did himself, and that is the secret of being good always, for grown people as well as for children.

He did not know anything about his father, except what she had told him, for he was such a very little boy when he went away. She would always look so pale when he asked her, as he sometimes did, to tell him how his papa looked, and why he did not come back and take care of them, as that boy's father over the way took care of *him* and his mother. Then she would clasp him in her arms and the tears would come to her eyes when she said his father was a good man and would surely return some day, but until he did they must take care of each other. At such times he often went away to think how he could find his father to ask him to hurry and come home, because they, his mother and himself, need him so much, but especially his mother. He never could make up his mind just what to do. There did not seem anything for so small a boy only to wait, but, meanwhile, they did not always have quite enough to eat, and his mother grew thinner and paler, and more like an angel, it seemed to him, every day.

The day before New Years he stood by the window in the morning watching the people hurrying by, most of them looking very bright and happy, just as if they knew something good was in store for them on the morrow. Once he saw what looked like a little wheelbarrow, and his heart bounded as he thought what if the man should prove to be his own papa coming home and bringing just what he had wished for so long, in time for New Years. But the man did not stop and his child-heart grew sorrowful with his disappointment.

"Mamma" he said at last; "don't you believe that we can have just a little bit of a New Years, even if we haven't any papa?"

He was sorry that he asked the question when he saw his mother's face, for it looked so sad, but she drew him to her side and kissed him with a smile that someway made him feel worse than when she cried, as he saw her do some times.

"Perhaps God will let us find papa tomorrow, my dear," she said, "and then we shall have a beautiful New Years."

"But how can we find him, mamma, if we never go to hunt him? Why don't we go out on the street, and see if we do not meet him? I think he must be looking for us this very minute, mamma, but don't know where to come. If I was just a little bigger I'd go out and walk up and down, up and down, until I found him and he found me. I guess you would be glad then, wouldn't you?"

The mother smiled and drew him closer still.

"Indeed I should, my child, and when you are older you shall go and see what you can do. Now there is nothing only to wait, and oh! it is so hard; it is so hard!"

She seemed to forget in her pain even the presence of the child, who looked at her, the thoughts chasing each other around his little brain with the greatest velocity. Why shouldn't he go even if he was small and see if he could not bring the dear papa home to his mother?

All the morning he thought about it, wondering and wondering if he could not go. Perhaps that was what his papa was waiting for, to have some one come and tell him the way home. He watched his mamma as she sat and stitched, as she was always doing, and once he thought he saw tears drop right down upon the shining needle just as she was putting it into the cloth. That decided him. He would start right after dinner, while his mother went to take home some work, and perhaps he could be back again by the time she returned, bringing his papa. He would ask God to help him with all His might. That was the way he put it to himself, and with no thought of irreverence.

It was rather late before his mother started, and the boy grew quite anxious, for he had some preparations to make. He had learned to print, and he was going to leave a message, so if he did not happen to get back she would not be frightened. At last she went away, kissing him good bye, and telling him, as she always did, to take good care of the house until she returned. He was a little fellow to be left thus, but it was a long way she often had to go, and she could walk faster without him. He had always been very proud of such a "'sponsibility" as he called it.

As soon as she had closed the door, he took the card which he had in readiness, and with his pencil went to work. It did not take him long, for his mother had taught him a good deal for so small a boy, and when it was done he laid it upon the table where she would be sure to see it right away if she should get back first. This was what he said:

deRe MaMa I AM gOn afTeR
pApA I asTeD gOD to Go wIv mE
WE wiLL cUm BACk sOon yuRe
BoY.

Then he put his hat and little coat on, and opening the door, went out upon the step. His heart was beating at a furious rate, for he had never been alone in such a rushing, hurrying crowd before, and he felt a little afraid, but then remembering what his mamma had always told him, that when he was doing right, he must not think about himself, but just that he was God's boy and would be taken care of, he straightened himself up and walked down into the crowd to begin his search for the papa he had never seen to know in all his little life.

It only took a little while for him to reach an even more crowded part of the city than where he lived, but intent on his purpose he did not think about that. He walked along with his hat pushed back from his face, his brown eyes peering eagerly into those faces of the men who were walking along alone, but none of them seemed to him like what he thought his papa would be. For, long ago, when he had asked his mamma what he looked like she had answered, "Like a prince, my boy," and he could only think of a grand face he saw once in a picture and the words she read to him that were beneath, "The Prince of Peace." No one that he saw looked in the least like that, so he wandered on.

By and by he grew very weary, for he was a little fellow, and he had walked a long ways. It was beginning to grow dark too, for the days were short, and he began to wonder if God had forgotten to show him where to find his papa. The pretty things in the windows would have delighted him sometimes, but now he did not see them, for he was only intent on one thing, and it was getting late. His mother would be waiting for him and might be frightened.

Suddenly all of his weariness left him, for there, standing in the bright light that streamed out from a store, was a gentleman that looked as if he might be a prince, he was so handsome and had such kind eyes. He did not seem to see the little boy, though, who was looking at him so intently, but his gaze was directed straight forward, as if he did not care about anything that was happening near him.

Just as the little fellow had made up his mind to speak to him and ask if he were not his papa, there was a stir near him, and he saw a little girl dart out into the street, running around between the horses, and never seeming to notice those that were coming swiftly towards her, and which were so small a distance away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

Motto: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

AMISH, IOWA.

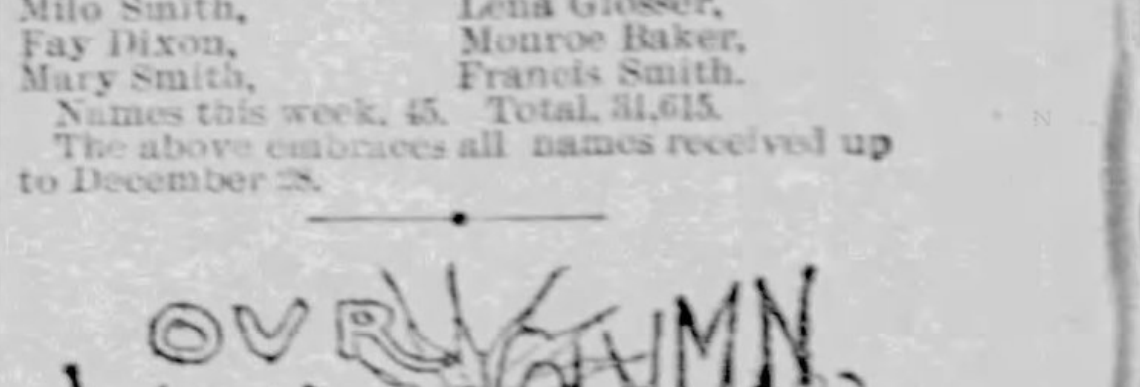
Cora Dunlavy,
Elzy Roup,
Benj. Snyder,
Geo. Miller,
Frank Pierce.
Eli Shaver,
Wilson Murphy,
Adam Lantz,
Ed. Meeks,

NASHVILLE, MO.

Jimmy Crocker,
Nettie Dixon,
Edna Walters,
Robert Pope,
Dica Middaugh,
Lena McCune,
Ora Middaugh,
Charley Dunlap,
Litta Smith,
Johnny Phillips,
Henry Walter,
Luella Baker,
Maude Phillips,
Grace Rover,
Charley Randall,
Milo Smith,
Fay Dixon,
Mary Smith,
Birtie Kirby,
Clarence Walter,
Arthur Walters,
Leon Walter,
Stella Middaugh,
Etta Burris,
Emma Middaugh,
Cecil Randall,
Claude Crouch,
Carrie Baker,
Roy Walter,
Howard Royer,
Jimmy Phillips,
Ralph Hunt,
Belle Randall,
Lena Glosser,
Monroe Baker,
Francis Smith.

Names this week, 45. Total, 31,615.

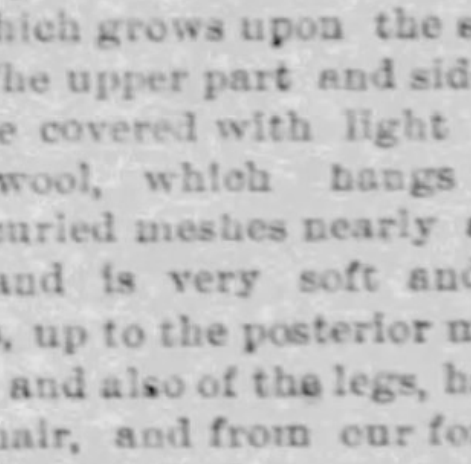
The above embraces all names received up to December 28.


OUR WONDER COLUMN.

1.—WHAT ARE WE?

We are useful animals, living in the mountainous regions of Peru, and subsisting upon the coarse and scanty forage which grows upon the sterile soil there. The upper part and sides of our bodies are covered with light chestnut-brown wool, which hangs down in slightly curled meshes nearly a foot in length, and is very soft and elastic. Our faces, up to the posterior margin of the jaws, and also of the legs, have short, smooth hair, and from our foreheads a stiff silk hair falls down upon our faces. Ten or twelve pounds of wool are obtained from each one of us yearly.

2.—TRIANGLE.



A consonant.
A consonant and a vowel.
State of equality.
In India, a weight for gold and silver.
To suffer to escape by opening a pen.
An animal.
Draws out.
From 1 to 2, the name of a planet.
From 3 to 4, the name of a planet.

MARY EDDY.

3.—FLOWER PUZZLE.

1. A wild animal and a vesture.
2. A letter and to rove at large.
3. Grateful to the taste and a plant for food.
4. Act of seizing and a light carriage.
5. A white liquid and mourning apparel.
6. To irrigate and a flower.

TRUE BLUE.

4.—DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

1. An Indian tent.
2. Striving.
3. Dull.
4. The best room.
5. Pressing.
6. The thoughts of a person in sleep.
7. The middle name of the "Immortal J. N."
8. The name applied to unbolted flour.
9. A Turkish title of honor.
10. To shame. (obs.)
11. Winding like a screw.
12. A man's name.
13. Incitement.
14. A sauce made from tomatoes.
15. Low seats without backs.
16. Part of a sled.

The two central rows form the names of two Presidents of the United States.

MARY EDDY.

5.—METAGRAM.

Whole, I am a domestic bird; change my head and I become successively—a movement, yearning, to stroll, and to arch over.

TRUE BLUE.

6.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 7, 20, 9, 4, 16 is a paragraph.
My 22, 14, 2, 8, is an epoch.
My 19, 11, 18, 4, 6, is an animal.
My 2, 12, 1, 13, is to labor or a snare.
My 9, 3, 7, 16, 10, is a clasp.
My 17, 12, 14, 4, 10, is a sentiment.
My 21, 11, 18, 5, is part of a day.
My whole is an old proverb.

7.—TRANSPOSITIONS.

My cook, preparing for dinner, asked what she should do with the chops. Said I, "*Mutt rib ob.*" Said she: "How about the beef?" "*We sat, roll it,*" replied I. "What pudding?" "*A pi o cat,*" said I. She inquired, "What for dessert?" "A scheep," said I, "*with no greas.*"

MABEL.

Answers.

1. Wapiti.
2.

S
A H A
A D E P T
S H E A T H E
A P T L Y
T H Y
E

3. Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.
4. 1.—Kind words cost nothing, but are worth much. 2.—Where there is a will there is a way. 3.—Strike while the iron is hot.
5. Abraham Lincoln.
6. 1.—Fillmore.
   2.—Washington.
   3.—Harrison.
   4.—Hayes.
   5.—Arthur.
7.

M o W
CaptivI
K i L
I l L
N i B
L i E
E r A
YeasT

McKinley will beat!

Acknowledgment.

The following letters were received from the winners of the prizes last offered and awarded:

LATCHIE, WOOD CO., O.
Dec. 16, 1891.

DEAR EDITOR:—I just received my prize and thank you very much. I am sure that I shall like it. I read "Half a Dozen Boys" several times, and think it very interesting. It is written in much the same manner that Miss Alcott wrote, and I am very fond of her books. I have almost a full set of them. Mamma and my big brother always give me books for presents, so I have quite a library. I had rather read than eat; but I don't suppose it is good for me to read so much. Papa bought a horse for me to drive, and on nice pleasant days I can go out riding. I must stop writing now.

I am yours truly,
M. S. WITHERELL.

PERRYSVILLE, O., Dec. 16, 1891.

DEAR BLADE:—I received the nice book, "Half a Dozen Girls," which you sent as a prize for puzzles. I like it very much and thank you kindly for it. Accept Christmas greetings and kind wishes for THE BLADE.

Respectfully,
MARY O. EDDY.

Acute Attacks to Throat and Lungs are more promptly cured by Dr. Hoxsie's Certain Croup Cure than by any remedy. Especially adapted to delicate and young children. 50 cts.

News of the Week.

THE BLADE is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and, lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

WASHINGTON.

SPEAKER CRISP.

The Northern Democrats Displeased at His Committee Selections—All the Power Put in the Southern Hands.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—(Special.)—The Northern Democrats are beginning to see at last, when too late, the mistake they made in not putting their heads together months ago and agreeing on some Northern Democrat for Speaker. Had they done so they could easily have elected him, for they would have had a majority in a caucus composed of members from north of Mason and Dixon's line. To-day's announcement of the committees shows the business of the country is placed in the hands of Southern men, although there are more Northern than Southern Democrats in the House. The Southern Democrats get three-fifths of the chairmanships, and great manufacturing states like Pennsylvania are not even given a Democratic member of the Ways and Means committee and a couple of important chairmanships. Out of 56 chairmen known at this writing 32 are from Southern states and a large majority of them are ex-confederates. This, combined with the fact that three-fifths of the committee rules are composed of Southern men, completes the Southern control over a House having a large majority of Northern men.

The announcement of the committees shows that Crisp's policy is to be absolutely antagonistic to that which Mills and his followers laid down in their campaign. Mills favored putting the silver question in the background and making a fight on a broad, general tariff bill. Crisp has taken exactly the reverse by making up the Ways and Means committee pledged to do nothing with tariff in a general way, and appointing a coinage committee which is absolutely a free coinage committee.

The record of members on this committee shows unquestionably that the committee will favor free coinage by an overwhelming majority.

MR. SPRINGER GETS THE PLUM.

Free Coinage and no Tariff Tinkering is the War Cry.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—The complete list of House committees as prepared by Speaker Crisp is as follows:

Ways and Means—Wm. M. Springer, Illinois; Benton McMillin, Tennessee; H. G. Turner, Georgia; W. L. Wilson, W. Virginia; A. B. Montgomery, Kentucky; J. R. Whiting, Michigan; B. J. Shively, Indiana; W. Bourke Cochran, New York; Moses T. Stevens, Massachusetts; W. J. Bryan, Nebraska; T. B. Reed, Maine; J. C. Burrows, Michigan; Joseph McKenna, California; S. E. Payne, New York; John Dalzell, Pennsylvania.

Elections—Charles T. O'Ferrell, Virginia; L. W. Moore, Texas; J. E. Cobb, Alabama; T. H. Paynter, Kentucky; Jason R. Brown, Indiana; D. N. Lockwood, New York; T. G. Lawson, Georgia; N. P. Gillespie, Pennsyl'a; George Johnstone, S. C.; Nils Haugen, Wisconsin; A. A. Taylor, Tennessee; R. E. Doan, Ohio; H. U. Johnson, Indiana; John E. Reyburn, Pennsylvania; C. D. Clark, Wyoming.

Appropriations—W. S. Holman, W. H. Forney, J. D. Sayres, Breckenridge, Kentucky; A. M. Dockery, Wm. Mutchler, C. R. Breckenridge, Arkansas; Barnes, Compton, J. H. Oneill, Massachusetts; L. F. Livingston, D. B. Henderson, Wm. Cogswell, H. H. Bingham, Nelson Dingley, W. W. Groute.

Coinage, Weights and Measures—R. P. Bland, Charles Tracey, J. R. Williams, C. B. Kilgore, S. M. Robinson, Rice Pierce, J. A. Eppes, G. F. Williams (Mass.), W. A. McKeighan, H. H. Bartine, Abner Taylor (Ill.), T. W. Stone (Pa.), N. Johnson (N. D.)

Banking and Currency—Henry Bacon, Scott Wike, W. H. Crane, W. H. Cate, W. W. Dickerson, Louis Sperry, W. K. Gantz, N. N. Cox (Tenn.), S. W. Cobb (Mo.), J. H. Walker (Mass.), M. Brosius, Hosea Townshend, T. J. Henderson (Ill.)

Judiciary—D. B. Culberson, W. C. Oates, W. D. Bynum, T. R. Stockdale, I. H. Goodnight, C. J. Boatner, J. A. Buchanan, Virginia; A. J. Chapin, F. C. Layton, S. P. Wolverton, E. B. Taylor, Ohio; James Buchanan, New Jersey; G. W. Ray, H. H. Powers, Case Broderick.

Pacific Railroads—J. B. Riley, S. T. Lanhan, Edward Lane, Jason Brown, W. B. Ellis, J. W. Covert, James N. Castle, F. S. Coolidge, H. C. Snodgrass, John Rains, J. P. Flick, John Lind, D. A. Taylor, Ohio; John T. Caine.

Levees and Improvements of Mississippi River—S. M. Robinson, T. R. Stockdale, Rice Pierce, Richard Norton, W. L. Terry, R. W. Everett, M. D. Harter, S. R. Mallory, D. H. Patton, J. C. Burrows, Edward Scull, J. M. Wilson, Kentucky; P. S. Post, Illinois.

Inter-State and Foreign Commerce—R. Q. Mills, G. D. Wise, Andrew Price, Isadore Raynor, G. H. Brickner, T. J. Geary, G. W. Houk, Ohio; S. R. Mallory, Josiah Patterson, J. J. Oneill, Missouri; Charles Oneill, Pennsylvania; John Lind, C. S. Randall, Bellamy Storer, J. H. Ketchum.

Rivers and Harbors—H. C. Blanchard, T. C. Catchings, Charles Stewart, R. E. Lester, Ga., R. H. Clarke, Ala.; W. E. Haynes, T. A. E. Weadock, W. A. Jones, Charles A. Paige, Samuel Byrnes, T. J. Henderson, Ill.; Dinger Hermann, S. H. Stephenson, W. W. Stone, Penn.; J. A. Quackenbush.

Foreign Affairs—J. H. Blount, J. B. McCreary, C. E. Hooker, L. E. Chipman, A. P. Fitch, J. F. Andrews, D. L. Cable, Isadore Raynor, T. J. Geary, R. R. Hitt, A. C. Harmer, Jas. O'Donnell, John Sanford.

Military Affairs—J. H. Outhwaite, Joseph Wheeler, Ala.; W. C. Newberry, D. H. Patten, H. H. Rockwell, J. T. Mitchell, Oscar Lapham, E. F. McDonald, J. C. Crosby, H. H. Bingham, C. E. Belknap, W. W. Bowers, J. A. T. Hull.

Merchant Marine and Fisheries—Samuel Fowler, G. W. Fithian, L. W. Moore, A. G. Caruth, J. A. Buchanan, Va.; Robert L. Deforrest, T. F. Magner, Harman Stump, H. H. Wheeler, Michigan; A. J. Hopkins, Illinois; L. E. Atkinson, J. H. Wilson, Ky.; C. D. Perkins, Iowa.

Agriculture—H. H. Hatch, Clarke Lewis, S. B. Alexander, H. M. Youmans, G. W. Shell, W. S. Forman, F. E. White, Anthony Camanatti, Charles L. Moses, J. P. Long, E. H. Funston, J. H. Wilson, Kentucky; J. L. Jolley, Daniel Waugh, H. P. Cheatham.

Pensions—R. P. C. Wilson, Missouri; John S. Henderson, J. M. Hankhead, R. H. Norton, W. F. Parrett, Charles Barwig, W. A. Jones, C. L. Moses, Lewis Stewart, Edward Scull, Dan Waugh, J. C. Houk, Tennessee; W. W. Bowers.

Naval Affairs—H. A. Herbert, William Elliott, A. J. Cummings, J. A. Geissenhainer, W. F. Daniell, Adolph Meyer, J. W. Lawson, Virginia; William McAler, Henry Page, Maryland; G. A. Boutelle, H. C. Lodge, J. P. Dolliver, J. H. Wadsworth.

Postoffices and Postroads—John S. Henderson, J. H. Blount, B. A. Kyle, J. M. Pattison, Ohio; J. C. Crosby, A. J. Hopkins, J. A. Caldwell, J. L. Wilson, Washington; C.A. Bergen, E. F. Loud, John T. Caine.

Public Lands—T. C. McRae, J. A. Pendleton, H. St. G. Tucker, L. Amerman, J. W. Bailey, D. A. Dearmand, J. J. Seerly, D. D. Hare, R. G. Stout, John A. Pickler, Hosea Townshend, Willis Sweet, C. D. Clarke, Wyoming.

Indian Affairs—S. W. Peel, J. M. Allen, L. A. Turpin, H. H. Rockwell, W. H. Brawley, Thomas Lynch, T. D. English, C. H. Clover, O. M. Kem, J. L. Wilson, Washington; Joseph McKenna, W. D. Hooser, New York; A. C. Hopkins, Pennsylvania; D. A. Harvey, Oklahoma.

Territories—J. A. Washington, C. B. Kilgore, C. H. Mansur, T. J. Campbell, W. F. Parrett, W. X. A. V. Branch, W. L. Terry, Jerry Simpson, D. D. Donovan, J. W. Rife, G. W. Smith, Illinois; G. D. Perkins, James O. Donnell, Antonio Joseph.

Railways and Canals—T. C. Catchings, P. G. Foster, Virginia; W. H. Gate, H. W. Bentley, F. E. Beltzhoover, J. W. Causey, W. W. Cobb, Missouri; Kittil Halvorson, John Davis, C. S. Randall, C. A. Bergen, J. M. T. Hull, E. F. Loud.

Columbian Exposition—A. C. Durburow, J. B. McCreary, J. V. Riley, G. W. Houk, Ohio; Joseph Wheeler, W. D. Lagan, J. J. Little, William Cogswell, Nelson Dingley, J. McKenna, J. P. Dolliver.

Manufactures—C. H. Page, Rhode Island; L. F. McKinnon, W. D. Lagan, J. D. Warner, J. H. Beeman, Sherman Hoar, A. H. Williams, North Carolina; M. D. Harter, Ezra B. Taylor, Ohio; E. A. Morse, J. R. Reyburn.

Mines and Mining—W. H. Cowles, G. W. Cooper, S. W. Peel, T. J. Campbell, J. O. Pendleton, A. Caminetti, Marshall Arnold, Thomas Bowman, L. M. Miller, Hosea Townshend, S. H. Stevenson, P. S. Post, G. F. Huff, M. A. Smith.

Public Buildings and Grounds—J. H. Bankhead, J. O. Abbott, Clarke Lewis, J. C. Tarsney, G. W. Warwick, W. M. McKaigh, W. C. Newberry, J. D. Warner, H. H. Williams (North Carolina), S. L. Milliken, George W. Shonk, W. H. Enochs, Willis Sweet.

Patents—G. D. Tillman, J. T. Heard, Louis Turpin, H. S. Greenleaf, L. M. Mitchell, O. M. Hall, C. Lapham, J. T. Hamilton, R. E. Deforest, James Buchanan, N. J.; C. E. Belknap, J. A. Quackenbush, Edward Scull.

Invalid Pensions—A. N. Martin, Ind.; L. F. McKinney, D. W. Fyan, George Van Horn, H. W. Snow, G. F. Cribbs, A. J. Pierson, W. H. Harries, E. F. McDonald, W. H. Butler, J. P. Flick, A. A. Taylor, Tenn.; N. M. Curtis, J. J. Jolly, J. D. Robinson.

Claims—W. H. Bunn, North Carolina; C. H. Mansur, W. G. Stahlnecker, Robert Bullock, Samuel Byrnes, N. H. Cox, Tennessee; L. E. McGann, N. Cox, New York; J. W. Kendall, C. H. Page, Rhode Island; J. R. Reyburn, L. E. Atkinson, O. W. Smith, H. F. Loud, J. M. Weaver.

War Claims—F. E. Beltzhoover, W. J. Stone, Kentucky; B. A. Enloe, J. M. Clancey, J. W. Cobb, Missouri; T. E. Winn, O. M. Scott, G. W. Shell, J. P. Dolliver, J. A. Pickler, J. C. Houk, J. W. Rife.

Education—W. I. Hayes, A. G. Caruth, D. B. Brunner, D. D. Donovan, J. L. Bretz, R. W. Everett, B. F. Grady, G. P. Coburn, J. H. Beeman, J. D. Taylor, Ohio; H. P. Cheatham, John Sanford, Andrew Stewart, Pennsylvania.

Labor—J. C. Tarsney, W. F. Wilcox, W. W. Dickson, L. E. McCann, Irvine Dungan, T. L. Bunting, James Capehart, J. W. Causey, John Davis, James Buchanan, New Jersey; M. J. Brosius, N. P. Haugen, J. T. Wilson, Washington.

Militia—Edward Lane, N. C. Blanchard, W. J. Stone, W. J. Combs, E. T. Stackhouse, H. H. Wheeler (Mich.), Louis Stewart (Ill.), O. M. Hall, T. E. Watson, T. J. Henderson (Ill.), J. T. Cutting, W. M. Enochs, M. R. Griswold.

Library—Amos J. Cummings, C. T. O'Ferrell, Charles O'Neill (Pa.)

Printing—J. D. Richardson, W.W. McKaig, Case Broderick.

Enrolled Bills—J. G. Warwick, W. I. Hayes, Clark Lewis, O. Scott, J. A. Pickler, H. U. Johnson (Ind.), W. A. McKeighan.

Reform in the Civil Service—J. F. Andrew, C. J. Boatner, Scott Wike, Wm. Brawley, J. M. Patterson, Ohio; Lewis Sperry, E. E. Meredith, W. J. Coombs, W. H. Harries, H. A. Hopkins, Illinois; C. A. Russell, M. Brosius, John Raines.

Election of President and Vice President—J. L. Chipman, H. St. G. Tucker, W. H. Crane, Barnes Compton, C. A. O. McClelland, M. K. Geatz, D. A. Dearmond, A. R. Bushnell, I. N. Cox, C. H. Lodge, H. H. Powers, R. E. Doan, M. N. Johnson, North Dakota.

Eleventh Census—W. F. Wilcox, W. J. Owens, W. D. Bynum, T. E. Watson, S. E. Bussey, D. W. Bentley, C. Babbitt, J. W. Lawson, Virginia; William Banker, J. D. Taylor, Ohio; C. A. Boutelle, D. B. Henderson, George F. Huff.

Ventilation and Acoustics—W. G. Stahnecker, Charles Stewart, B. G. Stout, W. C. Douburow, M. D. Wright, James O'Donnell, G. D. Perkins.

Alcoholic Liquors Traffic.—W. E. Haynes, R. H. Clarke, P. G. Lester, Va.; Chas. Barwig, T. D. English, J. W. Bailey, T. Bowman, J. D. Taylor, Ohio; E. A. Morse, M. R. Griswold, J. T. Cutting.

Irrigation of Arid Lands.—S. W. T. Lanham, J. M. Chancey, I. L. Bretz, J. S. Gorman, F. S. Coolidge, W. W. Dickson, Jerry Simpson, J. A. Pickler, C. S. Randall, N. M. Curtis, W. Sweet, J. T. Caine.

Immigration and Naturalization—H. Stump, J. W. Covort, William Elliott, J. A. Geissanheimer, J. F. Eppes, R. W. Fyan, D. D. Hare, F. P. Coburn, J. H. Ketchum, E. M. Funston, M. E. Wright.

Private land claims—A. P. Fitch, J. D. Alderson, L. B. Brunner, C. Babbitt, C. Van Horn, T. E. Winn, M. Arnold, W.T. Crawford, A. R. Bushnell, H. H. Bingham, John Lind, B. Storer, I. G. Otis, M. A. Smith.

District of Columbia—J. J. Hemphill, J. T. Heard, J. D. Richardson, H. W. Rusk, J. E. Cobb, Alabama; J. R. Fellows, Tom L. Johnson, E. E. Meredith, C. A. Cadmus, S. T. Bussey, A. C. Harmer, R. S. Post, William Cogswell, C. A. Russell, J. J. Belden.

Revision of the Laws—W. T. Ellis, J. H. Outhwaite, Robert Bullock, P. C. Edmunds, R. H. Norton, T. F. Magner, L. V. Brookshire, L. Amerman, J. Paterson, Case Broderick, J. B. Robinson, V. A. Taylor, Ohio; D. Waugh.

Expenditures State Department—R. E. Lester, Ga.; W. C. P. Breckenridge, Ky.; S. B. Alexander, W. H. Butler, John Sanford, C. W. Stone, Penn.; J. M. Weaver.

Expenditures in Treasury Department—G. H. Brickner, J. J. O'Neil, Mo.; W. T. Crawford, E. H. Clover, W. A. Stone, J. D. Wadsworth, C. B. Clark.

Expenditures War Department—A. B. Montgomery, O. H. Bunn, W. F. Daniell, I. Dungan, R. R. Hitt, G. W. Shonk, W. B. Hooker, New York.

Expenditures Navy Department—C. A. O. McClelland, A. M. Dockery, Jo Abbott, George Johnstone, J. W. Ray, S.K. Milliken, H. F. Bartine.

Expenditures on Postoffice Department—W. C. Oates, T. H. Paynter, E. P. Gillespie, J. S. Gorman, J. J. Belden, Andrew Stewart, J. C. Houck, Tennessee.

Expenditures on Interior Department—J. W. Owens, E. L. White, B. F. Gray, J. C. Kyle, W. W. Grout, A. C. Hopkins, Pennsylvania; W. W. Bowers.

Expenditures Department of Justice—J. M. Allen, W. H. Cowles, G. D. Wise, T. G. Lawson, Ezra B. Taylor, Ohio; Nelson Dingley, S. E. Payne.

Expenditures in Department of Agriculture—P. C. Edmunds, T. L. Bunting, J. Capehart, E. T. Stackhouse, D. K. Harverson, O. M. Kem, N. W. Curtis.

Expenditures on Public Buildings—H. M. Youmans, H. S. Greenleaf, J. T. Hamilton, W. A. Branch, J. H. Ketcham, Abner Taylor, Illinois; H. P. Cheatham.

A WONDERFUL INCREASE

In the Exportation of Merchandise From This Country During November.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—S. G. Brock, chief of the bureau of statistics, has prepared the usual monthly statement of our foreign commerce, imports and exports for the month of November. The statement is a source of astonishment as well as great gratification in the magnificent results that appear, more particularly in our exports. The imports of merchandise during the month of November in value amounted to $64,588,619, showing an increase of about $870,000 over November, 1890. It will be seen that the effects of the new tariff have not been such as to create any decrease in the value of our imports. The value of imports for the month of November, 1889, was $58,994,784; for the month of November, 1888, $53,876,789; for the month of November, 1887, $59,919,329. It will be observed that the value of our imports for November of this year was much above the average for the previous four years.

When, however, we consider the value of our exports the amount in value is so unprecedented, far surpassing that of any month in the history of our foreign commerce, that it is really a matter of great astonishment. The value of our exports during the month of November reached the magnificent amount of $110,100,220, about three and two-thirds millions per day during the month of November. This merchandise was largely made up of agricultural products, namely, breadstuffs, provisions and cotton. The importance of these figures will be better appreciated and understood when a comparison is made with the nine largest months in the value of our exports in the history of our commerce, which are given as follows:

December, 1880	$ 98,890,214
December, 1881	91,344,155
December, 1882	92,106,036
December, 1889	96,901,340
October, 1889	97,848,446
October, 1890	98,328,646
December, 1890	98,451,752
October, 1891	102,877,243
November, 1891	110,100,220

The total value of the exports for the twelve months ending November 30, 1891, was $949,022,185, which is very much larger than for any twelve months during the history of the government. For the corresponding twelve months of the prior year, ending with November 30, 1890, the value of the exports were $855,952,136. Here is an increase over last year of $94,070,000, and an increase of $134,000,000 over the twelve months ending November 30, 1889, or $169,000,000 over the exports for the twelve months ending November 30, 1888. The value of our imports for the twelve months ending November 30, 1891, was $819,372,489. This is about $3,000,000 less than the imports for the corresponding twelve months of the year prior, but exceeds the imports of the twelve months ending November 30, 1889, by the sum of $48,162,044, and exceeds the imports of the twelve months ending November 30, 1888, by the sum of $102,436,784. So it will be observed that when compared with recent prior years there has been a very large increase in our imports of merchandise as well as in the exports.

The total value of our foreign commerce, which includes imports and exports for the twelve months ending November 30, 1891, was $1,768,394,674.

Four-and-a-Halfs Redeemed.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 26.—The amount of 4½ per cent. bonds redeemed to-day was $25,150, making the total redemptions to date $22,445,900 and leaving outstanding $ 3,058,800. Notwithstanding these bonds are no longer available for the purpose, two national banks still have $131,000 of them on deposit with the treasurer to secure circulation. It is understood that the bonds will be surrendered for redemption and replaced with interest-bearing bonds.

Mills and Crisp Improving.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—Representative Wright, of Pennsylvania, who is confined to his residence by an attack of the grip, is reported to be slightly better to-day. Congressman Mills's health continues to improve. Speaker Crisp is better to-day.

Mr. Elkins Sworn In.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—Secretary Elkins was sworn into office to-day. Secretary Blaine accompanied him to the War department and Chief Clerk Tweedale administered the oath of office.

Secretary Foster Improving.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 26.—Secretary Foster continues to improve slowly, but the prevailing bad weather compels him to remain in doors.

In Senate and House.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—After short sessions, both the House and Senate adjourned until January 8.

CHILE.

GETTING READY FOR WAR.

The Navy Department Hard at Work Preparing for Possible War With Chile.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—(Special.)—Despite all denials of war probabilities, the Navy department goes right ahead preparing as rapidly as possible for use every war vessel and every cannon that can be made available. A portion of the force was at work all day yesterday at the navy yard gun shop here, where great guns are being turned out more rapidly than ever before in the history of the government works.

When the twelve hundred men employed at the shops began work to-day, it was under orders for twelve hours' work each day, or just 50 per cent more than an ordinary day's work. One soot begrimmed workman said: "I don't know whether there's bloodshed ahead of all this talk about Chile having a chip on her shoulder and daring the United States to knock it off, but I do know that everybody has been given to understand that they must get a move on 'em, and we will work two hours more than usual. How long the extra hours will last, I don't know, but there seems to be a hustling time ahead of us."

Officials still continue the policy of belittling the war preparations, but it is known also that every vessel is either en route to Chile or being so located that she can get there in short order. It is believed that the ordering of the Boston away from Valparaiso was merely for the purpose of a blind, and that she will meet the San Francisco and Charleston, and be quietly at some point near where telegraphic orders can reach them. Even the monitor Miantonomoh, now at the Brooklyn yard, is being made ready for a long trip. It is not expected that any hostile demonstrations will be made until a few days are given the new Chilean government to take action, but if this is not done the President will doubtless send a message to Congress soon, fully reciting all the facts.

SECRETARY TRACY'S ACTIVITY.

Several Secret, but Significant, Conferences Held This Morning.

NEW YORK, Dec. 29.—The *Herald's* Washington correspondent telegraphs his paper thus:

"I can positively state, without fear of denial, that orders have gone from the Navy department to the builders of the Monterey to work night and day on that vessel, and to get her ready for service at the earliest practicable moment. This will, it is hoped, be before February 15. Her two 12-inch guns—which, by the way, will be the largest rifle cannon upon any vessel in the navy—will be sent to her without the usual number of proof rounds being fired. The guns are now at the Indian Head proving grounds, and orders have just been issued to prepare them for shipment to San Francisco.

"The Bethlehem Iron Works and the Carnegie & Phipps company have been urged to hurry up the armor for the Monterey, and have replied, to the great relief of the department, that they are now ready to begin shipments. So anxious is the department to expedite this work that the shipment will be made without waiting the result of the acceptance test called for by the contract.

"A large quantity of ammunition for rapid-fire guns has just been contracted for. Still another important move is the step just taken to secure the early delivery of 30 Howell torpedoes. The first torpedo of this invention was successfully tried a few weeks ago. It was immediately accepted, and the contractor was not only urged, but given the assistance of officers of the department to hurry up work on the remainder. By the extra impetus given the work the completion of torpedoes will follow in a few weeks. They are now about 80 per cent finished. They will be shipped at once to the San Francisco, Charleston, Baltimore, Yorktown, Bennington, Philadelphia, Newark and Concord.

"The four Roach vessels, not having torpedo tubes, will not be supplied. With the activity also being displayed by the contractors for the Whitehead torpedo at the solicitation of the Navy department there is reason to anticipate the early delivery of one hundred of these torpedoes, and it may be said that the officials derive a great deal of comfort from the prospect, for a lack of torpedoes is probably one of our weakest points at the present time. The activity during the past few days of the torpedo board, which has to do with the fitting out of vessels with this class of war material, is more substantial evidence of the steps being taken by the department to hasten work in every branch."

WOULD WELCOME ARBITRATION

The Chileans Want to Take the Matter Out of Blaine's Hands.

NEW YORK, Dec. 29.—South and Central American advices to the *Herald* are as follows:

VALPARAISO, Chile, Dec. 28.—"I hardly think that there is much foundation for the report cabled here from Washington that the Chilean government is likely to propose arbitration as a way out of the the Baltimore trouble.

At the present moment enough difficulty is experienced in forming the new cabinet to engross the entire attention of the Chilean administration. Until the new minister is selected other questions will have to wait.

"The *Herald*, however, may safely say that the proposition to arbitrate would be welcomed by Chileans in order to take the matter out of the hands of Secretary Blaine and Minister Egan.

"No instructions have been recently received from Washington by our representative. I am given to understand that Mr. Egan has not heard from Mr. Blaine in regard to the former's absence from the inauguration ceremonies. It is rumored that the reason for Mr. Egan's absence from the inauguration ceremonies was the insulting tone of Minister of Foreign Affairs Matta's reply to President Harrison's message. Senor Matta's dispatch was regarded by Minister Egan as grossly traducing his veracity.

"The procurator fiscal has not yet completed his review of Judge of Crimes Foster's report of the Baltimore affair. The cruiser Boston, before leaving here, bought 140 tons of coal for 50s a ton. She will get enough coal at Callao to fill her bunkers, but will have to pay from 60s to 70s a ton."

WHY MR. EAGAN DIDN'T ATTEND.

He Probably Wasn't Invited to the Inauguration Festivities.

NEW YORK, Dec. 29.—According to a Washington correspondent "Minister Egan was not invited to the festivities attending the inauguration of President Montt in Santiago on Saturday. That is the inference drawn by State department officials from a telegram received from Minister Egan late yesterday afternoon, in which he states that the inauguration passed off successfully and was followed by a banquet Saturday night. The banquet was attended by the Chilean officials and congressmen, and all the foreign ministers in Santiago, with which the administration is maintaining pleasant and amicable relations.

"The officials at the state department had no explanation to give of the minister's course. He had been advised to use his own judgment in the premises, and the belief prevails that the minister felt that it was not consistent with self-respect and the dignity of his position, to say nothing of whatever degree of absolute danger to his person there was in appearing on the streets to attend the ceremony, in view of the manner in which he had been treated since the revolution ended."

SUMMONED TO WASHINGTON.

A Coming Conference in Regard to Armor and Deck Plates.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 29.—Chairman Abbott, of Carnegie, Phipps & Co., has been summoned by telegraph to Washington by the secretary of the Navy, in relation to armor and deck plate, which the firm is supplying for war ships now building. The telegram ordered him to leave on the first train, and he will take his departure this evening.

The rumors of the feverish rapidity with which the government is pushing work on the war vessels in light of the strained relations with Chile receives new confirmation locally. On the streets to-day it was stated that Carnegie, Phipps & Co., are pushing work on the armor and deck plate contracts as rapidly as possible, and no telegram from the bureau of Ordnance could possibly expedite matters.

In relation to the above, a member of the firm of Carnegie, Phipps & Co. was interviewed this morning, and said: "There is nothing unusual in relation to our contracts, nor any extraordinary rush. It is customary to receive many dispatches concerning the work, and also for some member of the firm to be called to Washington on the same business. We have been shipping as fast as completed protected deck plates for the New York which vary from 1½ to 3 inches in thickness, and therefore are hardly heavy enough to be classed as armor plate. The plate for the Monterey is yet in an unfinished condition—that is, it has not been tested—and we have received no orders to ship it without the usual tests."

Movements of the Charleston.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., Dec. 29.—According to Admiral Brown, who is now here with the San Francisco, the cruiser Charleston left Honolulu for Acapulco. Whether the Charleston will come north or south from Acapulco he declined to say. The Baltimore is expected here about Thursday.

The San Francisco Puts to Sea.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 28.—The cruiser San Francisco, flagship of the Pacific squadron, with Rear Admiral George Brown on board, put to sea from this port Saturday afternoon. It was stated that the cruiser might put into Monterey bay for gun practice, but the fact that the cruiser has an unusually large quantity of guns and ammunition aboard, and added to the fact that a number of sailors and marines left here on the Pacific Mail company's steamer San Jose last Wednesday for Acapulco, where it is understood they will be drafted into the cruiser Charleston's crew, when she arrives from Honolulu, leads to the belief that the San Francisco is on her way to join the Charleston at Acapulco, whence both vessels will proceed to Chile.

Montt Proclaimed President.

NEW YORK, Dec. 26.—The *Herald's* Valparaiso, Chile, cable says: Admiral Jarge Montt was proclaimed as president of the republic in every town and and city in the country to-day. Elaborate preparations are being made in Santiago for the inauguration ceremonies to-morrow. Two regiments of troops from the south arrived in that city yesterday and these, with a battalion of sailors, will act as a body guard to President Montt during the ceremonies. It is proposed to proclaim a general amnesty to-morrow to all the minor civil, military and naval officers who served under Balmaceda. The amnesty will not, however, be extended to officers above the rank of major, the ministers of state, judges, councillors, members of congress, governors or others who were particularly prominent.

FOREIGN NEWS.

IN STRICKEN RUSSIA.

Town Officials Extort Blood Money from the Starving People Before Affording Them Any Relief.

LONDON, Dec. 23.—The *Telegraph's* correspondent at St. Petersburg says that there has been an enormous falling off in the government revenues from the famine-stricken provinces.

In the province of Vornesch alone the deficit for September was 670,000 roubles; for October it was 800,000 roubles, and for November it was 1,000,000 roubles. It is calculated that by the end of December the arrears will reach the sum of 5,000,000 roubles. Similar conditions prevail in the other provinces affected by the famine and the prospects are just as gloomy.

The passport, labor and other restricting laws have been removed so as to enable the inhabitants to migrate. Reports of the merciless repression of outlawry are continually being received. The civil authorities do not depend upon themselves alone to put down brigandage and other lawless acts, but upon the merest pretext they summon the military, evidently with the intention of overawing the people.

Three men who were convicted of robbery at Simbeersk, capital of the government of that name, were condemned to undergo punishment with the knout. So well did the official ply his dreadful weapon that the poor wretches, who had probably stolen only to keep life in their miserable bodies, died under the lash. Another case where the sentence, according to Russian official ideas, was made to fit the crime, was that of a man who was detected in the heinous crime of stealing a few turnips. He was hauled before a court of justice and sentenced to penal servitude for life.

It is a fact that a number of grain dealers who were detected in adulterating their products were sentenced to terms of imprisonment.

The correspondent says that corruption is widespread among the office holders, and that they are little affected by the sights of distress, sickness and death which are visible on every hand. Many town officials, he says, refuse to enroll the starving peasants on the relief list unless they first pay a bribe to them at the rate of ten copecks for every pod of rye given.

Petitions to the provincial assemblies and the government asking that the dram shops be closed, and that the sale of vodka, the national drink, be forbidden, have availed nothing.

A DEAD FAILURE.

Tory Ministers Hissed in the Streets of Montreal by the Friends of Ex-Minister Mercier.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—A Montreal special says: The feeling of the English people in Montreal over Anger's dismissal of the Mercier government was shown Saturday night in the reception to the new ministers. All of the members of the Tory cabinet recently called to office arrived from Quebec. The Tory papers have been appealing to their friends for several days back to give the ministers a big reception and brass bands were engaged, but the reception turned out a dead failure.

The ministers were hissed as they passed through the streets and had great difficulty in getting a hearing. After the meeting was over most of those present repaired to the residence of Mercier and tendered him an ovation. It looks as if Mercier was going to obtain another triumph at the elections. He denies the charges that his ministry embezzled millions of dollars from the treasury.

Will Demand an Explanation.

SAN SALVADOR, Dec. 29.—It is believed that Salvador and Nicaragua will send plenipotentiaries to Comayagua to demand an explanation in regard to the presence of Guatemalan troops on Honduranian territory.

TWO MORE ROYAL ENGAGEMENTS.

The Prince of Wales Doesn't Believe in Intermarriages With Germans.

LONDON, Dec. 28.—Two more royal engagements. The Princess Maud Victoria of Wales is to marry an English nobleman, and her brother, Prince George, who is now recovering from his long illness, is said to be engaged to the daughter of a duke.

It is stated that the formal announcements will be made the day the duke of Clarence is married in February, when the family sanction will be made known.

The Prince of Wales intends having an English royal family, if possible, whose foundation, by the way, was laid by the marriage of the Duke of Fife. There is no doubt that Wales is thoroughly English in all his ideas. He believes that continued inter-marriage with German royalty will not do. Moreover, he knows that the income of his children will be better secured by prudent marriages with wealthy British nobility.

BRAZIL'S PUBLIC DEBT INCREASED.

It Has Been Augmented 700 Per Cent in Twenty Years.

LISBON, Dec. 24.—Advices from Rio Janeiro state that should the exchange fall to 6 per cent, which is considered likely, there would only be a question of time when the payment of coupons on the foreign debt would be extremely difficult. The Brazilian public debt has increased as follows: In 1864 it was £18,700,000, 1874 it was £72,100,000, 1890 it was $127,100,000. Of the last amount one-quarter is held in London. The above figures are exclusive of the provincial debts which in 1890 amounted to £5,300,000. The foreign debt which was converted at the exchange at 12 per cent is made up thus: In 1883 it was £4,300,000 at 4½ per cent; 1888 it was £6,300,000 at 4½ per cent; 1890 it was £19,800,000 at 4 per cent. These figures are exclusive of the guarantees on railways, sugar factories, and other enterprises.

Stambuloff's Despotic Rule.

Other illegal expulsions beside that of Chadouine accompany Premier Stambuloff's despotic rule, so Lord Salisbury aims to settle the trouble out of court. M. Stambuloff threatens to resign unless the unstinted support of England be accorded to him. As his successor in this event would be M. Stolloff, who would adopt a pro-Russian policy, the prospect may compel Lord Salisbury to change his position in the matter.

M. Ribot, the French minister of foreign affairs, wanting to force an exposure of the new Bulgarian atrocities, has brought M. Chadouine to Paris to coach him in regard to them. Vienna papers are trying to ridicule Chadouine as an "ex-waiter and cafe chantant singer." He really served a three years' term in the French army and afterwards became a private secretary to Prince Alexander of Battenberg, when the latter was prince of Bulgaria. He followed the latter's fortunes for a long time after his abdication, but subsequently returned to Sofia as an unpaid secretary of the French diplomatic agency there and a correspondent of the Havas news agency. In fact he knew too much for M. Stambuloff.

Preparing for the Wedding.

LONDON, Dec. 28.—The "White Lodge," the residence of the Duke of Teck, is already astir with the preparations for the wedding of Princess Mary with Prince Albert Victor, which has practically set the whole country agog, for on all sides one hears of the gifts, which will add not a little to the display of the occasion.

The bridesmaids will be eight in number, and will be selected in this manner: Two will be daughters of dukes, two of marquises and four of earls. Of these Lady Dorothy Murray, Lady Gertrude Molyneux, Lady Beatrice Grosvenor, Lady Eva Greville and Lady Victoria Leveson Gower have already been selected.

Cutting a Wide Swath.

ROME, Dec. 28.—Influenza is cutting a wide swath in Milan and the country adjacent to that city. Many of the city officials are prostrated with the disease, much to the detriment of the city business. The doctors are doing their utmost to check the spread of the disease, but so far their efforts have not been very successful. There have been a large number of deaths caused by the influenza and its accompanying complications.

Battles in South America.

NEW YORK, Dec. 26.—The *Herald's* Grando do Sul, Brazil, cable says: Fights between the government troops and revolutionists are reported at the border towns of San Juan Baptista, Santana and Livramento. The government of Uruguay has posted large bodies of troops on guard along the frontier to prevent the Brazilian revolutionists from crossing the border.

Want to Restore the Empire.

RIO JANEIRO, Brazil, Dec. 29.—It is rumored that the Imperialists are working hard to bring about a restoration of the empire. The *Picnos Hiers*, an Imperialist paper, has suspended publication. The editor in his farewell says that "there is no longer any liberty of opinion allowed in this country."

SNAP SHOTS AT THE OLD WORLD.

People of Durango, Mexico, are dying of starvation.

Emigration to South Africa has lately increased to a large extent.

Germany is believed to be behind the row between France and Bulgaria.

The joy of the Tories over Davitt's defeat at Waterford is almost hysterical.

Prince Bismarck had a narrow escape Saturday from being killed by a train.

The czar is ordering the close of Catholic churches in certain portions of Russia.

An effort is being made to remove Grand Duke Sergius, brother of the czar, as governor of Moscow.

Mr. Fabre, Canadian Commissioner in Paris, says Newfoundland will surely join the Dominion of Canada.

The weather in Europe is extremely cold. Several persons have been frozen to death in the French provinces.

Gen. Roca, of Buenos Ayres, has reiterated his decision that he will not be a candidate in the coming presidential campaign.

The rivers in the province of Cordoba, Mexico, have overflowed their boundaries and are devastating the surrounding country.

The Spanish government has received assurances that Germany, Italy, Belgium, Austria, Greece and Switzerland are willing to prolong their commercial treaties with Spain.

The London Standard's Berlin correspondent says: Germany, England, Austria and Italy decline to accede to France's suggestion of a joint debate to the porte on the Chadouine affair.

It is stated that the czarina has decided to accompany her son on his coming visit to Paris. She will be feted throughout her visit to France and the indications are that her journey will be one long ovation.

It is stated that the German government bill to regulate rural migration to towns, provides that those persons desiring to quit their native place must advance proof of their ability to acquire a dwelling in the new settlement.

The czar is displeased at the Chadouine affair, and intends to hurry Turkey into the arms of his dreibund. The Russian government is trying to influence M. Ribot, the French minister of foreign affairs, to adopt a milder policy in the matter.

GENERAL NEWS.

THEATER CALAMITY.

A Cry of Fire Causes a Stampede, and in the Mad Rush to Escape the Victims Were Trampled to Death.

LONDON, Dec. 28.—A theater in Gateshead, county Durham, Saturday night was the scene of a frightful panic, in which, according to the reports received here, at least ten persons, including nine children, were killed outright and many were injured.

The performance which was so terribly interrupted, was the second one of Saturday, the attraction being the pantomime Aladdin. The theater was literally crammed with people. At 10:30 o'clock the shout of fire created a fearful scene. The whole audience rose to their feet en masse, and there was dire confusion, in the midst of which were heard the shrieks of women, many of whom fainted. The lessee of the house then displayed most creditable presence of mind. Stepping on the stage he shouted to the audience, beseeching them to remain seated, and solemnly assuring them that

There was no Real Danger

if they would do so. At this juncture many others of the men present also showed that they retained presence of mind, by forcibly trying to restrain the mad rush of the crowd for the doors, but their brave efforts proved of no avail. The occupants of the pit and, indeed, all spectators whose seats were in the better parts of the house, succeeded in escaping safely to the streets.

It was a sudden bend in the gallery staircase which caused the fearful jam in that exit. People who had fallen and were lying in heaps here, screaming and groaning, were trampled upon. At last so many of the struggling people had fallen that all passage for exit was effectually blocked by a mass of writhing human beings, and those still remaining on their feet were forced to seek other means of escape.

Nine Dead Children.

A check taker was killed in the midst of his heroic efforts to save others' lives. In trying to restrain the crowd in its mad behavior, he was thrown to the floor and crushed to death beneath the feet of the panic-stricken people.

When the panic had subsided so that an examination of the premises could be made, the bodies of nine children, whose lives had been literally crushed out, were found lying on the staircase or near a door leading to it. A constable who came to assist in the work of rescue, on dragging out a boy who was wedged among the struggling people, discovered that the lad was his own son. The boy, although living when rescued, was terribly injured, and died while on the way to his home.

The news of the catastrophe spread rapidly, and soon thousands of frantic people were rushing to the scene to ascertain the fate of relatives or friends. Within a few hours all the dead were identified. All were between the ages of 12 and 16.

Origin of the Panic.

The lessee of the theater says that the alarm of fire originated from the act of a boy in dropping a lighted match into a crevice filled with waste paper and other rubbish, in his search for a lost penny. He also says that two pails of water sufficed to quench the fire.

A VICIOUS ATTACK BY ITALIANS.

Two Hundred Dagos Assault the Officers at Montevideo.

NEW YORK, Dec. 26.—The *Herald's* Montevideo cable says: Two hundred Italians in the Lazeretto at Flores island attacked the officers yesterday, and it was only after some desperate fighting that they were subdued and order restored.

Owing to bad telegraph facilities it is impossible to get reliable news from Rio Grande do Sul, Brazil. One report states that there has been a furious fight between the government troops and the revolutionists, giving nothing of the result, however. Another report says that Sarava, Campos and Astrogelda had submitted to the regularly constituted authorities.

Advices from Cordova say that the cities of Villa Maria and Villa Nueva have been inundated by the floods, and much property has been destroyed. The condition of financial affairs is largely engaging the attention of Congress at present.

THE ARRIVAL OF FIREMAN SHIELDS.

He is One of the Victims of the Chilean Outrage.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 26.—The steamer Keweenaw arrived here yesterday from Valparaiso. On board was Patrick Shields, the fireman who was brutally beaten by the Valparaiso police. Immediately the steamer docked, United States District Attorney Garty, acting on telegraphic instructions from Attorney General Miller at Washington, went on board and examined Shields and McKinstrey, another fireman, who was on shore with Shields shortly before the latter was arrested. Shields repeated on oath the story of his injuries as already sent out by the Associated Press, and McKinstrey corroborated a portion of the story. Affidavits were signed by the men, which will be transmitted to Washington. Shields shows plain marks of the terrible beatings he received.

THE PATRIOTIC SONS OF AMERICA

Present Twenty-five Flags to the Schools at Salt Lake City.

SALT LAKE, Dec. 26.—Yesterday, with much ceremony, 25 flags were presented to the public schools of this city by the Patriotic Sons of America. The exercises took place at the Tabernacle and were participated in by the leading citizens. Mayor Scott received the flags in a brief speech, after a presentation address by Rev. Wm. Lant. Brief speeches followed from many leading men of the city, including Chief Justice Zane, and Bishop Leonard. The Tabernacle is being used recently for many public gatherings, and is the only building large enough to hold the turnout on special occasions.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS'S SWORD

Is Now in Hoboken En Route to the Chicago Fair.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—The sword which Christopher Columbus wore when he discovered America is in Hoboken. At least Fair Commissioner Stickler, of Germany, who is here en route to Chicago, says a sword which he has with him is the genuine weapon. It was taken from the museum of Salzburg, and will be exhibited at the fair. Mr. Stickler says he has in his possession documents attesting the authenticity of the weapon.

A Fearful Wreck.

YONKERS, N. Y., Dec. 26.—A fearfully fatal accident occurred Thursday night at Hastings, on the Hudson River road, between the St. Louis express and the Niagara Falls special trains. This accident was directly the outcome of a collision which occurred earlier in the evening, in the tunnel at Sing Sing prison, between a freight train and a Croton local train. The first accident blocked the road with trains on both sides of the tunnel. The weather was thick, rendering difficult the running of trains with any degree of safety.

The locomotive of one of the express trains crashed into the rear sleeper of the other train and several cars, mostly sleepers, were telescoped.

The locomotive, when it crashed into the rear sleeper of the leading train, exploded its boiler. The escaping steam did deadly work on the poor victims who were in the wreck.

The official list of the killed given out last night, numbers eleven.

Pennsylvania Prohibitionists.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Dec. 23.—At a meeting of the state executive committee of the Prohibition party last night a committee was appointed to take the preliminary steps to test the constitutionality of the Baker ballot bill and report as soon as possible to Chairman Patton. June 1, 1892, was selected as the time and Scranton the place for the next state convention.

Isaac Sawtelle is Dead.

CONCORD, Dec. 29.—Isaac N. Sawtelle, who murdered his brother Hiram, died of apoplexy this morning, in his cell, at the state prison.

MINISTER EGAN'S NEPHEW

Arrested on a Grave Charge as He Was About to Marry His Victim's Mother.

CHICAGO, Dec. 24.—A special dispatch from Spokane Falls, Wash., says: Patrick Egan, nephew of the Minister to Chile, was arrested yesterday when about to be married. He is a cattle king and was about to wed Mrs. Matilda Widler, the widow of the late auditor of the Spokane & Kootenai navigation company. Yesterday was the time set for the wedding, but when the clergyman asked if any one had any objection to interpose, H. W. Cole, the prospective bride's son-in-law, and a deputy U. S. marshal, rose and exclaimed, "I have a warrant for your arrest, Egan," and took the disappointed bridegroom to jail. Mrs. Wilder fainted.

The charge preferred is that Egan betrayed Annie Wilder, the 12-year-old daughter of the woman he was about to wed. An immediate hearing was demanded and Egan was bound over.

THAT TIRED FEELING.

La Grippe Attacks the Metropolitan Policemen and 143 Are Now on the Sick List Unfit for Duty.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—Six more deaths from grip have been reported to the health department. Five of those were women. Grip and pneumonia are epidemic in Brooklyn also. Two deaths from the grip were reported Tuesday at the health department, while there were 37 deaths in two days from pneumonia. Sixty-five patrolmen are on the sick list.

Entire Families Prostrated.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., Dec. 24.—The grip has become almost epidemic in and about Bloomington. There are hundreds of people of this city ill with the malady and many of them are in a serious condition. In many cases the disease is complicated with pneumonia and other lung troubles. In some instances entire families are prostrated. The physicians are all busy and it is difficult to obtain nurses for the sick. Should the present high temperature and moist condition of the atmosphere continue very grave results are feared.

Two Thousand Cases at Ottumwa.

CHICAGO, Dec. 24.—A special dispatch from Ottuma, Iowa, says: The grip has captured Ottumwa and the physicians say that about 2,000 people are suffering from it. The C., B. & Q. physician says that it is seriously interfering with the freight business, at least 10 per cent of the employes being laid off because of it.

Numerous Atrocities.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 28.—Advices from the South Seas state that the natives of the New Hebrides group have become singularly notorious of late, owing to numerous atrocities perpetrated by them on the white inhabitants. French, as well as British subjects, have fallen victims to the butchery of the savages.

ALLCOCK'S
POROUS PLASTERS.

In the matter of curatives what you want is something that will do its work while you continue to do yours—a remedy that will give you no inconvenience nor interfere with your business. Such a remedy is ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. These plasters are not an experiment; they have been in use for over thirty years, and their value has been attested by the highest medical authorities, as well as by voluntary testimonials from those who have used them.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are purely vegetable and absolutely harmless. They require no change of diet, and are not affected by wet or cold. Their action does not interfere with labor or business; you can toil and yet be cured while hard at work. They are so pure that the youngest, the oldest, the most delicate person of either sex can use them with great benefit.

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
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Waverly Magazine	[illegible]	[illegible]
Chicago Advance	[illegible]	[illegible]
Am. Bee Journal	[illegible]	[illegible]
Orange Judd Farmer	[illegible]	[illegible]
Rural New Yorker	[illegible]	[illegible]
American Agriculturist	[illegible]	[illegible]
MONTHLIES.		
Wide Awake	[illegible]	[illegible]
St. Nicholas	[illegible]	[illegible]
American Agriculturist	[illegible]	[illegible]
Phrenological Journal	[illegible]	[illegible]
Our Little Ones	[illegible]	[illegible]
Arthur's Home Magazine	[illegible]	[illegible]
Atlantic Monthly	[illegible]	[illegible]
Brainard's Musical World	[illegible]	[illegible]
Leslie's Popular Monthly	[illegible]	[illegible]
Leslie's Sunday Magazine	[illegible]	[illegible]
Harper's Magazine	[illegible]	[illegible]
Godey's Lady's Book	[illegible]	[illegible]
The Century	[illegible]	[illegible]
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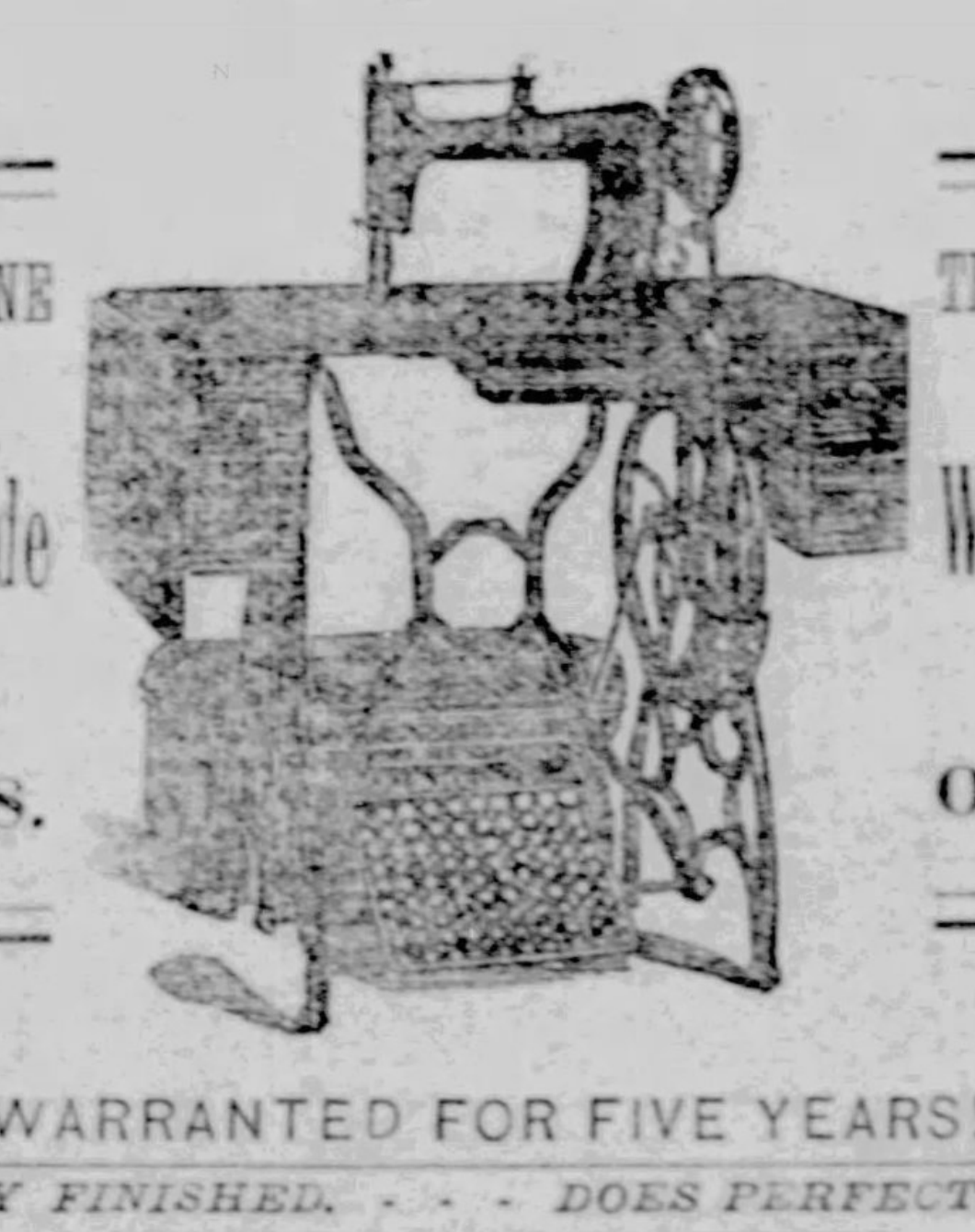

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A touch upon a lever lengthens or shortens the stitch at will while the machine is sewing.

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As stated above, on receipt of $18.00, we will send to any address the WEEKLY BLADE one year, and ship by freight one of these elegant sewing machines. But now comes a very

REMARKABLE OFFER.

We will present one of these sewing machines FREE to any person who will send us $30.00 for 30 yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY BLADE. We will not require the whole club at one time either. You may send us five subscribers at a time at one dollar each, and when you have sent six such clubs the machine is yours and will be shipped. Simply number your list from one to thirty as fast as you send the names, and say in your letter that it is an instalment of names for the sewing machine premium. We shall expect the list to be completed within sixty days of the time you send the first list. Any member of an intelligent family can raise a club of thirty for the WEEKLY BLADE inside of two weeks. On these terms a charitable organization can easily place a sewing machine into the hands of some worthy and deserving poor family to be found in every community.

Remit current funds, by draft on New York, Chicago or Toledo, or by Postoffice or Express [illegible] currency by registered letter. Address

THE BLADE,
Toledo, Ohio.

GENERAL NEWS.

ON THE BORDER.

Capt. Burke, of the Third Cavalry, Has Two Skirmishes With a Gang That Attempted to Cross Into Mexico.

LAREDO, Tex., Dec. 24.—Reports have been received in this city from Carrizo, in Zapata county, where Capt. Hardie's troop of United States cavalry is now stationed, to the effect that there is no doubt whatever but Garza has crossed 900 men into Mexico, at points between that city and Brownsville.

It is also stated that Garza's men met the Mexican troops at Las Torillitas, 70 miles from the border, and defeated the latter, and that there were about 40 men killed on both sides. This report is doubtless authentic, as it comes from an officer who is now on the ground.

News, via Neuvo Laredo, has just been received here that Capt. Hardie's troops of United States cavalry, and a number of officers and rangers from this city, who were at Carrizo, Zapata county, some 60 miles below here, have left that place for points down the river toward Rio Grande City, where another band of Garza's men are reported to be getting ready to cross into Mexico. The report states that the revolutionists were about 120 in number, and if the United States troops meet them a fight will doubtless ensue.

BRUSH WITH FEDERAL TROOPS.

Captain Bourke, of the Third Cavalry, Makes a Night Attack.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—Gen. Stanley has forwarded to the War department the following telegram from Capt. J. G. Bourke, Third Cavalry, dated Fort Ringgold, Tex., Dec. 22:

> Have had two brushes with Garza's command with nineteen infantry and cavalry, being every available man left in post. I made a night march, cavalry at a trot, infantry in wagons, to La Gruelle ranch, when infantry mounted behind cavalry and took trail through capparel for five miles, striking Garza's camp at 12:20 o'clock this morning. Were challenged by their pickets, who fired upon us before we returned with a volley. Fired kneeling, which scattered them. Could not pursue in darkness through capparel. Moved rapidly to La Gruelle, crossing there. We had been informed boats were to be in readiness but found no signs. Then after giving horses water and feed and men a cup of coffee, pursued back to the Retamel Springs, where we had found them and we sent out two reconoitering parties, which were attacked by the enemy in force. We had Corporal Edstrom, troop E, 3d cavalry, killed and Second Lieutenant Charles Hayes, 18th infantry, wounded slightly, after which our main body came up and the Garza outfit broke for the bush, scattering in every direction. We had no possible means of pursuit.

Gen. Stanley also telegraphed, under date of San Antonio, Tex., Dec. 23, that he will send two troops of cavalry from Fort Houston, by rail, to Fort McIntosh, as soon as possible; one troop to march thence to Ringgold. He adds that Garza's bandits will be tried for murder, and that Capt. Bourke deserves praise.

BROWNSVILLE, Tex., Dec. 26.—It is reported that Garza has made a bold attempt to capture Fort Ringgold. The reports say that one of his band was pursued by Mexican troops near Camargo. The bandit, giving spurs to his horse, swam to this side, the Mexican tooops after him. The fugitive ran into Fort Ringgold while the United States soldiers were at dinner and reported that Garza was behind him. "Boots and saddles" were sounded. The men went out to meet Garza, but soon discovered that the troops were Mexican regulars. They rushed back to Fort Ringgold and found that the fugitive had tricked them and that Gasza was coming in at the other end to take Fort Ringgold. The soldiers got back just in time to save the fort from being sacked. The whole garrison is now under arms. The United States telegraph operator has pistols on his operating table for emergencies.

The report has reached here that several Mexican army officers are joining Garza's band and that a company of Mexican regulars had revolted and killed their captain after having had a fight among themselves. There may be something authentic about the story.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., Dec. 28.—Dr. Plutarco Ortelas, the Mexican consul here, yesterday, received a dispatch from Laredo, which states that an engagement at long range took place Saturday night between Garza's followers and the Mexican troops at San Ignacio's ranch on this side of the border, between Carrizo and Laredo; that the revolutionists were assembled in a large force on the Texas bank of the river, having been driven across by the Mexican troops. From the United States side the insurgents opened a steady fire at the troops across the river, which was returned, resulting in one of the Mexican soldiers being killed and a number of each side wounded.

To Run Down the Outlaws.

SAN ANTONIA, Texas, Dec. 29.—The revolutionary outbreak of Catarino Garza on the border has reached a stage inspiring both the governments of the United States and Mexico to exert every means for its suppression. General Stanley, commanding the department of Texas, has received orders from Washington to do his utmost to run down Garaz's men and prevent any further violation of our neutrality laws, as well as to bring the revolutionists to account for their political crimes, and shedding of the blood of American soldiers.

This vigilance is supplemented by activity on the part of the State Rangers, who are also in the field.

HOUNDED BY CRIMINALS.

Assistant State's Attorney Elliott, of Chicago, Marked for Assassination by an Organized Gang.

CHICAGO, Dec. 28.—A morning paper says: Hounded by the threats of criminals whose enmity he has incurred in the line of duty, Assistant State's Attorney William S. Elliott, jr., lies at his home suffering from nervous prostration. Within the last two weeks a deep-laid plot to take his life was revealed by a prisoner in the county jail, and although every precaution has been taken, it is feared that the danger is not yet past. The whole affair is enveloped in a veil of mystery which is almost impossible to penetrate. Those cognizant of the facts, and they are few, admit that the affair is very serious, but refuse to give details insisting that questions affecting the public welfare as well as personal interests are deeply involved.

Mr. Elliott admits the truth of the report, but declines to give details. It is known that his life has frequently been threatened by criminals, and he was once assaulted and dangerously hurt by a prisoner whom he had convicted.

THE BIGGEST BOY IN MARYLAND

Celebrates His Seventeenth Birthday and Grows a Little Bigger.

CUMBERLAND, Md., Dec. 28.—Wm. W. Wittig, the biggest boy in Maryland, celebrated his 17th birthday anniversary at his home in Frostburg, Allegheny county, yesterday. Throughout the county he is looked on as a giant. He was born in Batto. With his parents he moved to Frostburg in March, 1876. For the last two years he has been growing at the rate of half an inch a month. His height is 6 feet 4½ inches, and he weighs 185 pounds. He wears a No. 7⅛ hat and a No. 11 shoe. His hands measure 13½ inches around the knuckles when closed. His chest measure is 44 and his waist measure 41 inches. He has always enjoyed excellent health and possesses an enormous appetite. He lifts 350 pounds with ease, is of a happy disposition and a great favorite with the boys of the town.

A COCKLEBURR IN HIS THROAT.

Robert Thomas, of Illinois, can Neither Eat nor Speak.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., Dec. 24.—Robert Thomas, a farmer near Farmer City, is suffering with a peculiar ailment. About a week ago, while husking corn, a cockleburr stuck to his mitten, and in endeavoring to pull it off with his teeth, the burr flew down his throat. The burr lodged in his windpipe and ever since then the man has suffered the most intense pain. All efforts to dislodge the burr so far have proven futile, and he can neither eat nor speak.

The entire system of the San Antonio & Arkansas Pass railroad is tied up on account of a strike of its employes, who went out Sunday night on account of the discharge of a conductor.

LAID AT REST.

Touching and Impressive Ceremonies at Emporia Over the Remains of Senator Plumb.

EMPORIA, Kan., Dec. 24.—All that is mortal of the late lamented Senator of Kansas, was placed beneath his native soil to-day. It was a typical Kansas day, such as Preston B. Plumb had seen hundreds of times in his loved "Sunny Kansas." It was a peaceful day; symbolic of the rest which the dead Senator had never known in life. After years of toil for his fellow men and his native state, rest had come at last.

It was only the elements, however, that were cheerful to-day. Gloom pervaded the city and sorrow was apparent on every face. The flags on the public buildings were displayed at half-mast, business houses were draped in black and on nearly every private residence were displayed emblems of mourning. In many windows there had been placed portraits of the distinguished Senator in frames of black and draped with black crepe. All night long the guards detailed by Co. E, 11th Kansas cavalry, which was organized 30 years ago by Mr. Plumb, who was then a struggling country newspaper man, paced back and forth before the residence of the dead senator. In the front room stood the casket containing the body, over which another detail from the same company stood guard.

The services of the day commenced with private funeral services at the family residence at the corner of Sixth and Union streets. They were of the simplest nature, such as would have been desired by Mr. Plumb and in keeping wiith the plain tastes of the man. The services were strictly private, and were attended only by the members of the family, the Congressional delegations and a few chosen friends who have been intimate with the Senator. They consisted only of a prayer by Rev. Dr. Cordley, of the First Congregational church, of Lawrence, Ks., who for many years was pastor of the church which Mr. Plumb attended at Emporia, and hymn, "Abide With Me," sung by the choir of the Congregational church at Emporia.

A procession had been formed in front of the residence to escort the funeral car to the church where the body was to lie in state. On arrival at the church the casket was placed upon a catafalque raised on a dais, and the lid being removed, the features of the distinguished Kansan were exposed to the gaze of the people, whom, as they passed the funeral bier, placed upon it flowers, wreaths and various floral designs. At 2 o'clock the funeral services were held at the conclusion of which the procession re-formed, and proceeded to the cemetery, where the mortal remains of the Senator were placed in their last resting place.

AN ASYLUM BLAZE.

Fire Almost Completely Destroys the Eastern Michigan Home For the Insane—The Inmates Rescued With Great Difficulty.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Dec. 28.—The fire in the Eastern Michigan insane asylum at Pontiac Saturday proved very disastrous, although no lives were lost.

The fire broke out just before 11 o'clock in an attic in the women's department. The cause is not definitely known, but it is believed to have been a defective flue. The flames spread with fearful rapidity, and with the limited facilities at hand the firemen were powerless. Fifteen minutes after the first alarm was sounded the occupants of the wing, 500 women, were turned loose. Screaming frantically with terror the maniacs surged through the corridors, where the air was already filled with smoke. Tongues of flame were visible through it all and the sight filled the demented creatures with terror. Some ran like wild animals, trampling their slower companions in their mad effort to escape. Others were paralyzed with fright and stood rooted to the spot with eyes staring horribly into the roaring fire.

Outside Aid Summoned.

Aid was summoned from Pontiac, nearly two miles distant, and the asylum department, which was regarded as very efficient, at once began an unequal contest with the fire, which gained steadily, increasing every moment in intensity and extent until noon, when the entire north section of the big structure was in flames. Assistance was then requested from Detroit, and two of the city steamers were soon on the ground. The facilities were inadequate, however, and in spite of the strenuous efforts of the firemen, the flames ate their way along the edge of the huge structure until it seemed as if the entire plant, hospital, chapel and all, were doomed.

GRAND DAPIDS, Mich., Dec. 28.—A special to the *Democrat* from Pontiac says: The situation at the burned Eastern Michigan insane asylum is very much improved to-day. The 500 inmates who were left without protection by the fire have found quarters in the neighboring asylum cottages and in houses in this city, which citizens have kindly placed at the disposal of the asylum authorities. The injured are all greatly improved, and a search has revealed but one inmate missing, a man named Steele, from Detroit. The trustees will begin the work of rebuilding at once. The people of this city have also furnished a great amount of food, and will continue to do so until the culinary department of the asylum has been reestablished.

A MONUMENT AT TRENTON, N. J..

To Washington and His Brave Continentals Who Won the Victory.

TRENTON, N. J., Dec. 26.—To day is the 115th anniversary of the Revolutionary battle of Trenton, and it was made notable by the laying of the corner stone of a monument to the memory of Washington and the Continental troops, who, after crossing the icy Delaware during Christmas night, surprised and routed the Hessians, killing a number and taking nearly a thousand prisoners, besides valuable military supplies. Governor Abbott laid the stone at noon while a salute of 44 guns was fired from the neighboring heights overlooking the old battlefield. The monument itself, which will be of polished granite, 135 feet high, and surrounded by a large figure of Washington, stands at the head of the town, just where one of the wings of the patriot army entered the city after its toilsome march from the point at which the troops were ferried over the Delaware.

Rev. Dr. Dixon offered the opening prayer, and Bishop O'Farrell pronounced the benediction. The Seventh regiment band discoursed a medley of national airs, and an indoor meeting was held at Taylor Opera house, which was crowded to the doors. Ladies were numerous in the audience, and distinguished Jerseymen occupied the platform.

There was a display of the national colors on the opera house, as well as upon all the public buildings of the city.

Gen. Wm. J. Sewell presided at the meeting and after a short introductory address introduced U. S. Senator McPherson to speak on "Monuments commemorative of Revolutionary battles as educators of the people in love of country."

Gen. Horace Porter, of New York, followed on "American patriotism," and then ex-secretary of the Navy, Robeson, was heard in an eloquent address, "Patriotism should be instilled in every American."

The new monument which will be completed and dedicated next fall, will cost about $60,000, of which Congress appropriates $30,000, New Jersey $15,000, and the citizens contribute $15,000.

SAWING WOOD FOR CHARITY'S SAKE.

Society Girls in Michigan Earn Money in an Unusual Way.

MINDEN CITY, Mich., Dec. 28.—Twelve of the most popular young women in Minden society engaged to each contribute one dollar of money earned by them to a fund for buying Christmas presents for the poor. Tuesday they appeared at the drug store of Edward Cress and asked for the job of sawing and splitting five cords of wood that lay at his door. The druggist consented.

The spectacle of twelve stylishly dressed women sawing and splitting wood collected a crowd in short order, but, despite the audience, tired muscles and blistered hands, the girls persevered for two days until the job was finished. The dollar each earned was turned in for the poor.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

Will be Celebrated by the Union League Club of Chicago in an Unique Manner

CHICAGO, Dec. 28.—Who was George Washington? is the question that the Union League club directory has prepared to have answered with appropriate ceremonies not only in Chicago, February 22, but in every city of over 5,000 inhabitants in the interior and Northwest of the United States.

From early dawn to midnight of every Washington's birthday the Union League club has been wont to hold festivities and furnish the inspiration and ready funds for all the school children of Chicago to honor the hero of Valley Forge and the anecdote of honesty veneered with quarter-cut cherry. This year it intends that every city of over 5,000 inhabitants in the interior and Northwest shall hold kindred celebration.

A fortnight ago the proposed observance was discussed and decided upon in the directory meeting. Committees were formed, and the greatest patriotic project ever formulated by the Union League club was set in motion by mailing a letter to every non-resident member of the club, giving the following "plan of campaign:"

> We will issue invitations for the dinner or banquet to the non-resident members of the Union League club, and suggest to them that they invite the mayor, or another prominent resident, of their cities, to be their guests to the dinner. Invitations will be sent to such of the club as have carried out the suggestions above mentioned, together with invitations to the friends that they would like to invite to the dinner as their guests from other cities. At this dinner the representatives of various cities of the Northwest will be expected to take part in the general discussion hour, to inculcate a higher appreciation of the value and sacred obligations of American citizenship.

THE SIMS CROWD.

Two More of the Deluded People Have Been Hoisted to Death at the Rope's End.

MOBILE, Ala., Dec. 28.—Terrible scenes are being enacted in Choctaw county. The citizens are wrought up to such a pitch of excitement that a war of extermination is being waged against the Simites. Since Christmas two more of the deluded people have been hoisted to death at the rope's end. A special to the *Register* from Subuta this morning tells of the lynching on Saturday night of John Sims, a brother of Bob Sims. According to the last reports received the crowd was in full pursuit of a negro who is reported to have taken part in the McMillan massacre of December 23. When caught he will be strung up. The most alarming thing about the situation is that Neal Sims, the brother of Bob, and who rescued Bob from the deputy marshal at Bladon Springs, in Choctaw county, August 20, last, is still at large and determined to avenge Bob's death on the slayers of his brothers.

Neal is a desperate man. He firmly believes that his brother was a prophet from God and has divine sanction to kill off the devil's agents—namely, the officers of the law.

The special to the *Register* says that Neal Sims has collected 40 of the Simites and sent word Sunday that he intended to assault and burn the village of Womac Hill before the night of that day. The people are greatly excited, and all of Sunday were massing at Womac Hill to defend the place. The enraged people on Saturday morning, after the lynching of Bob Sims and his four followers, returned to Sims's house, which was burned. They then killed every living thing on the place, except the members of the family, who escaped, and who will move as soon as possible to another state. The body of John Savage still hangs suspended.

BOURBON TACTICS.

The House Democrats, For the Purpose of Making Political Capital, Will Inaugurate Several Smelling Expeditions.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—(Special.)—If there is any one man who is glorying in anticipation of what is to happen in this Congress, it is Congressman Cooper, of Indiana. It will be remembered that he was the most active in the attack upon Gen. Raum, of the Pension office, in the last Congress, and that he was mercilessly sat down upon by the Republican majority of the committee of investigation. He has been smarting under the treatment which he has generally received ever since, and now fairly hugs himself, and thinks how he will rub it in on the other fellows, since his side is not only on top, but away beyond that. He was so enthusiastic in the matter that he could not wait for the announcement of committees but got his work in and managed to have a resolution for an investigation fired in the very opening days of the session, and now he is anxiously waiting the time when he can figuratively make a foot ball of the fellows who choked him off in the last Congress. The course which the Raum matter is taking in the way of an early investigation, is a key to what the Democratic party intends to do in this Congress. There are to be investigations galore. Every thing that can possibly be investigated is to be stirred up.

WILL SUE SAGE FOR $100,000.

The Millionaire May Have to Pay For His Human Shield.

NEW YORK, Dec. 26.—W. R. Laidlow, a broker's clerk, who was injured by the explosion of the bomb in Russell Sage's office, said to a reporter at St. Vincent's hospital that he intended to bring suit against Mr. Sage for $100,000 damages. He proposed to do this, he said, on the advice of friends, who told him that he had a very good case against the millionaire.

"I will base my claim for damages," said Mr. Laidlaw, "upon the fact that Mr. Sage deliberately used me as a shield between himself and the dynamiter. I came in just after Mr. Sage had read the threatening letter which had been handed to him, and he stepped in front of me so that my body protected him from his visitor. He caught my left hand in his so that I could not get away. Mr. Sage knew from the letter that he had just read that some effort would be made to injure him by his visitor, while I was absolutely ignorant of what was about to transpire."

It will be a long time before Mr. Laidlaw can get out again and it may be that his injuries will leave him permanently disabled.

WANTED MR. VANDERBILT'S BRAINS.

A Young Man Calls at His Residence and Asks for Them.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—Saturday night at 1:30 o'clock, while Cornelius Vanderbilt was entertaining a number of friends at his Fifth avenue residence, a good looking, well dressed young man, apparently a German, rang the street door bell. To the page who answered the summons the visitor said he had called to see Mr. Vanderbilt personally, to get his brains, which he proposed to have subjected to an expert analysis in order to determine why he (Vanderbilt) had been able to amass a fortune, while he (the caller) was practically penniless.

The page summoned an officer, who took the young man to the station house. In his pocket was found a card bearing the name, John L. Lingman, 616 East Eleventh street, also a membership card of the Young Men's Christian association. The prisoner was taken to the Yorkville police court and committed, pending an examination as to his mental condition. He was uncommunicative and is doubtless insane.

A Millionaire Cigarette Victim.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Dec. 24.—John P. Richardson, a resident of this city, and one of the richest men in the South, his wealth being estimated at $2,000,000, and perhaps the greatest cotton planter in the United States, died Sunday, the victim of cigarettes. The disease of the lungs was of a light character, and could easily have been cured had not heart failure set in, due to the absorption of nicotine.

Dr. Kieley, of Chicago, has purchased 80 acres of land on the shore of lake Michigan near the windy city, and will erect thereon several structures for dipsomania.

A SEALER CONFISCATED.

The Russian Cutter Alert Unjustifiably Seizes the Jas. H. Lewis and Imprisons the Crew.

CHICAGO, Dec. 28.—A special dispatch from San Francisco says: Capt. Alexander McLean, late commander of the American sealing schooner James H. Lewis, has arrived from Siberia, and is quartered at Angel Island. He brings with him a fragment of the American flag which was cut down from the masthead of the American vessel by sailors from the Russian cutter Alert. Capt. McLean tells this story:

"We were 25 miles off Copper Island, when on August 20, the Russian cutter Alert bore down on us, and without any parley, seized the James Lewis and placed a prize crew on board. The American flag was floating at the masthead, and as the halyards were cut, it was no easy matter to get it down. A young Russian sailor at last climbed to the masthead and cut and tore off all he could of it. I regarded this action as an insult to the American government and said so; but the Russians on board seemed bound to get the colors down, and and the crew of the Lewis, being prisoners, were unable to prevent it. We were supposed to be on our way to Vladivostock, to stand trial for being found fitted out for sealing in Russian waters.

"As soon as the American flag was torn from the mast, the Russian colors were run up. The portion of the American flag cut from the mast was brought to the deck, and torn into small pieces, which were thrown overboard. The remaining ragged piece at the masthead still flew to the breeze, and remained there until the schooner was formally confiscated at Vladisvostock, where the name James H. Lewis was obliterated, and a Russian name put on. We were never tried by any Russian court, but were kept as government prisoners at Vladivostock for over two months. We were free to roam about the place, but could not leave Siberia without the necessary permission. I made a formal protest to the Russian officials against the confiscation of our schooner, but it was without avail. At last they got tired of feeding us and gave us permission to get out of the country, which we did in short order. As soon as we reached Nagasiki, I made a formal complaint to the U. S. consul there. I will take the matter before the authorities at Washington, and will begin an action for damages against the Russian government."

Capt. McLean also said all civilians in Vladivostock had to leave the sidewalk and walk in the street when any official passed on foot. He did not see fit to put himself in this manner and was taken before a magistrate in Vladivostock for failing to pay what was termed the proper respect to the Russian uniform.

DEMOCRATS WIN.

The Decision of the New York Court of Appeals Will Give Them the State Senate.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 28.—This city is alive with big politicians who are here to hear the decisions of the Court of Appeals in the four senatorial election cases. The court meets at noon to-day and is expected to hand down its decisions at once. There have been so many orders, stays and writs that everything is muddled. Though no one pretends to know the result, rumors have been active. The Court of Appeals is most careful that no advance news of its decisions get out, yet it is reported that the court last week stood three to three, and that adjournment was to give the seventh judge more time. The Democrats expect that the court will decide against Collins and in favor of Derby, the Republican in the Troy district, and that it will divide on the other three districts. Deane, the Republican candidate in the Dutchess district, is dead, and if the Republicans win three they will have to fight again at a special election. If the Democrats get only one district of the four, they may not lose the Senate. They have fourteen members now, to thirteen Republicans and one Independent. With one more Democrat, the Senate would stand: Fifteen Democrats, fifteen Republicans, one independent, and one vacancy.

The decisions were handed down at 2 o'clock. The effect of the decisions appears to give the Democrats control of the Senate. The court decides that the State board of Canvassers shall issue a certificate to Nichols, the Democratic candidate for Senator in the Onondaga district, and to Walker, the Democratic candidate in the Steuben district. In the Dutchess case, the court holds that the Mylod certificate is sufficient, but leaves the question open for the exercise of the judgment of the state board of canvassers as to whether the certificate of election should be given to Deane or Osborne. In the Derby case the court holds that the certificate of election should be given to Derby, the Republican candidate in the Renssalaer, Washington district.

HASN'T SLEPT FOR SEVERAL WEEKS.

Physicians Anxiously Awaiting Developments in a Peculiar Case.

CHICAGO, Dec. 24.—A special dispatch from Cincinnati says: The hospital physicians are on tiptoe of expectation awaiting developments in a new and interesting case which has been brought to their attention in the last few days. On December 20 a man was examined for admission who had not slept a wink since three weeks previously. The man does not appear sick. His appetite is good, and he has an enormously strong constitution, as is evidenced by the fact that he has not broken down under the strain of his long waking.

John P. Roberts, the sleepless man, is a wealthy farmer from Adams township, and he is 43 years old. Several months ago, after a severe strain of work, he began to notice his loss of sleep, and his affliction at last became so bad that his friends decided that it was best for him to come to this city for medical treatment.

MORE TROUBLE FOR GOV. CAMPBELL

Papers Served in an Action to Foreclose a Mortgage.

COLUMBUS, O., Dec. 23.—(Special.)—Sheriff Custer served a summons to-day upon Gov. Campbell in a suit brought against him to foreclose a mortgage given by him on property in Preble county in September, 1889, to secure a note for $1,800. Mrs. Campbell signed the mortgage and is made party defendant. The plaintiffs are George and Charles Frances, administrators of the estate of a man named Hunt.

Scanlan is Insane.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—William J. Scanlan, the bright-eyed, handsome young Irish comedian, tuneful singer and nimble dancer, known to the theatrical profession as a good fellow socially, and a warm favorite with thousands of theater-goers all over the country, is a victim of paresis. He did not appear at the Fourteenth street theater Saturday afternoon and evening, and there is no hope that he will ever be seen in public again.

An Editor Dead.

ADRIAN, Mich., Dec. 28.—(Special.)—Thomas Applegate, editor of the *Times and Express*, died suddenly at his house on Church street Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock of paralysis of the heart.

CUTICURA SOAP FOR BAD COMPLEXIONS RED ROUGH HANDS AND BABY HUMORS.

BAD COMPLEXIONS, WITH PIMPLY, blotchy, oily skin, Red, Rough Hands, with chaps, painful finger ends and shapeless nails and simple Baby Humors prevented and cured by CUTICURA SOAP. A marvelous beautifier of world-wide celebrity, it is simply incomparable as a Skin Purifying Soap, unequalled for the Toilet, and without a rival for the Nursery. Absolutely pure, delicately medicated, exquisitely perfumed, CUTICURA SOAP produces the whitest, clearest skin, and softest hands, and prevents inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of pimples, blackheads and most complexional disfigurations, while it admits of no comparison with the best of other skin soaps, and rivals in delicacy the most noted and expensive of toilet and nursery soaps. Sales greater than the combined sales of all other skin soaps.

Sold throughout the world. Price, 25c.
Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."
Address POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

Aching sides and back, weak kidneys, and rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25c.

AID FOR RUSSIA.

The Good Ship Constellation May Carry the Contributions of Flour, Etc., Across the Water.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—It was stated at the navy yard yesterday that the vessel that would probably be sent to Russia with the contributions of flour and breadstuffs made by the people of the United States, in aid of the famine sufferers, was the Constellation. There are three other vessels suitable for this purpose, the Monongahela, the Jamestown and the Portsmouth, all of them in training service. The two latter are at Norfolk, and the Monongahela is on the way from Gibraltar to Barbados. The Constellation is at present at Annapolis as a practice ship for the cadets, and could readily be put into commission.

The Constellation is one of the vessels of the original navy, having been built and launched at Baltimore on December 7, 1799. Her first cruise was as flagship of the Mediterranean squadron, commanded by Capt. Stephen Decatur, in 1805. She was afterward rebuilt and lengthened, and is now a full-rigged ship, with studding sails and all of 1,180 tons displacement. She was the vessel selected to carry the American exhibits to the Paris exposition of 1878, and sailed from New York for Havre on March 27 of that year. In 1880 she carried a cargo of provisions to the famine sufferers of Ireland, sailing from here on March 27, and arriving at Dublin on April 20, after an unusually stormy voyage.

This was the voyage which Vice President Levi P. Morton took so generous an interest in, but without letting his name be made public. In a letter to those who were receiving the contributions he said: "You are authorized to announce that a gentlemen personally known to you, who declines to have his name made public, offers to pay for one-quarter of the cargo of the Constellation if other parties will make up the balance." The balance was promptly contributed.

CHALK FOR FLOUR.

Discovery at St. Petersburg of a Gigantic Scheme to Defraud and Rob the Russian Government.

ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 29.—The scandal arising from the discovery of adulterated flour here is apt to make trouble for a number of people. The consignment comprised 360,000 pounds (7,800,000 English pounds) of barley flour, which had been purchased from dealers in Libau, with the view to regulating the price of wheat in the St. Petersburg market, as well as to afford relief to famine sufferers. An investigation proved that the entire consignment had been adulterated with chalk dust and other substances. To make certain of the nature of the adulterants employed the government officials had a quantity of the so-called flour subjected to a chemical analysis. This disclosed the fact that several substances had been used for adulterating the flour, and that they comprised such a large proportion of the consignment that the use of the alleged flour would have constituted a very dangerous menace to the health, if not the lives, of those who partook of it.

Several samples of the adulterated product have been procured by the *Novoe Vremya*, and are displayed in the offices of that paper. In speaking of the gigantic fraud by which somebody has attempted to defraud the government, the *Novoe Vremya* remarks that if such frauds can be perpetrated in the capital of the empire, the appalling accounts that have been received of similar crimes in the famine-stricken provinces cannot be exaggerated, as some persons are disposed to believe they are.

WRECKED IN MID-OCEAN.

A Passenger Steamer, from Liverpool to New York, is Thought to Have Foundered.

NORFOLK, Va., Dec. 29.—Captain Hopkins, of the British steamer Ocean Queen, which has arrived here, reports having encountered a terrific gale in mid-ocean on Monday, December 21. Four of his crew were lost. Captain Hopkins reports that on the next morning he sighted a large ocean steamer flying signals of distress. The vessel, to all appearances, was a passenger steamer, bound from Liverpool to New York. Owing to a dense fog the Ocean Queen was unable to go to her rescue.

When the fog lifted nothing more was seen of the distressed steamer. A ship compass, incased in cork, was picked up afterwards. The initials, "J. P. C., of England," were engraved upon the case. Captain Hopkins is positive the steamer was wrecked.

BLACKER ACCEPTS

And Begins His Work as Secretary of State—Soper's Movements and What They Mean.

LANSING, Dec. 24.—(Special.)—Hon. Robert R. Blacker, of Manistee, arrived here yesterday afternoon, and after consultation with Gov. Winans and other friends, concluded to accept the appointment of secretary of State, tendered him by the governor, and will enter upon his duties at once.

Mr. Soper, yesterday, took action undoubtedly to relieve him from liability to criminal prosecution. Mr. Cook, his attorney, deposited with the state treasurer the sum of $25, accompanied with a letter from Mr. Soper, of which the following is a copy:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
LANSING, Dec. 23, 1891.

To the Treasurer of the State of Michigan:

DEAR SIR:—I find from an examination of such memoranda as are now in my possession, that I have now in my hands certain moneys of the state, but the exact amount I cannot state without access to the books and papers of the office of secretary of State; but my recollection of the amount is that it does not exceed the sum of $25. I have, since my resignation was tendered the governor, applied to the proper clerks of the secretary of State's office for such information, and have been refused. I have also this day applied to the committee of investigation for such information as it may possess on the subject and been refused by the gentlemen comprising the committee. Therefore, I hereby tender you, to be deposited to my credit for the liquidation of any account which may properly stand against me as secretary of State, or otherwise, the sum of $25, holding myself in readiness to pay over to the state Treasurer any and all such sums as may be, by said committee or otherwise, found to be in my hands, or for which I may be found indebted to the state of Michigan.

Respectfully submitted,
DANIEL E. SOPER.

For this sum of $25 Mr. Soper holds a receipt signed by Auditor-General Stone and Treasurer Braastad. Mr. Soper and Mr. Cook are very reticent as to the object of their action. The action of yesterday is probably intended to preserve to Mr. Soper any rights he might have under the point raised upon accepting the resignation, and leave him in position to institute quo warranto proceedings against his successor if he is inclined to test his right to occupy the office.

BIG TIN PLATE FACTORY.

Arrangements Completed for the Erection of the Biggest Establishment of Its Kind in America.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 29.—The N. & G. Taylor company, which has been operating a small tin plate factory here, to-day completed arrangements for the erection of a factory in this city which, when completed, will be the largest establishment of its kind in the United States. The company has bought property in the lower section of the city, on Tasker street, extending from Meadow street to Swanson street, 380 feet long by 150 feet wide. Upon this ground it is proposed to begin at once the erection of a factory for the manufacture of tin-plate of the finest grades, both of the roofing and bright varieties. The factory will have a capacity of 24 stacks, with a complete pickling department attached.

As each stack will turn out 50 boxes of tin a day it will thus be seen that there will be a daily capacity for 1,200 boxes. Work on the buildings will be pushed forward with all possible rapidity, and it is expected that the company will be able to begin operations with twelve stacks capable of an output of 600 boxes a day by the beginning of April. The factory now operated by N. & G. Taylor company contains only three stacks. When completed this new industry will give employment to 250 men.

DR. RAWSON DEAD.

One of the Characters in Nasby's "Demagogue" Passed Away at Findlay this Morning.

FINDLAY, O., Dec. 29.—(Special.)—Dr. Bass Rawson, who was the "doctor" in Nasby's celebrated novel, "The Demagogue," died here this morning at the green old age of 92. He was one of three brothers, all physicians, who came to this part of Ohio in 1836, and reached extreme age in this locality, one brother dying at Fremont last year, aged 93, and one still living at 95 years of age.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF EVENTS.

State Treasurer Pons, of Florida, died Wednesday night.

G. J. Harris has been elected principal chief of the Cherokee Nation to succeed J. B. Hayes, who died last week.

The exports of cotton for the year just closing were 2,996,843 bales, an increase of 142,740 bales over last year.

Trouble has been caused in Pennsylvania by the fact that the last legislature amended the wrong law about liquor licenses.

There is no material change in the condition of Walt Whitman. He has taken no nourishment and is likely to die at any time.

The North Dakota State Alliance has decided to send delegates to the national convention of the People's party at St. Louis, in February.

Judge Collins, of Chicago, Wednesday rendered a decision declaring unconstitutional the alien-land law passed by the state legislature in 1887.

Indians fill the office of Commissioner Laird at Pierre, S. D., demanding protection from white timber cutters. Whether the allotted lands are on the reservation is not yet determined.

Horse thieves have been operating in the Yellowstone country on a gigantic scale for the past month. Ranchers and rangers along the Wyoming line estimate their losses during the past month at 500 head.

The British steamer Southgate arrived at New York Monday from Alexandria, Egypt, with 4,900 bales of Egyptian cotton. This is the first importation of Egyptian cotton, which is considered superior to the American product.

Finance and Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

MONEY.—Last week's actual financial business closed on Christmas Eve, as on Saturday the exchanges of the country remained closed. There was but little variation from the conditions existing the previous week, except that the increased activity in the stock market created a better demand for call loans, and consequently the rates stiffened up a little. The range of rates on call money was from 2½ to 4 per cent, with renewals generally made at 3 per cent. There was a steady accumulation of money in New York, and this was shown in the great ease of time loans, and the large amount offered, which was much in excess of the demand. As a result, the rates on time loans weakened considerably. On mixed collateral, the current rates were 3½@4 per cent for 30 to 90 days, and 4@4½ per cent for 4 to 6 months.

STOCKS.—The short week showed that the expectations which have been confidently expressed for weeks of broad and active speculation are soon to be realized. The steady advance in the price bonds of all kinds, notably of railways, and the heavy trading in them, shows that the general public are becoming interested in Wall street, and the strong upward movement of the prices of stocks, taken with the greatly increased amount of trading, confirms the view that outsiders are coming in. The foreign demand for our securities, which has been almost nothing for many months, is picking up, and the movement is growing.

Everything points to a steady advance in prices, and a heavy and permanent increase in the volume of transactions. There are sound reasons for this—the exceptional traffic movement, the phenomenal character of current railroad earnings, and the ease of the money market are all powerful levers for speculative improvement. Moreover, one of the important developments of the week was a rapid decline of exchange rates to an extent which renders it probable that gold imports from Europe will again set in on a large scale.

SILVER.—There was no movement of note in the price of silver bullion last week, save that it closed a trifle lower than a week previously. There was a moderate demand for export from London to the East, and this caused the shipment to Europe of both United States bars and Mexican dollars. Silver bullion closed in New York at 94¾ cents per ounce, at which rate the value of the metal in the standard dollar is 73.28 cents.

DUN'S WEEKLY TRADE REPORT.

Favorable Reports from all Over the Country.

NEW YORK, Dec 24.—R. G. Dun & Co's weekly review of trade says: Holiday trade is not always a just measurement of the prosperity of the people, but it is satisfactory to know that at most points it is unusually large this year; though some localities report that it is less than last year. General trade this season is usually light, merchants being engaged in taking stock, but at many points it is reported larger than usual and ever larger than last year. Reports show less complaint as to collections and a large trade in progress.

The great industries close the year with more than usual activity, even all the woolen mills having orders enough to keep them well employed, and a number have recently started, but none shut down. Cotton manufacturers find a good demand, and numerous enlargements of plants are reported. Shoe factories complain that usual orders are lacking, and yet they are fairly active. Paper mills are busy and making many additions of machinery and buildings. The iron manufacturers are turning out more pig than ever before, and the tone of the market is stronger.

Speculation continues moderate, wheat having risen 1½c with sales of 13,000,000 bu., corn having declined 1c and oats a fraction. Coffee unchanged, oil ½ cent higher, and pork unchanged. Cotton has dropped 1-16 below 8c with receipts from plantations exceeding last year's to date by 556,000 bales. The large output of coal leads the operators to expect lower prices.

The business failures throughout the country during the last six days number 292 as compared with 335 last week. For the corresponding period of last year the figures were 333.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Wednesday, Dec. 30, 1891.

The following shows changes in Government bonds during the past week:

	Dec. 22.	Dec. 29.
U. S. 4's, coupons	117¾	118
U. S. 4's registered	116¾	117
U. S. 2's	100	100
Pac. 6's of '95	109	109

NEW YORK, Dec. 26.—The weekly bank statement shows the following changes:

Reserve, increase	$ 818,825
Loans, increase	6,415,200
Specie, increase	1,952,200
Legal tenders, increase	558,400
Deposits, increase	8,876,300
Circulation, increase	15,100

The banks now hold $19,485,025 in excess of the requirements of the 25 per cent rule.

THE DAY ON WALL STREET.

Close of the Stock Market in New York This Afternoon.

3 p. m.—Money closed easy at 3 per cent. Bar silver 94⅝c. In the stock market after 12 o'clock the persistent realization, aided by the renewed efforts of the bears to bring about a reaction, had their legitimate effect, and beginning with a severe drive at the coalers the movement spread to the rest of the list, and the Gould stocks, which had been the strongest on the list, yielded readily, dragging the whole market below the level of the opening prices. Jersey Central dropped suddenly to 111 after selling at 113¾, while Lackawanna declined from 141 to 139¾, Missouri Pacific from 64¾ to 63, Union Pacific from 47¾ to 46, and Northern Pacific preferred from 72¾ to 71¼, the rest of the list following with large fractional losses. During the last hour there was a slight rally, but the market finally closed quiet and rather heavy at close to lowest figures of the day.

	Opens.	High.	Low.	Close
Atch	45⅜	45½	44¾	44⅞
A. C. O.	34	34⅛	33¾	34⅛
A. S. R.	85⅝	85⅝	84¾	84⅛
C. S.	62⅝	62¾	62⅜	62⅜
C. C. C.	70¾	70¾	70⅛	70⅛
C. B. Q.	109¼	109⅝	108½	108½
C. Gas	69½	70	69¼	69½
Cordage	94½	95	94¼	94¼
D. H.	124	124	123⅛	123⅛
D. & L.	140⅝	141⅜	139¾	139⅝
Erie	34	34⅛	33⅞	33⅞
H. V.	30¾	30¾	30¼	30¼
J. C.	113⅜	113⅜	110¼	112
Lead	17¾	17¾	17½	17¾
L. S.	125¼	126	125⅛	125½
L. & N.	83⅛	83¼	82⅞	83¼
M. P.	63⅛	64¾	63	63
N. E.	40⅜	40¼	39¾	40
N. P.	26⅜	26⅜	26	26
N. P. Pfd	72¾	72¾	71⅛	71¼
N. W.	116⅛	116¾	115⅝	116
N. Y. C.	118⅛	119	118	118
N. A.	18½	18¾	18	18
P. M.	37¾	38	37¾	37⅞
R. T.	14¾	15	14⅛	14⅛
R. I.	88¾	89	88⅛	88⅜
Read	39¼	39¾	39	39
Silver	94⅞	94⅞	94⅞	94⅞
St. Paul	81¼	81⅝	81⅛	81¼
T. C. I.	40⅜	41½	40½	40¾
T. Pac	13⅞	14	13½	13½
U. Pac	47	47⅛	46⅛	46¼
Wabash	14¾	14¾	14¾	14¾
Wab. Pfd	31⅝	31⅝	31	31⅛
W. U.	84	84	86½	84⅛

Trade.

During the week just closed trade in hides, boots and shoes and iron was of moderate proportions, but in holiday goods there was activity at all points.

Close of the Wheat Market at Primary Points To-day.

The market for wheat, this forenoon, was dull, with slight ease. In fact business was dull in all the cereals, and is likely to remain so until after the old year has expired. Cables on wheat were ½d lower and dull. A decrease in the amount of wheat on passage now, 2,600,000 bushels, and a heavy decrease in the shipments of Indian wheat for England and the continent, caused a temporary firmness in the market, but afterward free selling caused ease. There was no news that affected the trading in corn, and the market was without feature. The English visible supply of wheat decreased 758,000 bushels.

At Chicago May wheat opened at 95¾c, rose to 96c, seller, and then fell to 95⅝c, same as yesterday; at Toledo it opened at 100⅛c, rose to 100⅛c and then fell to 100⅛c, ⅛c above yesterday's close; at New York it opened at 107⅛c, and dropped to 107c, ⅛c up, and at St. Louis it opened at 95¾c, rose to 96¼c, and then stood at 95⅞c, yesterday's prices.

Year corn at Chicago opened at 40c, and fell to 39⅞c, ⅜c above yesterday; at New York, December corn opened at 52c, and rose to 52⅛c, ⅜c off.

This afternoon wheat was weak with a dull market ruling. Just at the close there was a trifle better feeling, but it was not marked. Corn was dull, closing steady.

At Toledo May wheat closed ⅛c above the lowest figures, at 100⅛c; at Chicago it closed ⅛c above the lowest price, at 95⅝c; at New York it was ⅛c lower, and at St. Louis there was no change.

Year corn at Chicago opened at 40c and closed at 39⅝c, ⅛c under yesterday's price.

Car lots at Chicago to-day: wheat, 229, contract, 88; corn, 424, contract, 47; oats, 285, contract, 82; rye, 23, contract, 15. Estimates for to-morrow: wheat, 150; corn, 180; oats 137.

Puts on May wheat at Chicago to-day, 94¾@94⅞c; January puts on corn, 39⅝c; calls, 40⅛c bid.

Chicago Tips.

CHICAGO, Dec. 29.—(Special from Wright & Haughey.)—Foreign markets were all decidedly lower to-day, while statistics of general movement of wheat was bullish. A decrease in English visible supply of three-quarters of a million, a decrease of nearly 60 per cent in Indian shipments from previous week, a material falling off in receipts in the northwest, with a good cash demand, ought to have been sufficient to have closed the market without a decline, but trading being of a holiday character, no positive support, outside or local, allowed the market to go by default, and yet the bears act as if on delicate ground, so that with any encouragement the bulls are liable to send prices up in an hour equal to the loss of the last two weeks. Corn made an effort to-day, but the closing scene was lower than the opening. Receipts are only moderate here, but the Eastern markets are getting their corn handled.

Our stock of corn will amount to 800,000 bushels by the first of January, and as it is worth about 1c over the price of No. 3 for shipment, it certainly will come near to that grade. Provisions opened firmer at a small advance on lighter receipts of hogs than estimated, but closed weaker in sympathy with the grain markets. Estimated 40,000 hogs to-morrow.

AT THE TOLEDO EXCHANGE.

The Close at Toledo.

This afternoon trade in May wheat was active, other months light business. Cash sold fairly well. The market closed lower, with a trifle better tone on last sales. Corn—Market steady and firm. Clover seed—Dull, steady.

No. 2 soft red wheat, 95⅛c, ⅛c above yesterday's close; No. 3 soft red, 91c.

December wheat, 95⅛c; January, 94¾c; May, 100⅛c, 100⅛c, 100c, then 100 ⅛c, ⅛c decline on yesterday's price.

Prices of December and May wheat to-day:

	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
December.				
Toledo	....	....	....	95⅛
Chicago	....	....	....	....
New York	105⅝	105⅝	105b	105b
St. Louis	91⅛	91⅛	91¼b	91¼b
May.				
Toledo	100⅛	100⅛	100	100⅛
Chicago	95¾	96	95⅝	95⅝
New York	107⅛	107⅛	106⅞	106⅞
St. Louis	95¾	95¾	95⅝	95⅞

Corn—No. 2, 42c; No. 3, 40c; No. 4, 38c; No. 2 yellow, 42½c; No. 2 January, 41½c.

Oats—No. 2 about 34c.

Rye—No. 2, 89c; No. 3, 87c.

Clover seed—Prime, cash December and January, $5 40; February, $5 42½; No. 2, $5 15.

Dressed hogs—No. 2, $5 15.

C. A. King & Co. report street prices: No. 2 soft red wheat, 94c; white wheat, 90c; corn, 40c; oats, 34@35c; rye, 89c.

Flour—No. 2 soft red wheat, $5@5.25, in job lots; fair quality, $4@4.50; spring patents, $5.10, in car lots.

Toledo Produce Market.

This morning the display on the market was light, and the attendance not large. There was a fairly good supply of meats, with the exception of nice block hogs, which were needed. In vegetables the quantity was about sufficient for demands. Prices at wholesale were:

Butter—Dairy, 23@24c; creamery, 27c; fair quality, 21@22c.

Eggs—Cold storage and candled, 23@24c; fresh receipts, 25@26c.

Poultry—Dressed turkeys, 10c; chickens and duck, 8@9c.

Vegetables—Beets, bu., 35c; parsnips, bu., 30c; cabbage, doz., 25@30c; Potatoes, bu., 35c; celery, doz., 30c; endive, doz., 20c; sweet potatoes, bbl., $2@2 75; onions, bu., 80@85c; Hubbard squash, doz, $1 00@1 25.

Fresh Meats—Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs., $4 00; beef, lb., 3½@4½c; calves, lb., 6@7c; mutton, lb., 6c; lambs, lb., 6@7c.

Fruit—Apples, bu., 90c@$1 00; oranges, box, $2 50@2 75; lemons, box, $3 75@4 25; cranberries, crates, $2 75.

Hides—Green, heavy steers, per lb., 5c; light hides, steers and cows, 3½c; calf, 6c; kip, 4c; cured hides, heavy steers, 7½@7¾c; light hides, 4½c; calf, 6½c; kip, 4½.

Wool—Washed, 25@28c; unwashed, lb, 16@18c.

Hay—Best timothy, in bulk, $11 00@12 00; mixed hay, $9 00@10 00.

Grain and Produce.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 29.—Flour, steady. Wheat scarce, wanted at 94c. Corn weak, lower at 42c. Oats dull at 34½c. Rye quiet, at 94c. Provisions steady. Whisky firm; sales, 1,023 barrels.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Dec. 29.—Wheat lower; May, 91c; No. 2 spring, 87c; No. 1 Northern, 91@92c. Corn easier; No. 3, 37½c. Oats easier; No. 2 white, 32½c; No. 3 white, 31c. Rye quiet; No. 1, 87½c. Barley quiet; No. 2, 57c; sample on track, none.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 29.—Closing—Wheat weak; cash, 91⅛c; December, 91⅛c bid; May, 95⅝c bid; July, 90⅛c asked. Corn weak; cash, 36½c; year, 36⅛c asked; January, 36⅛c; February, 37⅛c; May, 38⅛c. Oats weak; cash, 30¾c; May, 32⅝c asked. Pork easier; old, $8 62½; new, $10 62½. Lard steady at $5 80. Whisky steady at $1 18.

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 29.—Close—Pork and flour demand, poor; prices unchanged. Lard, demand poor; spot 32s 9d, dull; futures unchanged. Wheat, demand fair; prices unchanged. Corn, demand poor for spot and good for futures; spot and December, steady, 5s 3d; January, steady, 4s 9¾d for new; February, steady, 4s 8¼d.

CHICAGO, Dec. 29.—9:30 a. m.—May wheat started anywhere from 95⅛@95¼c, sold up to 95⅜c and down to 97⅛c. May corn opened ⅛c lower at 41⅛c, and sold up to 41⅛c. January pork opened 7½c higher, at $10 95; sold off to $10 90. January lard steady at $6 40@6 42½.

10:45 a. m.—Wheat—January, 90⅛c; May 95⅝c. Corn—Year, 40c; May, 41⅛@41⅜c. Oats—January, 31⅛c; May, 32⅝@32⅝c. Pork—January, $10 35; May, $10 95. Lard—January, $6 05; May, $6 40. Short ribs—January, $5 15; May, $5 55@5 57½.

1:15 p. m., close—Wheat—Weak; cash, 89⅛c; December, 89⅛c; January, 89⅛c; May, 95¼@95⅜c. Corn easier; cash, 38⅛@38⅜c; December and year, 39⅛c; January, 39⅛c; February, 39⅛c; May, 41⅛c. Oats easy; cash, 32c; January, 30⅛c; May, 32⅛@32⅛c. Mess pork dull; cash, $7 50; January, $10 20@10 22½; May, $10 82½. Lard dull; cash, $5 97½; January, $5 95@5 97½; May, $6 32½. Short ribs steady; cash, $5 05@5 15; January, $5 07½@5 10; May, $5 50@5 52½. Rye quiet at 87½c. Barley nominal at 58c. Flax seed steady at 91c. Timothy seed nominal at $1 23. Butter weaker; creamery, 20@27c; dairy, 19@25c. Eggs at 23@24c. Whisky, $1 18.

NEW YORK, Dec. 29.—Wheat—Receipts, 148,500 bu.; sales, 2,160,000 bu.; firm, ⅛@⅜ up; decrease in amount on passage; large clearances and foreign buying light; India shipments: December, 105⅛c; January, 105⅛@106⅛c; February, 106⅛c; March, 107⅜@108c; April, 108⅛; May, 107@107 5-16c; June, 105⅛@105⅛c; July, 100c. Rye—Quiet; western, 101@103c. Corn—Receipts, 342,550; sales, 248,000; firm, ⅛c up; quiet; No. 2, 52@55c; steamer mixed, 51⅛@53⅛c. Oats—Receipts, 112,750; sales, 40,000; dull, steady; western, 36@43½c. Beef—Quiet, steady; extra mess, $9 00@10 00; family, $11 00@12 00. Pork—Moderately active, steady; new mess, $9 75@10 25; old mess, $9 25; extra prime, $9 50. Lard quiet and steady; steam rendered, $6 37½. Butter—Receipts, 5,713 packages; market quiet and unchanged; western dairy, 15@21c; western creamery, 19@30c; Elgins, 29½@30c; imitation creamery, 16@23c; rolls, 5@20c. Eggs—Receipts, 4,300 packages; market quiet and firm; western, 26½@28c. Sugar—Raw, dull and steady; fair refining, 3c; centrifugals, 96 test, 3 5-16@3 3-16c; refined, quiet and easy; crushed, 5⅛c; powdered, 4 5-16c; granulated, 4⅛@4¼c. Spirits of turpentine quiet and firm, 34½@35½c. Molasses, good demand, firm; New Orleans, common to fancy, 33@38c. Tallow dull and firm; city ($2 00 for pkgs) 4⅝c bid. Coffee—There were no features in contracts at the opening outside of the weak foreign markets which affected prices here to the extent of 5@15 points decline, and very little doing; Havre was lower by ½@1 franc; Hamburg was dull and unchanged, and Rio quoted weak. Receipts at Brazil ports were 32,000 bags. Rio quiet and easy; No. 7, on spot, 13c.

Live Stock.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 29.—Cattle—Receipts, 1,200 head; market firm. Hogs—Receipts, 5,000 head; market strong; fair to choice heavy, $3 85@4 00; mixed, $3 40@3 90; Yorkers, $3 60@3 75. Sheep—Receipts, 500 head; market steady.

CLEVELAND STOCK YARDS, Dec. 29.—Eirick Bros.' report.—[Exclusive to THE BLADE.]—Cattle—Receipts, 2 cars; market strong; export grades, $4 50@5 25; butchers' steers, 1,000 to 1,200 lbs., $3 50@4 00; cows and heifers, $2 25@3 25. Hogs—Receipts, 1,200 head; market 10@15c higher; mediums and heavy shippers, $4 10@4 20; Yorkers, $4 00@4 05; pigs, $3 80@3 90.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 28.—Hogs—scarce, higher; common and light, $3 40@3 85; packing and butchers, $3 80@4 10; receipts, 2,850 head; shipments, 545. Cattle—Active, higher, fair to choice butcher grades, $3@4 35; prime to choice shippers', $4 00@5 00; receipts, 550 head; shipments, 40 head. Sheep—Strong; common to choice, $3 00@4 50; extra fat wethers $4 75@5 00; receipts, 86 head; shipments, none. Lambs—firm, common to choice, $4 00@5 50 per 100 lbs.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Dec. 29.—Cattle—Receipts, 3,900 head; shipments, 1,400 head. Market active and steady to 10c higher; good steers, $5 05@5 40; fancy, $5 75@5 90; cows, $1 40@3 60; stockers and feeders, $2 35@3 35. Hogs—Receipts, 10,000 head; shipments, none; market 5c higher; all grades, $3 00@3 85; bulk, $3 50@3 60. Sheep—Receipts, 500 head; shipments, none; market steady and unchanged.

CHICAGO, Dec. 29.—The *Evening Journal* reports cattle receipts, 7,000; fair demand; about everything sold. Hogs—Receipts, 25,000 head; market active, 5@10c higher; rough and common, $3 80@3 85; mixed and packers, $3 90@4 00; prime heavy, $4 05@4 20; light, $3 60@3 87½. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 6,000 head; sheep steady; lambs, 15@25c higher; top prices, $6 00@6 30; sheep, top prices, $4 25@5 25.

British Grain Trade.

LONDON, Dec. 28.—The *Mark Lane Express*, in its weekly review of the British grain trade, says: A fractional business only has been done in English wheats, owing to the fog which has prevailed, preventing the inspection of samples. The provincial markets have been irregular but there is generally a slight advance in prices. The board of Agriculture reports that the crop is inferior both as regards quantity and quality; in many districts an abnormal proportion of the grain has been shed in the fields. Foreign wheat and flour sold slowly and generally at a decline; barley, corn and oats declined, but the absence of Russian supplies has given them a tendency to revive. At to-day's markets the prices of best English wheats were maintained. Ordinary grades and corn, barley, malt and foreign wheats dropped 6d; flour was unchanged; there was a good business.

Production of Fall River Mills.

FALL RIVER, Mass., Dec. 28.—The annual cloth statement published to-day shows a production of 9,985,000 pieces, as against 9,937,000 pieces last year. The stock on hand is 90,000 pieces, as against 585,000 pieces in 1890. The sales of the year were 8,838,000 pieces, as against 8,584,000 pieces in 1890. There were 1,375,000 pieces for future delivery, as against 1,540,000 last year. Print cloths never sold so low as during 1891, the average being 2.66c, as against 3.34c, 3.81c, 3.16c, 3.34c and 3.30c in 1890, 1889, 1888, 1887 and 1886 respectively. The highest price for standard goods during the year was 3 1-16c, and the lowest was 2⅝c, the lowest quotation ever known. There were 4,423,000 pieces of odd goods sold, as against 3,876,000 in 1890. The stock on hand in the country is 278,000 pieces, as against 952,000 pieces in 1890.

Stock of Wheat in Elevators.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Dec. 28.—The *Northwestern Miller* reports the stock of wheat in private elevators in Minneapolis 1,717,000 bushels, an increase over last Monday of 87,000. The total stock of Minneapolis and Duluth is 15,589,670, a gain of 1,327,110 bushels. The *Market Record* gives the stock of wheat in country elevators of Minnesota and the two Dakotas at 11,614,900 bushels, or 829,400 bushels more than last week. This makes the aggregate Northwestern stock 27,204,570 bushels, an increase for the week of 2,156,320 bushels. A year ago the Northwestern stock was 21,822,000 bushels.

Cotton.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 28.—Secretary Hester's weekly New Orleans cotton statement, issued to-day, brings the movement down to and including the 25th inst. It shows a deficit of the week of 21,795 bales brought into sight as compared with the corresponding days of last year, and an increase over the same days of 1889 of 5,460 bales. The amount of the crop brought of the seven days ending last Friday evening, was 353,236 bales, against 375,029 bales for the corresponding seven days of last year. This brings the movement of the first 25 days of December to 1,370,169 against 1,392,285 last year. The total number of bales marketed to last Friday, inclusive, is 6,132,911 against 5,587,827 in 1890. Foreign exports during the week were 224,409 bales against 176,543 for the corresponding seven days of last year, an increase of 20,017 over last week, and 47,500 over the same time last year. Northern spinners, including 49,732 bales shipped to them overland, have taken 66,833, an excess of 7,338 over this week last year, bringing their total thus far to 150,151 more than for the corresponding 116 days of last year. Up to this date last year, 64.58-100 per cent of the cotton crop had been marketed, and during the same time year before last the percentage of the crop brought into sight was 71.68-100. Foreign exports thus far of the season have been 2,996,843, against 2,854,103 last year, an increase of 142,740. The total takings of American mills, North and South, thus far of the season have been 1,355,568, against 1,405,032 last year. These include 1,281,875 by Northern spinners against 1,141,359. Stocks at seaport cities and 29 leading stock centers have increased 41,179 bales during the week. Including stocks left over imports and interior towns from the last crop and the number of bales brought into sight so far of the new crop, the supply to date is 6,411,277, against 5,465,470 of the same period last year.

GALVESTON, Dec. 29.—Cotton—Market dull; middling, 7 3-16c; low middling, 6 13-16c; good ordinary, 6 5-16c; net and gross receipts, 6,159 bales; stock, 124,437.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 28.—Cotton irregular; middling, 7 1-16; low middling, 6 13-16; good ordinary, 6⅝; net receipts, 19,888; gross, 21,895; exports to France 7,130; coastwise, 2,100; sales, 8,250; stock, 457,218.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Dec. 28.—Cotton quiet; 1-16c lower; middling, 7¾; receipts, 9,359 bales; shipments, 5,811 bales; sales, 27; stock, 128,175.

Louisville Tobacco Market.

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 28.—The leaf tobacco market has exhibited considerable life. Friday and Saturday being holidays no business was done. The offerings are heavy, yet prices are about maintained. Quotations for 1890 and 1889 crops are: Burley—Dark trash, $2 50@3 50; colory trash, $6 50@8 00; common lugs, $3 50@4 75; medium lugs, $4 75@6 00; good lugs, $6 00@8 50; colory lugs, $10 00@16 00; common leaf, $5 50@8 00; medium leaf, $8 00@13 00; good leaf, $13 00@18 00; fine leaf and selections, $18 00@33 00. Dark—Trash, $1 00@1 50; common lugs, $2 00@2 50; medium lugs, $2 50@4 50; good lugs, $4 50@6 00; common leaf, $5 00@6 50; medium leaf, $6 50@8 50; good leaf, $8 50@17 00. Quotations for 1891 Burley in good order are as follows: Dark—Trash, $2 50@4 50; colory trash, $6 00@9 00; common lugs, $5 00@7 00; medium lugs, $7 00@9 00; good lugs, $9 00@11 00; colory lugs, $10 00@16 00.

Wool.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Dec. 28.—Wool—Receipts, 11,600 lbs.; shipments, 108,200 lbs.; a strong feeling prevails on bright wool, though Texas and territory stocks are not affected to any great extent. Prices unchanged.

Petroleum.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 29.—Petroleum, 59¾c bid at noon.

CLEVELAND, Dec. 29.—Petroleum easy; s w 110, 6½c; 74 gasoline, 7c; 86 gasoline, 10c; 63 naptha, 6½c.

Turpentine.

WILMINGTON, Dec. 29.—Turpentine nothing doing.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE